MRS. GILLESPIE IN HER HOME

From photograph by Mathilde Weil

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

BY

MRS. E. D. GILLESPIE

ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
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TO MY DEVOTED
DAUGHTER AND HER
HUSBAND, MY SON,
COUNSELLOR AND
FRIEND, THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

Prefatory Note

My friend, the late George William Curtis, suggested to me that I put the remembrances of my life into print. Others joined in this advice. I do this not alone because of the suggestion of friends, but as a slight acknowledgment of the many acts of kindness which I have experienced from others. I love my kind, and my kind has been faithful and loving to me.

E. D. G.

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A Book of Remembrance

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CHAPTER I

What lot can be more dreary than to come into the world on a "wash-day"? On the 15th day of January, 1821, a thin baby girl with a long nose, the seventh child of her parents, was born; and that thin baby was myself. My nurse (Betsy Briggs) always told me I was cross because of my wash-day experience, and because the whole family was on that day "put out" by my inopportune advent; be the cause what it may, I continued "put out" for at least the first five years of my life. I knew that I was cross and that when all else failed to appease me, my father, whose office was in the house where we lived, would be sent for. I always met him with a smile and said, "Dada, didn't we see the monkeys?" alluding with pleasure to a visit to what in these days would be considered a very tiny menagerie. I would then add, "Put on my little tim * bonnet and my ankle shoes and lef † us go again." My father was especially tender and indulgent to young children. A package of macaroons, which I called "gamuts," was always kept beside my crib, and in the night when I awoke and called out "Dada, gamut," up rose my dear

* Trimmed. † Let.

father, gave me a gamut, and retired to his bed, while I fell asleep munching the cake. My mother tried vainly to break up this habit, but when my father sometimes came up-stairs at ten o'clock at night and asked his "Debby," my mother, whether there were gamuts, if she answered "no," he would put on his boots and go to Parkinson's and get a fresh supply. So much for my earliest training, which may, or may not, account for the excellent digestion with which I have always been blessed.

I was about four years old when I heard from the servants that I had had a little brother who had died before I was born. I rushed to my mother and insisted upon seeing him, kicking and screaming when told I could not. As she was powerless to subdue my agony, she sent for my father, who when he came said, "My darling, would you like to go to Mrs. Mercier's for a glass of ice-cream?" My screams ceased, my eyes were dried instantly, and in the depths of one of Mrs. Mercier's tall glasses was the sorrow for my brother's early death buried. About this time in my life I was taken with my brother "Dick," younger than myself, to Christ Church to be baptized. The Rev. Dr. Abercrombie performed the service. There was a small congregation present, weekly prayer days not being so religiously kept in those days as they are now. After the service the granddaughters of Bishop White came to my mother to admire the beauty of my brother, while I, poor scrawny child, was not noticed. I felt a pang, I suppose of envy, in spite of the solemn ceremony through which I had so lately gone.

Shortly after this my mother put on glasses for the first time. When I saw her wear them I wept, and

implored her to take them off, assuring her that no one lived more than a week after putting on glasses.

I ought perhaps to say that I was born on the spot where the *Public Ledger* building now stands. When I was a few months old we moved into Walnut Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets, where we lived for eighteen years. We had a large garden and our childhood was most happy. I had one brother and four sisters older than myself, and was petted by them all. I frequently reproved my sisters if I saw them, as I thought, misbehaving, and once when one of my sisters found fault with me, I said, "You had better take the *beam* out of your own eye before you take the *mope* out of your sister's." But my advice was not always so wise. My sister Ellen had a lemon-tree given her when she was about twelve years old, and I, four years her junior, assured her it would never bear lemons unless it had fresh air and exercise; we had then waited two weeks hoping to see at least one lemon growing. Under my supervision she dug up the tree, and then wrapping a rag about its roots, lest it should take cold, she ran with it three times around the garden and replanted it. It is needless to say that the tree died under our fostering care.

As we grew older my brother Dick was my playmate; he taught me to roll hoop and to play marbles, and though he assured me that, being a girl, I could not expect to "roll hoop straight," and that the same cause prevented my "knuckling down" in marbles, still many is the game I have played with him and his friend "Willy Rawle," and though I then accepted as a fact and with good grace the assurance that, being a girl, I was not the equal of

a boy, I have lived to change my views. One of our chief amusements was "Doing eternity." We sat in the back hall of our house in two large arm-chairs facing each other; we then raised our right hands, and pointing our forefingers at each other, we described circles in the air with our fingers, making a buzzing sound with our lips, and this was kept up as long as possible, so that we might in some faint degree comprehend the vastness of eternity. We were healthy little people, and enjoyed our lives, though we then had never seen an anthracite coal fire, and knew nothing of a hot-air furnace. We used to watch the wood-sawyers from the windows of my father's office, and when a log was cut and ready to be thrown into the cellar, the sawyer called out "Commin' again, piler," and we speculated as to whether the piler had had time to escape from the coming log.

The happiest time in the year was Christmas. Dick and I had a trundle-bed in the room with our parents, and one "Christmas eve," after seeing our stockings hung with our names over them, we went to bed. In the night we awoke, and I saw on a small table (the table on which Benjamin Franklin always played chess), which I now own, some glittering objects. Our curiosity getting the better of us, we rose very quietly, and found a diminutive tea-set for me and a toy fiddle for Dick. Desiring to examine these precious articles, we, without noise, seated ourselves on two footstools in front of the Franklin stove, and by the dim firelight, and the feeble ray of a taper burning in a teacup of oil, we looked at our treasures, but a look was not enough. Dick wanted to hear his fiddle, and one tone sufficed. Up sat my

father and mother in their bed and ordered us back to ours. Our bedfellows for the rest of the night were the fiddle and a cream-jug; our happiness was complete.

Our home stood, and still stands, opposite to Independence Square, or, as we used to call it, "State us Yard." The jail was then next door but one to our house, and we had our little shoes at one time made there by the prisoners. The moment for being "measured" was terrible to me. When I heard the big gate shut behind me I had a fear it would never reopen, and my whole heart went out in pity for the man who measured us, dressed in his suit of gray homespun. One morning we were told that five prisoners had escaped during the night from the front windows of the jail on Walnut Street. Their plan of escape, which was perfectly carried out, was this. The five men slept in one room fronting on Walnut Street. One of them secured a piece of steel, which during working hours he made into a small saw. He sawed two of the bars of the front window through, beginning his work as soon as they thought the keepers asleep for the night. A piece of strong thread was attached to his toe, the other end of which was held by a man who lay upon the floor with his ear to the crack of the door. When this man heard the tread of the night watchman he pulled the string, and the sawing stopped until all was again quiet. The bars were thus sawed, and through the opening made the men escaped, one of them, a very stout man named Jock Smith, leaving part of his skin sticking to the bars. I was very glad, however, when Betsy told me that five men were free, and grieved when I heard some of them were retaken.

I was very much afraid of dying and being forgotten, and asked my mother whether she did not think if I died the drays in the street would stop running for a few days; I was sorely distressed when she told me she feared no such consideration would be shown. Since then I have learned that nothing stops on account of death. We close our shutters in Philadelphia, decorate them with black, and sail for Europe. On our return we remove the dingy mourning from the stationary but sorrowing shutters, and begin our lives anew.

The first event which I remember connected in any way with the history of our country was the arrival of General Lafayette in 1825. The enthusiasm of the people was great. We were taken to the house of a friend to see the procession, and I always thought General Lafayette sat in a gig, but my childish impression was corrected afterwards. He sat in a barouche drawn by four horses. In the evening the whole city was illuminated. My mother went out to see this fine show with her elder children; my father remained at home, fearing to trust the snuffing of the candles to the servants, lest the house should take fire. I was by his side, going from one window to another, watching the snuffers as they did their work, and admiring the tin stars in which the candles were placed.

These stars afterwards spent many years in our cock-loft, and after I knew the history of the Revolution they were to me sacred objects.

A musket without a lock, once the property of Paul Jones, was intrusted to my mother by her nephew (afterwards Admiral Harwood) for safe-keeping. It was placed in the corner of one of our garrets and we were

forbidden to go near it, such was my mother's fear of fire-arms. We used to take off our shoes and stockings, creep up the garret stairway, open the door a crack, peep at the gun, and run shrieking down the stairs, showing our combined bravery and our disobedience.

The funeral of a pigeon stands out clearly in my memory. We were all in the country for the summer. A pigeon died, and we children desired to bury him properly. After placing him in an old paper box, we began to form in procession, but there were no laity present; all of us had decided to represent the clergy, and having turned our blue-and-white-checked aprons hind part before, and with the corners flapping in the wind in front, we were satisfied that we were in "orders." So delighted were we with the success of our plans that we dug the poor pigeon up the next day and reburied him, being as well contented with the whole service (especially with our checked aprons) as is any priest at this day with his embroidered cope and stole. So much for childish ignorance.

We boarded during the summer for many years with Mrs. Kenney, of Darby. After seeing her daughter Mary make butter in a barrel-churn, Dick and I were filled with a desire to do likewise, so we rose up early one morning, repaired to the spring-house, and filling the churn with water, sand, and gravel, began our operations. I need scarcely say that the butter never came, but Mary Kenney did come, and raised her voice in loud reproaches. We were reproved by our mother, but nothing stung us so sorely as when for weeks afterwards, if there appeared a black speck in the butter, Mary glared at us and said, "It's the children churning that did it."

One prominent Philadelphia character interested me much when I was a child. This was "Crazy Norah." She was a young woman and wore a man's hat, which alone in those days would have proclaimed any woman to be demented. (Not so now, when sailor-hats are worn by the young and fair without let or hinderance and pronounced by *some* "beautiful.") The rest of Norah's costume was a short skirt, closely fitting bodice, and in winter a dark jacket. Her history was a sad one. Her lover, a seafaring man, was lost at sea, and grief turned Norah's brain. She lived at the Quaker Almshouse, a spot which can never be forgotten, on the south side of Walnut Street above Third. It belonged to the Society of Friends. Here were housed and well cared for paupers of all creeds. The front of the building was brick, each alternate brick being black. Even the outside was lovely to my early eyesight, but after entering through a wide archway the view was perfect. Here, in what is now a closely built part of the city, was a huge open space dotted with low cottages covered with vines, and surrounded by gardens in which the inmates cultivated sweet herbs and flowers; here good housekeepers provided themselves with thyme, sweet marjoram, sage, etc., for winter use. In this peaceful home lived Norah when I knew her, and surely it was the spot for a troubled mind, for no spot that I have ever seen since has given me the feeling of repose which belonged to this our Quaker Almshouse. Norah said she lived there to be near "St. Joseph," meaning St. Joseph's Church, which still stands, and will I think always stand, in Willing's Alley. Norah, when excited, would speak of sin and sorrow at the corners of the streets, and a

few persons, then thought a crowd, would gather to hear her. Sometimes when boys were rude to her and attempted to give her saucy advice, she would break off from her discourse and turn upon them with always the same question, "Would you like to teach your grandmother to suck eggs?" How often has this question occurred to me when I have listened to proffered advice from those younger and less experienced than I, who have travelled a long and sometimes weary road through life!

In those days there were at the corners of the streets gray wooden *watch-boxes* where the watchmen were sheltered at night when not on their beat. These *boxes* were large enough to hold a stove and a seat, and I used to wonder whether the stove was big enough to bake buckwheat cakes, they being, to my mind, alike a protection from and a solace for weariness. When the tower clock struck the hour, forth came the watchman, cried the hour and described the weather; for instance, "Past two o'clock and a starlight morning."

CHAPTER II

In October, 1781, my mother was but a few days old when my grandmother heard this welcome cry from the watchman, "Past twelve o'clock and Cornwallis taken."

The birth of my mother was a blessing to all who were ever connected with her, either by ties of friendship or blood, but that cry of the watchman was a presage to the whole world of a new life which promised freedom, religious liberty, and above all a home, to the downtrodden inhabitants of all countries. That promise has since been more than amply fulfilled. Though corruption and dishonesty have crept into our country through that broad, pitch-covered gate, *Machine Politics,* which none ever enter without being defiled, and though we sometimes tremble for the life of our republic, we cannot despair while the heart of the nation is true and honest. "The best inheritance for nation or individual is an honest name; and that inheritance is mine." My life was so closely interwoven with the lives of my parents, and I must so often speak of them, that I will without further delay tell of their history. My father, William J. Duane, was born in Ireland, his father was an American, born in the State of New York in 1760, where *his* father was a surveyor of lands on Lake Champlain. My grandfather (William Duane) went to Clonmel, Ireland, with his mother and father in 1771, and when he grew to man's estate married Catherine Corcoran in 1778. My father was born in Clonmel on

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From miniature by Duplessis

May 9, 1779. At an early age he was sent to a school there kept by Mr. Carey. Here he formed a friendship for three boys, afterwards Colonel Chaloner, Rev. Barry Denny, and Frederick W. Conway. These early friendships continued throughout his life, and although he came to this country when he was fourteen years old, and never returned to his native land, I have in my possession letters from his three friends, written after all four *boys* had passed threescore years and ten. His education was completed in Philadelphia, and he entered the *Aurora* newspaper office, where he for some years held the position of sub-editor under his father, William Duane, and then met my mother, the second daughter of Richard and Sarah Bache (the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin). My mother was born in Franklin Court, a narrow street running south out of Market Street between Third and Fourth Streets. Here, surrounded by a large court-yard, stood the home of one of the foremost citizens of our country, and here in her grandfather's house my mother drew her first breath on October 1, 1781. Here, too, she lived until after the death of Benjamin Franklin, April 17, 1791.

My mother was called "Deborah" after her grandmother, the wife of Benjamin Franklin. The early history of Mrs. Franklin was a sad one. Her father, John Read, was a much respected citizen of Philadelphia in the early years of the eighteenth century; he befriended Benjamin Franklin when he (a youth of seventeen) first came to Philadelphia from Boston, but he did not smile upon an attachment which grew up between Benjamin and Deborah, and refused his consent to their marriage. Benjamin Franklin was sent to London, and

during his absence John Read died in 1724. Shortly after his death a man named Rogers came with letters of introduction to Mr. Read, which Mrs. Read read, and then showed many kindnesses to Mr. Rogers, who amiably returned the favor by proposing to marry Deborah. To this proposition Mrs. Read consented, but Deborah was unwilling, being true to her lover, Benjamin Franklin. Her mother tried to overcome her objections, finally using the argument that her lover had not written to her since he left the country. Deborah at last consented, married Mr. Rogers, and they all made one household. After they had been married a year, an old English friend of Mr. Read's called upon Mrs. Read, and on hearing that Deborah was married to Mr. Rogers, he cried out, "That man has a wife in England." When Rogers came in, Mrs. Read told him what had been told her, but instead of making any reply Rogers left the house and never returned. Deborah took her maiden name again, the only one to which she had a right, and when Benjamin Franklin returned, finding her depressed and unhappy, he accused himself of neglect, attributing her terrible misfortune to that cause. Shortly after, the death of Rogers was reported in Bermuda, and having made his peace with Deborah Read, with the hearty consent of her mother, Benjamin Franklin married her on September 1, 1730. She was a good wife, a tender mother, and a faithful friend. Francis Folger Franklin was born on June 20, 1732, and died on November 21, 1736. His tombstone is beside that of his father and mother in the Christ Church Burying-Ground, Fifth and Arch Streets, and bears this old-fashioned inscription penned by his father:

DEBORAH FRANKLIN
From portrait by Pratt

FRANCIS F.

Son of Deborah and Benjamin Franklin,
Deceased November 21st, 1736,
aged 4 years, five months, and one day.
The delight of all who knew him.

My grandmother, Sarah Franklin, was born September 11, 1744. The relations between Benjamin Franklin and his wife were most tender. She was a careful, prudent wife, agreeing with her husband in all his ambitious projects for mankind, and only objecting to William Franklin (afterwards governor of New Jersey) being a member of the household. But the tenderness of her husband towards herself at last overcame her objections, and her only child, Sarah, or "Sally" as she was called, was brought up to call him "brother."

The training and education of their daughter were carefully watched over by both parents. Thinking that the best and most useful occupation for a woman came through her needle, Sally was early taught to sew. Her father looked after the other branches of her education, and was especially anxious that she should never abandon any task once begun, whether through her studies or her work. He inculcated the maxim of perseverance unto the end until all difficulties should be overcome.

On one occasion he saw her endeavoring to make a proper button-hole. After many efforts she gave up the task in despair. Not one word or look of reproach came from her father at her failure to accomplish her object, but the next day he said, "Sally, I have made an arrangement with my tailor to have you go to him every day at a fixed hour. He will teach you to make button-holes."

Sally went, and her button-holes are made now by her descendants of the third and fourth generation.

Sally was a girl of unusual intelligence and wit. She adored her father, was proud of his intellect and of the respect in which he was held by mankind, and above all was grateful to him for his love and care of her in her childhood. The tender relations which existed between this father and daughter will be seen in a few extracts from a letter written to her by her father on his way to England. It is dated

"RUDY ISLAND, Nov. 8, 1774, 7 at night.

"MY DEAR SALLY:—

"We reached here just at sunset, having taken in more live-stock at Newcastle, with some other things we wanted. Our good friends, Mr. Galloway, Mr. Wharton and Mr. James, came with me in the ships from Chester to Newcastle and went ashore there. It was kind to favor me with their good company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

"My dear Child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart that God has blessed you with make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice; I shall therefore only say that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good mama the more you will recommend yourself to me; but why should I mention 'me' when you have so much higher a promise in the Commandments that such a conduct will recommend you to the favor of God.

"You know I have many enemies (all indeed on the public account, for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offense to any one whatever) yet they are enemies and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretion will be magnified into crime in order more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is, therefore, the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behaviour.

"Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more toward mending the heart

FRANCIS FOLGER FRANKLIN

than sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be. Therefore, I wish you would never miss prayer days. Yet I do not mean that you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come to us through very dirty earth.

"For the rest I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments—arithmetic and bookkeeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see company in the hours you set apart for those studies. I think you should, and everybody should, have certain days or hours so set apart.

"We expect to be at sea to-morrow if the wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England.

"I pray that His blessing may attend you, which is more worth than a thousand of mine, though they are never wanting.

"I am, my dear Sally, your ever affectionate father,

"B. FRANKLIN."

The same confidential and tender sympathy always existed between the father and daughter, with only one slight interruption.

My grandmother was engaged, with her father's consent, to marry Richard Bache, but his business prospects not being very bright, the marriage was delayed, and afterwards took place on October 29, 1767, before the return of Dr. Franklin.

The following notice of the marriage of my grandparents was published in Philadelphia in the *Penn Chronicle and Universal Advertiser:* "Last Thursday evening Mr. Richard Bache of this city, Merchant, was married to Miss Sally Franklin, a young lady of distinguished merit. The next day all the ships in the harbour displayed their colours on the happy occasion."

After a silence of some months Benjamin Franklin wrote a letter to his son-in-law, as follows:

"August 13, 1768.

"LOVING SON:—

"I received yours of May 30, and also the preceding letters mentioned in it. You must have been sensible that I thought the step you had taken to engage yourself in the charge of a family while your affairs bore so unpromising an aspect with regard to the probable means of maintaining it, a very rash and precipitate one.

"I could not therefore, but be dissatisfied with it and displeased with you, whom I look'd upon as an instrument of bringing future unhappiness on my child by involving her in the difficulty and distress that seemed connected with your circumstances, you having not merely nothing beforehand, but being beside greatly in debt. In this situation of my mind you should not wonder that I did not answer your letters.

"I could say nothing agreeable. I did not chuse to write what I thought, being unwilling to give pain where I could not give pleasure. Time has made me easier. I hope that the accounts you give me of your better prospects are well founded and that by industrious Application to business you may retrieve your losses. I can only add at present that my best wishes attend you and that if you prove a good husband and son you will find in me an

"Affectionate Father,

"B. FRANKLIN.

"My love to Sally. I have sent her by Mr. Coleman, who left us this Day a new Watch and Buckles."

This letter, which shows plainly the power Benjamin Franklin had for keeping his feelings under restraint and not committing himself in words until composure was restored to him, was a great joy to his daughter, who showed in many ways her sorrow at having caused her father distress.

Time went on, finding Benjamin Franklin a grandfather. His yearning for his own home is shown in his letters to his English friends, but his duty to his

SARAH BACHE

From copy by Sully of portrait by Hopner

country was in his esteem paramount. His wife died in Philadelphia in 1774, beloved by her many friends and much respected by the whole community in which her life was passed. She lies beside her husband in Christ Church Yard, Arch and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia.

In 1783 Mrs. Bache (Bache was at that time pronounced Beech), the only daughter of Dr. Franklin, wrote to her father as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5, 1783.

"DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:

"Most earnestly have I wished for the Definitive Treaty to arrive and Congress to find a resting place, that they might then have time to recall you, and our little family be once more joined. The Treaty, I am told, is come, but when Congress will settle no one can say, they have lost much of the confidence of the people since they began to wander. Your old Friend, General Gates, told me they were all splitting and separating, that no man could hoop the barrel but you, and that you were much wanted here.

"Your old friends, the Vaughans, are here, and have taken a house in our neighborhood. I promise myself great pleasure in their society this Winter. The time they stayed with us on their first coming with your recommendation of them has made me quite their friend. I never knew a more amiable family.

"The dear little children are quite well and lively, though they suffered from the Summer."

The letter closes with a full account of the virtues of each child, which will not interest those one hundred years farther on in life.

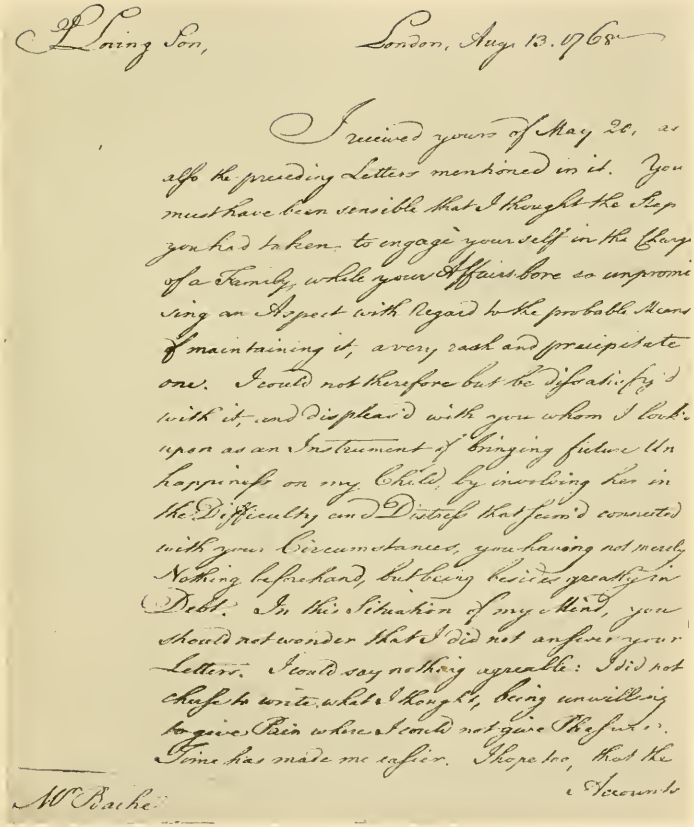
In the year 1787 Dr. Franklin returned from Europe for the last time. His home was put in perfect order for him by his devoted daughter, who was in his garden when told the ship had arrived. She sat down on a wheelbarrow and wept. My mother, knowing nothing at the age of six of tears of joy, ran to her to ask her if she were sorry grandpapa had come home.

The crowd which followed him to his home was very great, and his welcome from friends and foes most hearty. The rest of his life was passed in the bosom of his family.

After his return Dr. Franklin entertained his friends and strangers who came accredited to him, my grandmother presiding always at the head of the table. Upon one occasion he gave a dinner to a party of Indians. Among them was one squaw whom my grandmother took up-stairs after dinner, in compliance with a request made by the squaw to see Mrs. Beech's dresses. After looking at these for some time she spied an ostrich feather, and told my grandmother she had dreamed the night before she had given her that very feather. My generous grandmother gave the feather, but afterwards confessed that she had parted with it with great reluctance.

A summer evening tea was once given to a French gentleman, and there being many other strangers present my grandmother overlooked the guest of the occasion; after a time she said to him, "Monsieur Le Coutelyeu, shall I send you another cup of tea?" His answer was, "I have not a chuse any yet," thus politely endeavoring to cover up her oversight. The contrast between the manners of the squaw and the manners of the Frenchman is remarkable, the untutored woman thinking only of herself, the man of the world respecting the feelings of his neighbor. Is this so now? I fear in our time the conditions of humanity have been reversed. Our Indians would agree with me I am sure.

Dr. Franklin invented a large arm-chair with a fan attached, which was moved by means of his foot, in



Dear Son, London, Aug. 13. 1768

I received yours of May 20, as also the preceding Letters mentioned in it. You must have been sensible that I thought the Step you had taken to engage yourself in the Cares of a Family, while your Affairs bore so unpromising an Aspect with Regard to the probable Means of maintaining it, a very rash and precipitate one. I could not therefore but be dissatisfy'd with it, and displeas'd with you whom I look'd upon as an Instrument of bringing future Unhappiness on my Child, by involving her in the Difficulty and Distress that seem'd connected with your Circumstances, you having not merely Nothing before hand, but being besides greatly in Debt. In this Situation of my Mind, you should not wonder that I did not answer your Letters. I could say nothing agreeable: I did not chuse to write what I thought, being unwilling to give Pain where I could not give Relief. Time has made me easier. I hope too, that the Accounts

N. Bache

(Over)

LETTER BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, RICHARD BACHE

Accounts you give me of your better Prospects are well founded, and that by an industrious Application to Business you may retrieve your Losses. I can only add at present, that my best Wishes attend you, and that if you prove a good Husband & Son, you will find in me an

Affectionate Father,

B Franklin

My Love to Polly — I sent her by W Coleman, who left town this Day, a new Watch & Buckles.

the present sewing-machine fashion. This chair stood in the summer-time on the garden steps, and here he sat, rocked, and fanned with much comfort. During the last year of his life Dr. Franklin was carried about by two huge men from the prison, and when he kept them waiting my mother and her brother Dick used to rush for the sedan-chair, and were carried, as they thought, in great state around the court-yard.

Dr. Franklin was confined to his bed for many months before his death. In spite of the great pain which he suffered at that time he encouraged my mother to study her lessons at his bedside. She sat on "a little stool by a Windsor bottomed chair" on which she wrote and studied from her spelling-book. When she had finished he heard her recite them. If she were dilatory he would say, "Debby, is not that line of spelling ready yet?" When he found she did not know the meaning of the words she spelled he obliged her to look for their definitions in the dictionary.

When she was diligent she was allowed a spoonful of currant jelly, which always was beside him, and then a game of hide-and-seek with her brother "Dick" followed in the library, which was connected by a "noiseless door" with his bedroom, and in the alcoves made by his book-shelves the children played.

When my mother was ten years old this loving grandfather died, leaving the family in sorrow, but the joy that he had lived, and would never be forgotten (because of the benefits he had conferred upon the world), "came in the morning," and that "sun of joy" has not yet set, though he, who caused it to rise, passed to another life more than one hundred years ago.

CHAPTER III

WHETHER my grandmother followed her father's advice and turned her attention to "arithmetic and book-keeping" I know not, but I do know that she was a well-educated woman and that she had the power to rouse women, more inert than herself, to effort. The first articles of underclothing that were made for our soldiers of the Revolution were cut out by her hands, and "sewing-bees" of the ladies accomplished the rest, for in those days sewing-machines and army contractors were not known. I copy herewith a letter from her to her friend Mrs. Meredith. It is without date, but must have been written soon after the beginning of the Revolution.

"MY DEAR MRS. MEREDITH:—

"I am happy to have it in my power to tell you that the sums given by the good women of Philadelphia for the benefit of the army, have been much greater than could have been expected. They were given with so much cheerfulness and with so many blessings, that it was a pleasing rather than painful task, to call for them. I write to claim you as a Philadelphian and shall think myself honored by receiving your donation. You are much wanted here. The person who takes this may be trusted with your letter and the money. I am sure you are so good a friend to the cause, that you recommend it to the ladies of Trenton to follow our good example.

"I beg you will make my compliments to your good mama and sisters and believe me very sincerely

"Your Friend,
"SARAH BACHE."

RICHARD BACHE

From copy by Mrs. Thomas Sergeant of portrait by Hopner

My Grandfather Bache was engaged to be married to Miss Margaret Ross, of Philadelphia, but the death of the young lady on August 19, 1766, prevented the fulfilment of his hopes. Before her death she asked him to marry her intimate friend Sally Franklin, which, as we have seen, he obligingly did, and thus Benjamin Franklin became our ancestor.

Prompted by a feeling of gratitude towards Margaret Ross for her suggestion to her lover, and feeling the importance of celebrating all "Centennials," I proposed to some members of our family that we should have a "picnic" on the 19th of August, 1866.

My suggestion was not carried out, but the day was celebrated through an acrostic written by myself, which I shall here transcribe:

M—aiden whose bones have crumbled long ago,
A—bove thy tomb we bend, yet not in woe;
R—egrets we have none that an early call
G—rim Death made thee; he comes for all,
A—nd taking thee, he left us cause for mirth.
R—eaching far back, aye, even from our birth,
E—ach one of us was glad, for thy finale
T—was that which made us flesh and blood with Sally.

R—equiems we sing not, for they're rather dull;
O—des we will write with praises ever full;
S—onnets and verses to thy name we'll pen.
S—ally's our grandma, she's the child of Ben.

My grandmother was handsome and went much into society, and in a letter to her father thus described one of what were then called "The City Dancing Assemblies:"

"There were as many as fifty-seven ladies present

and about the same number of gentlemen." The price of a subscription ticket for the Assemblies was £3.15.8. Partners for the dances were drawn by lot, and the entertainment consisted of rusks and tea. The Assemblies now have reached far larger proportions, but the question, which of course cannot be answered, is whether the Assemblies of the nineteenth century have given as much pleasure as those of the eighteenth.

Although my grandmother had many friends among those who were Tories during the Revolution and whom she dearly loved, she was so early trained in democratic principles that she never forgot her pride in, and love for, the republic whose birth she saw.

Here I shall record an anecdote in the words of my own mother:

"When we were children we went to Mrs. Pyne's school; we were day boarders, and were placed at the table with Nellie Custis and Maria Morris apart from the other girls, because Mrs. Pyne said, 'Young ladies of rank must take the head of the table.' Much elated at this distinction we told our mother of it with glee, when to our dismay she said, 'Give my compliments to Mrs. Pyne and tell her there is no rank in this country but rank mutton,'—so ended our short-lived honors."

My grandmother was a woman with a keen sense of humor and full of ready wit. When the late Bishop White went to England to be consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania some one said to my grandmother, "What has William White gone to England for?" "Yeast" was my grandmother's answer.

My grandmother was awakened one night by a noise in the room; sitting up in bed, she saw a rat eating the

candle which stood in the chimney-place; she aroused her husband, who said, sleepily, "My dear, there is no rat, it is conceit." "Very well, Mr. Beech, then it is conceit with four legs and a tail." Sleepy as he was, this witty speech drew my grandfather from his bed, and the rat's doom was sealed.

Dr. Franklin left all his property in the United States to his daughter. Thus she inherited two miniatures of great value. One was the likeness of her own father, taken at the request of Louis XVI., and sent by him to Mrs. Franklin. The other was a likeness of the king himself, given by him to Dr. Franklin. This last was set with two rows of diamonds and a crown on the top composed of diamonds. In Dr. Franklin's will he requested that none of these diamonds should ever be worn as ornaments by his daughter or her daughters. Two years after his death my grandmother, finding the jewels a constant care, decided upon removing the outer row and crown and selling them. With the amount thus realized she, her husband, and eldest daughter went to Europe, leaving her younger daughters, my mother and her sister Sally, under the care of Miss Curry, an old friend of my grandmother who was then in reduced circumstances and gladly took charge of the children of her friend. The three sons were placed at school in New Jersey.

My grandmother enjoyed thoroughly her visit to foreign lands. She and her husband were received by her father's friends, and also by many who had not known him, with great respect and attention. While in London she sat for her picture to the artist Hopner. The likeness was excellent, and two admirable copies by Sully,

and also the original portrait, remain in the possession of her descendants. My grandmother had a strong objection to having her likeness taken, saying always that she knew it would some day be taken to stop a hole in "somebody's garret," and she would be seen "grinning to a northwester." Oddly enough her prediction almost came true, for in after-years my mother found in the garret of a member of the family the portrait of my grandmother taken when she was a child. The canvas was rolled up, and on its being unrolled the paint came off in cakes, and it was too much injured ever to be restored.

CHAPTER IV

My mother and her sister Sally, afterwards the wife of Judge Sergeant, were very happy during the absence of their parents. Miss Curry (afterwards Mrs. John Mark), who lived in Lombard Street between Third and Fourth Streets (the house still stands), was a gentlewoman who had met reverses in fortune without complaint and who was eminently calculated to have the care of children. Upon at least one occasion my mother gave her guardian serious uneasiness. One afternoon some visitors came in and were asked by Miss Curry to stay to tea. The invitation was accepted and my mother sent with a small pitcher to buy some cream. On the way home she met one of her school-fellows, the daughter of a very celebrated actress in those days, Mrs. Morris. She instantly invited my mother to go with her to the theatre. (The only theatre then in Philadelphia was in South Street near Fourth Street.) "Come, Debby," she said, "mamma is just going on the stage; the play is beautiful, and you and I will go in at the back door and stand at the flies." This was an invitation not to be resisted. My mother went with her friend, and in the sorrows and joys of the heroine of the play forgot her errand. What to her was cream for tea in comparison to the scenes she saw! She never once thought she might be distressing her guardian by her absence; her tears flowed, but they came because the heroine was unhappy. She held the little cream-pitcher

tightly, and at last remembered who she was. When she left the theatre it was quite dark, and she ran home without the cream to find Miss Curry and her faithful friend and servitor Rachel in much distress, and the visitors displeased at this unforeseen interruption to the pleasures of their visit.

My mother felt guilty, but she bore the punishment inflicted upon her, and never regretted this, her first sight of a real play. Let those condemn her who have never tasted the sweets of an unexpected and stolen pleasure. While my grandmother was in Europe my mother wrote her the letter which I copy *verbatim:*

"PHILADELPHIA, May 28th, 1793.

"DEAR MAMA:—I now set down to write to you, it has not been neglect I did not write to you sooner but for want of an opportunity. I am sorry to let you know that Mrs. Hunter at Woodberry is dead, the boys were in town when they heard of her death and were very sorry indeed. Mrs. Bedford is also dead your friend. Miss Currie's family is increased by two more young ladies. I have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Duchés' arrival but not a word of any books which I was very anxious about, but I must not be impatient but wait for a convenient opportunity, little Sally grows a charming girl Rachel says she cannot go of an errand without her. I receiv'd sister's letter that acquaints us of her doll. She is very much pleased at the thought of its opening and shutting its eyes. Miss Currie and her children were at Mis Grimes yesterday being Monday in Whitsun week. Miss Currie and Sally send their best love to you and except the same from your ever

"Affectionate Daughter,

"DEBORAH BACHE."

My grandmother while she was in London persuaded a fashionable milliner to consign some bonnets to Miss Curry for sale. After my grandmother's return the bonnets arrived, and my mother was permitted to help

Miss Curry mark the prices on the strings of the bonnets. This proved so exciting an operation that after the "opening" my mother also helped with the sale, and was discovered by the "Miss Cliftons" (two belles during the Revolution). They were so horrified at my mother's appearance as a "saleslady" that they threatened to tell her father,—a threat not to be lightly disregarded, for my grandfather was an austere man.

The homeward voyage of my grandparents was long and tedious. One of the passengers (Miss Chrystal) came over to superintend the millinery department in a large dry-goods shop kept by a Mr. Whitesides. The doctor of the ship had one night mixed a dose of medicine for Miss Chrystal. Not liking the looks of the mixture she brought it to my grandmother, saying, "Mrs. Beech, taste it. I think it is arsenic." This obliging invitation, however, was not accepted by my grandmother.

Soon after their return from Europe my grandfather bought a large farm on the Delaware River, just below Bristol. They called this home "Settle" after the birthplace of my grandfather in Yorkshire, England.

There they lived for the rest of the lives of my grandparents. Here my mother learned to swim, and on more than one occasion swam before breakfast from Bristol to Burlington and back with her father and three brothers. She afterwards saved the life of her dear friend Sally Keene, who fell into the Schuylkill River while they were walking together on the edge of the Market Street bridge, when it was a low drawbridge. At "Settle"

there was much to amuse the young people, but for my grandmother there was but little. She used sometimes to go to "Friends' Meeting" on week-days. Once after an able discourse from a woman preacher on the duty of mankind to treat their inferiors and dumb animals with compassion and consideration, which much impressed my grandmother, she saw to her amazement on leaving the meeting-house this same preacher beating her horse unmercifully. A colored woman who stood near said, "Miss Beech, I would not like to be a Quaker woman's hoss, would you?"

My grandmother once promised a poor neighbor some soft soap when next she would make it. Meantime, this same poor neighbor was caught stealing the rails of one of the "Settle" fences for firewood, and was sharply reproved by my grandfather in presence of my grandmother. When the soft soap was made, my grandmother bearing no malice, sent a bucketful to her erring neighbor, but in the afternoon of the same day the soap was returned, the bucket being deposited at the feet of my grandmother, as she sat on the piazza, by a young girl with these words: "Miss Beech, aunty says the vounds you've made in her feelin's ain't going for to be plastered with soft soap." "Settle" could boast of few neighbors among the "gentry" in those days. There was, however, one family which afforded much amusement to my relatives. Mrs. Palmer and two daughters lived not far from "Settle." One daughter, Mary, read a great deal, and spoke often of the "Classics." The other daughter, Agnes, was a wild country girl, and the mother was a kind but unrefined woman.

My mother and her sister once went to visit Mary and

Agnes, and found Mary alone, who regretted that Agnes had just gone to the grove "Felicity" to read Young's "Night Thoughts." Just then Mrs. Palmer entered and said, "I am sorry, girls, that Aggy is not here. I sent her out to get me a mess of poke." This so amused my mother and her sister, that on repeating the story to my grandmother she instantly wrote these verses:

"In yon magnolia grove she strayed;
There you will find the artless maid
Pensive, alone, her harp unstrung;
She sits and meditates on Young.

"Laws, Polly, how refined you talk!
She in the bog has gone to walk.
The reading Young is all a joke,
She's gone to get a mess of poke.

"Now, mother, when we wish to soar
And cut a dash at 'Bellespore,'
You will repeat some vulgarism,
What we call nectar you call gism."

I have heard my mother describe an "All-Hallow E'en" party at "Settle," the thought of which amuses me, so I transcribe it. My grandfather and grandmother had gone to town to pass a few days with Major and Mrs. Lenox, and their daughters invited a few young friends to spend Hallow Eve, and proposed to try "projects." They took long candles, in which were stuck pins so placed that when the clock struck twelve (midnight) the last pin would drop out. At this critical moment the apparitions of the future husbands of the young damsels were expected. The Miss Palmers came, Mary dignified and high-flown, Agnes boisterous. When

all was arranged the candles were lighted, and each girl held one without speaking. The silence was long, but silence becomes a maiden often best when she is looking for a husband.

Meantime, my uncles had determined that they would amuse themselves. They wrapped the five "farm hands" in sheets, each one adding to his height by holding up a broom. Then my uncles quietly joined the guests. After a while the clock struck, a few of the pins dropped, and heavy steps were heard in the hall; up rose Miss Mary Palmer and cried out, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us." Never did words of Shakespeare produce greater effect. One young lady fainted, and it was long before order was restored and this practical and naughty joke explained. The guests stayed all night, and went home wiser if not sadder than before.

Thus did life at "Settle" pass by for this gay young household; the cares of housekeeping pressed not on her daughters, but on my grandmother, who had to take what the butcher brought in his cart. Once he left for her a very tough piece of beef. The next time he came she saw him and said, "That was a remarkably tender piece of beef you left for us on Saturday, Mr. Gibbs," but he disarmed her by quickly acknowledging his guilt in these words: "None of your romancing with me, Mrs. Beech."

A Dutchman named Van Bramm was one of the neighbors at "Settle," and once when some one was remarking on the frequent visits of a Mr. Gordon to a young lady in the neighborhood, Mr. Van Bramm said, "Petter see Gordon ash nobody," which proves there was even in those days a scarcity of desirable young men.

There I leave "Settle," which was a happy home for those who lived in the eighteenth century.

When quite a young girl my mother was taken by her mother to the funeral of Mrs. N., who had been a valued friend to my grandmother. Before the funeral left the house, and after those friends had assembled to honor the memory of Mrs. N., Mr. N. appeared, and striding up and down the room called out, "Oh, sable weeds! oh, doleful black! oh, what a tale of death is here!" Then calling to his man-servant he added, "Artemus, see that the clargy all have hat-bands."

But before long Artemus was again called upon, this time to distribute wedding favors. Mr. N. supplied himself with another wife, and was afterwards gathered to his rest and the "clargy" to their hat-bands before the second Mrs. N. (whom I remember) left this world.

Dr. Franklin owned a negro slave named Bob, who was given his freedom by his will. This man was always called "Daddy Bob." He became a drunkard after he was free, and finally came back to my grandmother and entreated to be restored to slavery. This my grandmother declined to do, but she kept him in the house until he died. He called my Uncle Benjamin his "son" and my Aunt Eliza his "daughter." After the marriage of my Uncle Benjamin he said, "My son married, baam by my daughter marry, and Bob go to his long home." But before this last home was reached Bob used to say to his "daughter" when she went into the kitchen to superintend the arrangements for a dinner-party, "Here you come in de kitchen, you stuffy your stomach wid dis and dat, and when gem'len at table say, 'What will you take, miss?' you say, 'De wing of de laak, sir.'"

When Bob died at "Settle" the whole family mourned his loss.

On the 31st of December, 1805, my mother was married. Her marriage was displeasing to her father, but not to her mother.

My grandfather had been very fond of my father, but the marriage of his daughter-in-law to my father's father disturbed him on many accounts, and he desired to put a stop to any further connection between the families. He, however, promised that if the young people would wait one year without corresponding or seeing each other he would give his consent to the marriage. The year passed by, the young people kept their promise, but my grandfather was still obdurate, and my mother being twenty-four years old, married my father on December 31, 1805. Her father did not forgive this step for several years; her mother loved my father always, and was devoted to the young couple, but my grandfather not only fully forgave them after a time, but in his will left my mother's share of his property to her absolutely, while the shares of his other daughters were left in trust. The two miniatures to which I have already alluded were also unconditionally left to my mother, because she had received during her life less in money from her father than any of his children.

The early married life of my parents was full of struggle. My father's work in the newspaper office was extremely distasteful to him, and he longed to study for the bar. Mr. Charles Chauncey, one of the first Philadelphia lawyers in those days, valued his ability and urged him repeatedly to come into his office as a student. This seemed impossible, for his family must be sup-

ported, but my mother thought of, and in spite of strong resistance from my father successfully carried out, a plan which gave him the opportunity to study. My mother had her little parlor turned into a shop, and there for three years sold stationery, making enough money to support the family very plainly but with comfort.

My father spent his days in the office of his always respected and beloved friend Mr. Chauncey and his evenings in looking over the stock in the shop, seeing what was most wanted and auditing the accounts of my mother. When he was admitted to the bar the shop was given up, and Mr. Chauncey supplied my father with business at the bar until he had made a name for himself.

This page in the history of our parents was always regarded by their children as one of the brightest of their lives. I have often heard them say those years were among the happiest of their married life. When my father opened his own law-office, they had two healthy children and few cares.

As my father's means increased and their family grew larger more room was needed for their little people, and cares were added. My father was several times elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and in 1819 was the author of the resolutions against the admission of Missouri as a slave State. These resolutions passed both houses of the Legislature unanimously. Missouri was, however, admitted into the Union with slavery under the act of Congress which was called the "Missouri Compromise."

In those early days sessions of the Legislature were held in Lancaster, and the members drove themselves, or were driven, to this field of their labors. My father

generally drove himself in a gig. On one occasion he stopped for the night at the Buck Tavern, and found there several of his fellow-legislators. The next morning when his horse was brought to him he found the hostler much amused. After my father gave him his fee the man said, opening his hand, in which was one cent, "This is what the last gem'len gave me," and then in a shout of laughter added, "Yaller clay will be uppermost."

My father was for many years the intimate friend and counsellor of Stephen Girard, the founder of the great institution which bears his name. Mr. Girard was a Frenchman who settled in Philadelphia when Philadelphia was a seaport town and there carried on a trade with his native land. By prudence, economy, and strict attention he amassed a large fortune, the greater part of which he left to found a college for the instruction of poor white male orphans. The College buildings now have nearly two thousand inmates. Fifteen hundred of these are pupils, and many of our most respected citizens owe their education to this man, who so long ago fully comprehended, and worked for, what is now called "the brotherhood of man."

A part, and I think a large part, of the income of the Girard estate comes from "coal lands" in Pennsylvania, the purchase of which my father, assisted by a mining engineer, superintended. A short time ago, in looking over my father's papers, I found a book containing the cost of these lands. Some of them were bought at three cents an acre, and not one acre of the first purchase cost more than six cents.

I was ten years old when Mr. Girard died. I remember

the day perfectly, Monday, the 26th day of December. We were celebrating Christmas on that day, and my father was called away from our Christmas dinner to say farewell to his dear friend, who was then dying.

Mr. Girard often used to call for my father to drive with him to visit his farm in the "Neck," a spot now built upon so closely that it is furrowed with houses and no longer with the plough.

One of us children was generally taken on these excursions. A gig was the mode of conveyance, and when my father drove, and I went as passenger, I stood between Mr. Girard's knees. I much enjoyed these trips, for we always came home with a basketful of fruit, and the scent of those pears and grapes hangs round me still in memory. Mr. Girard was very kind to us, my father's "little children," and was thoughtful for us even during his last illness. He then desired my father to add to his will a codicil making provision for the education of his younger children, my sister Ellen, myself, and two brothers, but this my father declined to do, although Mr. Girard urged it on the ground of my father's ill health and the fear that he might die before we were educated, but the whole of his will was, and is, in the handwriting of my father, and with his characteristic wisdom and sense of honor he declined to add one word which would benefit himself or his children, much as his dear old friend might desire it. The erection of Girard College was a source of much interest and delight to my father. He was much pained when an old friend of his announced in a public speech that the College would be an institution of infidels, because the admission of the clergy of any faith is prohibited in Mr. Girard's will.

The College now speaks for itself through its graduates, and if they are infidels, where are the Christians? Yet I have heard ministers of the gospel tell, with pride, that they had entered Girard College without declaring themselves clergymen. Under these circumstances well may each of us ask Pilate's question, "What is truth?" My father was one of the directors of Girard College for some years, and the names of the first three hundred pupils are registered by his hand. Several efforts have been made to break the last will of Mr. Girard, each one unsuccessful. The building of the College was a matter of pride to us all, and I often wish that my brothers and sisters could see the buildings now built around it for the accommodation of those within the outside walls, but I am alone with my memory of the past.

CHAPTER V

My own school-days began very early. I was six years old when I was sent to Mrs. Jordan, who with her daughter, Miss Hetty, kept a school for little children in Fifth Street, a few doors north of Walnut Street. The first day I went to school Miss Hetty gave me a spelling-book as a "prize," and truly I thought it a great prize, and never dreamed, when I had mastered the lines,

> "As the young lambs do skip and play
> On the green grass at break of day,"

that there were any "other worlds" for me to conquer in the English language.

Age and infirmity (and perhaps the torment of her pupils) obliged Mrs. Jordan to give up her school not long after I entered it, so that my pursuit of "pot-hooks" and "hangers" was transferred to the care of a very excellent French lady, Mlle. Estelle Beylle, who lived in Spruce Street near Fifth. There I learned quickly, and I loved my teacher. I had about twelve companions about my own age, and we learned both French and English. We were well taught, but our punishments were peculiar. If we did not know our lessons, we were made to stand in the middle of the floor with a dunce-cap on our heads, and if we were disobedient, we were obliged to wear a mask. I grieve to say that on one occasion I submitted to both of these punishments at the same moment.

When our teacher retired from the school forever I was nearly eight years old. I was sent with my sister Ellen to the Misses McKean, in Third Street below Walnut Street. Ellen had been under their care for some time, and I trembled when I heard I was to share her fate, for I had been told that a threatened punishment for speaking without permission was a piece of sticking-plaster put over the mouth of the culprit, so that our lips must remain closed. This was an alarming state of affairs for me, for if I had a weakness (and perhaps I still have it), it was for talking.

My first day at this school was one of torture. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth when I set off for home with my sister and her friends, the Onderdonks. So high were my spirits at being released from bondage that I determined to ring at the first door-bell which I could reach, and run away before the bell could be answered. I said nothing of this plan to my companions, but in Walnut Street, between Fourth and Fifth, lived Mr. John C. Lowber. His door-bell was low and his steps high. Up I ran, pulled the bell, and ran off. I joined my companions in high glee. But my joy was short-lived. Mr. Lowber ran after me, caught my arm, and in great, and perhaps just, wrath, asked me whose daughter I was. I was speechless, but my sister came to my aid and told my father's name. Mr. Lowber said he would call and tell my father what a naughty child he had. I reached home in penitence and tears, but went to the piano to do my duty and practise the "Bird Waltz." While I was struggling with the notes of this now obsolete and at that moment to me most agonizing tune, my sister occasionally put her head in at the

door, saying, "Lib, he is coming now," and then retreated, laughing. Mr. Lowber never came, but if playing that waltz correctly would have purchased for me freedom from care and overcome the dread of displeasing my father, I could have gone through it without a mistake; and thus it is with all life,—when our hearts are torn with anguish we can do deeds of valor which in our placid moments would seem impossible.

I did not remain long with the Misses McKean. The school was removed from Third Street to a building on Chestnut Street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, called the Gothic Mansion. It stood back from the street with a garden in front. Some now living may remember it, though I find the memory of man not so retentive as it used to be. I asked a lady, well up in years, not long ago if she remembered some work at the Exhibition of 1876. She said she was so young then that she only remembered "being taken through a gate into something."

My next step up the ladder of learning landed me in a school kept my Mrs. Oldmixon in West Washington Square, near Locust Street. Mrs. Oldmixon, who was an Englishwoman, had been a play-actress of some note. She was, to my then inexperienced eye, very aged; I presume about fifty. She wore a turban, and her manner was generally melodramatic, though at rare intervals she showed the comic or tragic side of her nature. I stayed with Mrs. Oldmixon until I was ten years old, and when I left her I had an indistinct knowledge of several things, but I also had a very fair knowledge of

the French language. Miss Beylle had taken pains with my accent. My parents continued my French lessons at each school. I liked some of the girls at school very much, and played with one or two out of school-hours, but I got into one sad scrape from pure thoughtlessness. One day Margaretta Burd, Ellen Wilmer, and I were deputed to carry to Mary Gibson some school-books. The morning session ended at twelve o'clock, and we returned for the afternoon at three o'clock.

Mary Gibson, who lived in Walnut Street above Ninth, received her books about half-past twelve, and having thus done our duty, Margaretta Burd invited us to go to their coach-house and play. The Burds lived at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth Streets, in a large, well-to-be-remembered house. The coach-house was on Sansom Street. Into this we went, and finding two or three handsome carriages, two of us pretended to be ladies, and one of us personated a coachman. We alternated these characters, the coachman being the most popular because he had the high privilege of opening and shutting the carriage-door and letting down the steps of the carriage (which in those days was the custom), besides, a coachman had the right to be pompous, while ladies must be quiet, meek, and submissive (some things are changed now, carriage-door steps, for instance, if nothing else). We went to balls, we shopped, went to the play, gave fresh air to dolls, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves; even the pangs of hunger were not felt until the true coachman came and told us it was three o'clock. We hastily put on our bonnets, and I, for one, ran for home, for our dinner-hour was two o'clock.

I found the whole family in confusion on my account.

I had been searched for in school, at Mary Gibson's, and in the State-House Yard, and not having been found, they feared I was lost. My welcome was not hearty. I was reproved, but ate my dinner, and the afternoon passed by. After tea I was requested to withdraw from the family circle and retire to bed. This punishment was inflicted that I might remember the anguish I had caused my parents. But a sorer punishment awaited me still.

The next morning the family sky was clear and serene, and I left home with a light heart and a promise that nothing should delay my home-coming. When I entered the school-room I found all my friends preparing for the lessons of the day. Mrs. Oldmixon stood in the middle of the floor, and on seeing me threw up her hands and in the most tragic tone I had ever heard said, "Are you here? We thought you were dead!" They thought me dead! and after twelve short hours teacher and scholars had recovered composure! The teacher's turban was adjusted on her head as carefully as before the sad news came to her; the breastpin, which fastened the turban in front, was in its usual place; my dear school-fellows were washing their slates or getting their copy-books ready, or, worse still, were laughing together, and I was no longer in the world! I never in my life had more perfect consciousness of my own insignificance. My home punishment faded away, only the terrible present moment rested with me, and I wept sore.

After leaving Mrs. Oldmixon I was placed with Mrs. Hughes. She and her husband were English people and had a school (an admirable one) at the corner of Eighth

Street and Goodwater Alley. I was ten years old when I was put under their care, and spent four happy and profitable years with them. Here my ambition was aroused, and I loved my studies dearly. Here I formed friendships which have never died,—some, indeed, bless my pathway now. I shudder when I think of the sad fates which awaited some of those who were then my companions, but they are gone where no sadness lives.

Much that was startling in our family life occurred during these four years. In March, 1829, my father went to Washington to be present at the inauguration of President Jackson. He left home on Sunday morning, March 1, and reached Washington Wednesday, March 4, just as the procession moved towards the Capitol. His journey was made without accident or detention of any kind, and for those days would have been considered "rapid transit." My father was appointed by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, to the Secretaryship of the United States Treasury. After much deliberation he accepted the appointment, but decided not to remove his family to Washington until the autumn of 1832, but before the autumn serious differences arose between my father and his chief, and the family never went to Washington.

My father had been in office but a short time when General Jackson desired him to remove the United States deposits from the United States Bank in Philadelphia. This my father thought an illegal act, Congress not being then in session, and the President not invested by the people with supreme power; therefore he gave his reasons to the President and refused as gently as possible to obey. In vain the President urged compliance. My

father was determined not to act against his understanding of the law. At last the President requested his resignation, offering him at the same time the position of minister to Russia. This my father also refused, and he was dismissed from office. My father's course was applauded throughout the country by both political parties. The State of Virginia, I remember, sent thanks to my father, which so much gratified him that he requested that his eldest granddaughter might be called after the grand old Mother of Presidents. Before this period General Jackson came to our house on more than one occasion, and proud was I to sit upon his knee; but that pride paled beside the pride I felt when men rose up to support my father in his noble, self-sacrificing, and disinterested position, which political friends and enemies alike acknowledged to be honorable and upright.

I remember well one large town meeting held in the State-House Yard in my father's honor. My father addressed the crowd from the steps of our house, and being a small man he was obliged to stand upon a chair. We looked on the scene from the windows above with great pride, but I was sorely distressed for two causes,—first, lest my father should fall from his chair before ending his speech, and, secondly, I was anxious lest the pole of the banner held by William Jackson would enter his stomach before the crowd dispersed. Those scenes are as present with me now as they were then.

Roger B. Taney took my father's place as the Lord of the Treasury, removed the public deposits, and was rewarded by being appointed Chief Justice of the United States.

In 1874 I went to Washington to look after the interests of the Exhibition of 1876 with my dear friend, Mrs. Frank M. Etting, the granddaughter of Judge Taney. Passing through the rotunda of the Capitol one day, we met Judge Jeremiah Black, who stopped us, saying, "The lion and the lamb are lying down together. I never expected to see the descendants of William J. Duane and Roger B. Taney engaged in the same work. The millennium is at hand."

After my father's return from Washington he began to read aloud to us younger children in the evenings. As he had formerly taught his elder children in this way, he desired to continue the pleasure for himself, hoping for profit to us. Æsop's "Fables" we especially delighted in, and many is the deed which I have done myself out of respect to the memory of the "Lark and her Young Ones." I have taken part also in the "Man, the Boy, and the Ass," and have more than once felt the clutch of the legs of some ass about my own throat, and so can sympathize with Æsop's man. I have also met those who followed the example of the boy who thrust his fist into a jar of plums and secured too many plums to be able to withdraw the fist. Those followers have been known to realize the moral of the fable, "He loses all who grasps too much." Æsop was a great teacher. Multitudes of human frogs swollen in their own opinion to the size of oxen have I met in my path through life, and have often, as I recognized them, smiled at the remembrance of my father's reading. He also read Plutarch's "Lives" to us, but the reading was so dry that he proposed the ancient philosophers should be our companions when we were alone. He afterwards questioned

us on what we had read, and gave us a dollar for each volume if he found we had read intelligently.

On Sunday evenings he read "The Arabian Nights," and we followed the fates of the humpbacked schoolmaster and the bandy-legged barber of Balsora with far more interest than we felt when we were poring over Socrates, Aristotle, and their brethren, though I must confess that in life the philosophers have stood close to us, and helped us, while the "barber" and the "school-master" have been afar off. I often wonder whether the young people of these days were as carefully trained to think for themselves as we of the old time were, whether the seeds of "higher education" so planted in early youth would not bring forth better and more lasting fruit than I think it does in these days. But this will be thought heresy, so I return to my school-days, which went on smoothly, pleasantly, and, I may say, with great profit to myself. The method of teaching was excellent. We had one lesson which was called spelling and explaining, through which we were taught to read properly, to spell well, and, above all, to understand what we read. We read aloud in class by turns a certain number of lines in Thomson's "Seasons." Then we closed our books, and spelled and gave the meaning of the words we had read. We learned grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, philosophy, and chemistry. All these studies were well taught, and those who profited by the instruction given by Mrs. Hughes and her husband, whom we disrespectfully called "Daddy Hughes," are now profoundly grateful to their memory. Now some parents seem to leave the education of their children almost entirely to their teachers, forgetting that if no

home foundation be laid the builder of the superstructure (the unfortunate teacher) worketh but in vain. Now many anxious mothers occupy themselves with the toilets of their daughters, even of those who are school-girls, and the girls themselves grow to think that the cultivation of the inside of their brains matters little if their clothes are all right. In 1830 the school-dress consisted of a calico frock when the weather was warm, and of a woollen frock when it was cold. Our necks and arms were always uncovered until we were about fifteen years old. I have no recollection of ever feeling cold, though fires were only kept in the rooms of the houses and there were no hot-air furnaces, and the halls and the stairways were cold. Our clothing was simply made, and our dancing-school dresses were merino of bright colors and with pleated linen cambric ruffles about the low neck and the short sleeves.

While I was at Mrs. Hughes's school I entered into the only successful speculation of my life. Eliza Peters and I were partners in the slate-pencil business. Finding the daily sharpening of our pencils not only tiresome but very soiling to our fingers, we determined (as many a speculator has done since) to earn for ourselves immunity from this uncongenial work. Each of us had one cent, and this capital we were able to invest in four long slate-pencils. These we sharpened carefully, and showed them to an admiring crowd of our school-fellows. Finally we offered to rent the four pencils for one day. The rent was to be met by the payment of shorter pencils, commonly called "stumps," to the partners of the firm. The second day we were able to stipulate that the stumps must be "long stumps," and after spending our

afternoons "sharpening" we retired from business at the end of ten days, having each amassed a great number of "stumps" and "longs," which we carefully sharpened and used for many a day without soiling our fingers.

When we had recited our lessons we were not allowed to speak, but in order to prove that we had "pluck and courage" we often broke this rule. One day Eliza Peters sat at one end of the row of girls, I at the other. I said to my next neighbor, "Tell Eliza Peters I am a beauty without paint or polish." This message was transmitted from one girl to another until it reached Eliza. She smiled and retired under cover of her desk. Then I received this message: "I am a beauty with paint and polish." I looked at my friend and found her cheeks scarlet. She had with the aid of her flannel skirt rubbed the skin off, and in the afternoon she came to see me with a handkerchief tied over her head to keep two plasters on her cheeks. Many were the pranks we played, but we studied faithfully at the same time.

School began at nine in the morning and ended at two. Our summer holidays began July 20 and ended on September 1. These holidays were spent at a farmhouse about seven miles from Philadelphia, near Darby. We drove there in two carriages over what was called the "Baltimore Pike." It was not a cool place, but our landlady did her best to make us comfortable on a warm day by saying, "It is a piper in town." We knew all the neighbors and were afraid of some of them on account of their animals. "Polly Owen" had a fierce bull. "Abraham Powell" had many "head of cattle," and "Lizzie Ball" had a dog which we thought "mad." All our fears were groundless, for no accident ever befell

us from these wild beasts. But have we not all in our lives feared wild beasts in some form, and have we not afterwards laughed at our fears? All these our country neighbors have passed from this world, but their houses and barns are still standing and they live in memory, for they were kind to us.

I must not forget our butter-man, for he was a prominent figure in our young lives. He was a Quaker and lived about twenty miles from Philadelphia, in Bucks County. His name was Lukens; we always called him "Friend Lukens." He came to us on Friday once a fortnight in a Conestoga wagon drawn by two stout horses. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, which he never removed from his head, and a long, light-colored great-coat nearly down to his heels. When we saw him alight from his wagon with a butter-tub (white as snow) under each arm we knew that there were more good things in his wagon which would be produced later. He brought us turkeys, chestnuts, apples, chickens, and sometimes pears. His marriage took place about the time that my father and mother were married, and he had served them steadily and satisfactorily ever since. He called my father "William" and my mother "Deborah." He sat at the fire in our dining-room, and while warming his feet would express his views on public matters. On one occasion he brought some rabbits for sale. When I saw the poor things with sticks across their stomachs and lying without life, I wept bitterly and implored my mother not to buy them. A long time after, when by our hearthstone he discoursed on "charity to man and

beast," I stepped up to him and, peering under his broad brim, said, "Yes, but you killed those rabbits." He once said, after extolling men, "Yes, Deborah, I believe it is generally conceded that men are at the top of the tree of life." This remark to my mother enraged me, and I said, "Yes, but the women are flying above them." He made no reply, but gave me a look which said, "Thou art a saucy child." After many years my mother saw in one of the papers the announcement of the marriage of Lydia, the eldest daughter of Friend Lukens. When he made his next visit to us my mother said to him,—

"Lydia is married, I see by the paper."

He waited a moment and then said, "I do not know, Deborah; she came home on Fourth Day bringing with her a man, and they have remained ever since with us."

My mother then knew Lydia had married out of meeting, and she expressed the hope that the son-in-law was steady, and asked what business he was engaged in.

The answer was, "He is in a pyanno-forte factory, but I am glad to tell thee he does not make the carnal parts." My mother knew only too well that all music was carnal to Friend Lukens, but his answer nearly overcame her gravity.

Friend Lukens, however, was not alone in the opinion that I was saucy. My mother was talking at a small party she gave to Mr. Joseph A. Clay, and I, aged twelve, had been dancing with a youth who was grown up. Elated by the privilege I had enjoyed, I ran to my mother and, interrupting her conversation, said, "I have had a delightful dance." Mr. Clay looked down upon me and said, "My dear, you are too precocious." I was stung by what I was sure was not flattery, but as I did not know

what precocious meant, I fled to the nursery, and, reaching to the book-shelf for a dictionary, found to my dismay that, according to Walker, "precocious" was "forward," "pert." For years after I could not endure the sight of Mr. Clay, and when my sisters would say to me, "Lib, here comes your admirer," I would flee away and hide myself in a far-off corner.

I thought the "parties" given by my sisters far superior to the entertainments given by myself on my birthday. At their parties no responsibilities rested with me as to the entertainment of the guests; I danced and quite enjoyed myself. Our carpets were taken up on these occasions and a man came to chalk the floor. I remember one huge, stiff-looking basket filled with flowers which was chalked on the floor of our parlor; the man took half a day to do it, and I felt sorry when the flowers were scraped away in a few minutes by the feet of the dancers. Frank Johnson, a negro, made the music on these occasions. He had a band of musicians who played well. Occasionally these negroes would join in with their voices. I stood near them and remember the words and tunes they sang,—

"You will dance, I will sing,
And the merry bells shall ring."

Then bells were rung and there were happy young people dancing. Another ditty thus began:

"If you'll consent to dance with me,
Hand in hand we'll join the glee."

I thought the effect of these songs fine, and I presume others did also, for "everybody" had Frank Johnson at their dances.

I was sent once to John Allen, a negro caterer, to ask him how many stewed oysters and how many pickled oysters my mother would need for a given number of guests. He was to provide the stewed oysters and my mother was to pickle the others. After giving me an answer, he thus remonstrated against any "pickled oysters," saying, "In de spice oyster, miss, your ma can't be beat, but den de stew more fashionable." I think, however, that John Allen or the fashion did not influence my mother then or at any time. She had her oysters as she and we liked them.

Many were our servants. They were capable in the years 1830-1850, and wages were low. A good cook could be had for one dollar and fifty cents per week, and a "professed cook," able to make "jellies" and "trifle," received one dollar and seventy-five cents a week. A waitress and a chambermaid cost each one dollar and twenty-five cents a week, and a man-servant not more than from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. Our washing was done in the country and our ironing at home.

My mother once had a cook whom she suspected of drinking. The woman had her "evening out" once, and hearing an unusual noise in the kitchen after her return, my mother went to see what was the matter. The woman stood in the middle of the floor and said, "Mrs. Duane, I do not know what is the matter, but I feel just as if I had an umbrella opening in my ear." That umbrella gave her no shelter in our house; she was discharged the next morning.

I once had a similar experience. Suspecting my cook

of irregular habits, I told my child's nurse to leave my bedroom door open one night, that I might see whether the cook went straight up to bed. Finding that her path was a devious one, I determined to dismiss her. She, I presume, suspected she was watched, and the next morning the nurse came laughing into my room to tell me that the cook meant to leave, and when she asked the reason the cook said, " Mrs. Gillespie's looks is very much against her."

My mother had several cooks who were interesting characters, and on telling one of them (Tacey) she wanted her to make a Dutchcake, she answered, " I have not fruit enough for a whole cake, but I think I can make a temporary one." She made the " temporary one," and we found it meant a small quantity of raisins and currants, while there was a full supply of the rest of the ingredients. Once my mother told her cook she was going out of town with my father. The intelligence was received thus: " Laws, Mrs. Duane, I think you are troubled with the budge."

My parents were both very careful in the choice of the books we read as children. Miss Edgeworth was our chief pleasure. I hear in these days that Miss Edgeworth is not popular with the rising generation. I am sorry for them, for the memory of Rosamond's purple jar has kept my spirits up in many a disappointment in life. It is true I always thought her mother was cruel not to give her a new pair of shoes, and I knew her sister Laura was a prig, and her brother Godfrey a cynic; still, my way in life has been crossed more than once by prigs and cynics for whom Laura and Godfrey paved the way, and this perhaps made me more compassionate. I learn

that Frank in "Early Lessons" is now thought to be a tyrant because he made his sister carry the hod when they were building their play-house, and would call to her, "More mort, Man, more," when he wanted mortar and other material; but, gentle reader (if I have one), have you never been appealed to in like manner by those of the sterner sex? If not, there are those with whom I was once associated in a great work who will remember the cry that used to come to us, "Ladies, we want more money." That cry reminded me, and perhaps more old-time people, of "More mort, Man, more," and who shall say that we, the women of the United States from 1873 to 1876, were not moved to action by the remembrance of "Frank and Mary."

Early impressions we carry with us through life. "Simple Susan's" sorrow when the brutal butcher tore her lamb from her has, I am sure, made hearts that loved Susan tender for others in sorrow, and if Lazy Lawrence had been as carefully studied thirty years ago as he was sixty years ago, the memory of the money stolen from the broken flower-pot in the stable might have stayed the hands of some of the defaulting financiers of the present day, and much sorrow been spared to innocent sufferers.

"Elements of Morality" and "Original Poems" are also, I am told, obsolete, but there is many a good lesson for the young and old in those works—far too valuable to be thrown aside.

I was almost fifteen years old when I was taken from Mrs. Hughes's school. I left with great reluctance, for

I had there learned the importance of study, and I loved it. Several of my most intimate friends were transplanted at the same time, and we began a new life with Monsieur and Madame Picot, some of us to blossom into good scholars, others of blessed memory to fade away before their time. With Mr. Picot our studies were all in French, and admirably was his school conducted, except that we always had to stand while we recited, and though I have seen more than one young girl faint away if our algebra lesson with Mr. Picot was a long one, still we stood, and were never allowed to go to our places until we had thoroughly mastered each "proposition;" but if we were hard worked, our dear old master was also. Utter silence was enjoined during school-hours (from nine o'clock until one and from three until five). If we spoke at all, we must speak in French. If we transgressed and spoke in English, we were obliged to write ten pages of French in a copy-book. We had very long lessons, but if we were industrious we had time enough to prepare them in school. I used to recite my lessons at home to Betsy, my nurse. Not one word of French did Betsy know, but she asked me the English and I said the French in my "Dufief," and was content, while she seemed equally pleased, for she crimped my ruffles while I recited.

After a little more than three years of great happiness, I left Monsieur and Madame Picot and studied at home. I cannot allow myself to record that I was an angel during all these three years. I was a good student and loved my studies, and was proud when my master said when I recited, "C'est assez, Duane" (for master and pupils called us all by our surnames), but my love of mis-

chief never deserted me, and once nearly brought me to grief.

We lived next door to a very old lady who spent her life in a large morocco arm-chair. She had a son and daughter, also, as I thought, aged,—I suppose they were about fifty,—and two granddaughters who were my school-fellows. One Saturday Mr. Picot called at our house and left his card. I took it, and, for fun, wrote upon it an invitation to the elders of the family next door to a " fancy ball" at the school-house on the next Friday. I sent this to old Mrs. K.; and forgot by Monday morning that I had done it. I called for my school-mates, and on the way to school they revealed to me that their family was invited by Mr. Picot to a fancy ball. For a moment I thought they were making fun of me, supposing they had recognized my handwriting, but when they added that their aunt was at that moment answering the invitations I was alarmed, and confessed that I was the writer. We ran back to prevent the answer being sent, and in the afternoon, having told my mother all I had done, I was obliged to make an humble apology to Mrs. K., and no sentence from a judge ever fell with more force upon the ear of a repentant culprit than did the rebuke of Mrs. K. from her morocco chair. For years I never saw a morocco chair without being reminded painfully of my crime, but it was committed some years before I left school.

My life for a long time was a quiet one, for the sorrow which death brings came among us. We were happy in our own home with those two powerful agents in happiness, music and books.

The figures of two even then old women come before

me now; they were the daughters of Mrs. Mecom, the sister of Dr. Franklin, and had been born and educated in Boston, and why they drifted to Philadelphia I never understood. "Cousin Abiah," the eldest, never married, but I remember her when she was at the head of a boarding-house in Sixth Street near Prune. One of her boarders died of a lingering disease and left behind her a closet full of medicine, which the relatives of the lady declined to remove. With the economy and thrift which belong at least to one section of our country, "Cousin Abiah" determined on wasting nothing, and began gradually to take the medicines so left to her. She told my mother one day that she was nearly half-way through with the supply, and when my mother remonstrated with her on the folly of taking medicine without knowing what she was taking, she said, "But I do know; a great deal of it is 'asafœtida,' and although I did not like it when I first began to take it, I have now become fond of it, Debby, and it tastes just like 'vanilla.'"

Her sister (Cousin Jane, Mrs. Kinsman) married a sea-captain and came, a widow, to Philadelphia. Her means were very slender, but she was a most intelligent woman and full of wit. Her cleverness is frequently spoken of by those who knew and respected her. She was a member of the Unitarian Church, and was very much beloved by the Rev. Dr. Furness. Once when asked by some impertinent friend what her income was, she answered, "If I were to tell you, you would know as well as I do myself, but I always like to keep a few secrets." She died at the age of ninety-seven. Her last years were made most comfortable by relatives of hers, the Misses Baldwin.

On one occasion my mother had a visit from her niece, Mrs. Charles Hodge, the wife of the eminent clergyman. A small Hodge came with his mother, who, with maternal pride, determined that her son should shine in the presence of his great-aunt, so she said, "My son, tell Aunt Debby what picture you have been to see." "Ugh!" was the reply. "My son, it was the departure of who?" "Ugh!" again was the answer. "Oh, my son, it was the departure of the Israelites. Tell Aunt Debby where they departed from." "Guinea!" roared the boy, and he left with my mother a profound sense of his intelligence because he refused to be bored. He lived to show his intelligence and learning to the world, which will not easily forget Rev. C. Wistar Hodge.

My first experience at a "show" was to see Mailzel's Automaton Chess-Player. The hall in which Mr. Mailzel then gave his exhibitions was in Fifth Street, between Prune and Walnut Streets. My father took us all. We saw the Chess-Player, and he said "Echec!" and then rolled his eyes in a fearful way, but he always won the game. He was rolled in an arm-chair to the front part of the stage, the chess-table put before him, and an adversary asked for from the audience. To this hour I do not know how it was all managed. Then came the "Trumpeter," who was pushed forward in his guard-tent, and sounded the "Reveille," the "Alarm," and the "Retreat," each one at the bidding of Mr. Mailzel. Then there was a puppet in the shape of a "little Oyster Woman." She nodded her head at us and opened her oysters with a knife which made a noise on the shell such as a real oysterman makes. The oysters were then handed about in the audience, to the great delight of the children, for

they proved to be sugar-plums. Last but not least in our esteem of the show came the "Burning of Moscow." The city was before us, closely built up and the houses all aflame. We quivered at the sight; saw men, women, and children making their escape from the burning buildings with packs of clothing on their backs. The scene was terrible, and so realistic that when we went to bed after returning from the spectacle we hugged each other and rejoiced that our house was not on fire. No juggler, no show, that I have seen since has ever moved me as Mailzel's puppets did.

My father was fond of a good play, and we were frequently taken to the theatre in Chestnut Street above Sixth, the second theatre built. The inimitable Irish comedian, Power, and the never-to-be-forgotten Burton delighted us, but my inmost soul for play-acting was never stirred until I saw Fanny Kemble and her father. I mention her father last, because he seemed to me the setting or frame for the pictures she gave us. Whether as Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal," or as Bianca in "Fazio," or in whatever character she took in any play, we had supreme delight. Indeed, I loved her. I thought of her in school, at home, and in church, and many a time have I walked up and down in front of the Mansion House (Head's Hotel), where she lived when in Philadelphia, in hopes of catching a glimpse of her lovely face. Once on a slippery day I was coming out of school, and one of the girls said, "There go Mr. and Miss Kemble." They were a short distance ahead of us, but see them I must, so I ran, and when I came up a little beyond them, I turned, ostensibly to wait for my companions, but in reality to look into those eyes

and hear the tones of that voice. I thought that happiness would be mine; but, alas! my foot slipped and I fell across the pathway of my idol. She and her father walked around me, and I was left to pick myself up and listen to the jeers of the school-girls to add to my mortification.

The seats in the theatre were four benches gathered one behind the other, together called "boxes." One night my father had taken a box and invited some of our cousins to go with us. The play was "The Provoked Husband," and we children were put upon the front seat. A lady next to me had a dress with a very large pair of bishop sleeves, which were supported by "down stiffeners," as they were called, and which impeded the view of the stage of those behind us. One of my cousins, leaning forward, said, "Can you not make your nose and chin useful and keep down that sleeve beside you?" I was indignant. I knew my nose was much too large, but in the joy of the play I had forgotten that I had a nose, and this unkind calling my attention to it made me wonder which was most obnoxious, my nose or my cousin, but I think my cousin carried off the prize.

CHAPTER VI

Music was the delight of my father and mother. We were all taught to play and sing, we had good natural talent and were much encouraged by my father, who had a delightful tenor voice. Music fifty years ago held a higher place in Philadelphia than it does now. I remember well that the great Italian singers, Madame Pedrotti, Fornasari, and Montresor, appeared in the Chestnut Street Theatre and *afterwards* in the Park Theatre in New York, but now much more is done to foster the art elsewhere. If our government would consent to patronize the fine arts we should, I think, be a happier people.

My parents gave their children every educational advantage that then lay in their power. My elder sisters were taught by the best teachers of that time, and most creditably did they acquit themselves in their art, to the intense delight of my father especially.

I was sent to Mr. Dorigo to learn to sing. He then had classes in the Musical Fund Hall, and there we learned to sing by note. After a time the parents of the pupils were invited on Saturday evening once a month to "musical evenings," and the music they listened to was fine, though no doubt each fond mother thought she heard her own child's voice above all the rest (after the manner of the mother crows). We sang choruses, duets, and solos, and some of the soloists were distinguished in after-years in private life. Miss Drexel (after-

wards Mrs. Lankenau) had a beautiful soprano voice, and Miss Boswell, of Kentucky (afterwards Mrs. Elisha Riggs, of Washington), a rich contralto. After some time our master thought we were sufficiently well drilled to have a public examination of our powers. He invited every musician of any note to be present, and after we had sung many of the lessons we had studied the professors were requested to write on the black-board either an original air in four parts or something from a composer not well known. This they did, and to the joy of Mr. Dorigo we sang the music thus written without a flaw.

We were proud as well as he, but his pride was of short duration, for one of his musical guests took his ideas, then novel in America, began a similar school, and aided by some people made his school the fashion, but the pupils of Mr. Perelli never equalled in training or skill those of Mr. Dorigo.

When I was about eighteen I took with my father my first long journey. My father then owned near Pittsburg a large tract of land, and once a year he went there to see his agent. He called the tract his "Western lands," not dreaming then that the Pennsylvania Road would be built, or that the genius of John Edgar Thomson would give us Pittsburg for our next-door neighbor. My father never went alone, and after he had taken the elder members of the family my turn came, but my sister Ellen had so graphically depicted the horrors of a canal-boat I told my father I did not want to go, but that if he would take me as far as Cincinnati I would go. To

this arrangement he consented and we set off. We went by rail (I think) to Harrisburg, and there took the boat. The rails were uneven, and I reached the end of a long railroad journey quite bruised; no one then dreamed of the present joy of a journey over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

We entered the canal-boat and were glad to rest. My sister had told me that the toilet arrangements were very imperfect on the canal-boat and the water was very dirty. She advised me to take a quart bottle of rose-water and a bundle of rags with which to perform my ablutions. This I did, but when we reached Freeport, our first stopping-place, I could not even smile, for dust and rose-water had together made a thick paste on my unfortunate cheeks. I think we were three days and two nights on that boat. The rest of our journey was pleasant.

During our canal-boat journey we walked long distances, and, where the locks were frequent, we often went more rapidly than the boat, and were obliged sometimes to wait for her to overtake us. We gathered beautiful wild flowers in our walks, but the journey was a terrible one. One rainy day I saw a little boy fill a glass with newspaper balls, and after pouring water upon them, mix them with his fingers until they became a sort of paste. When the waiters came to set the table for the mid-day meal the paste was thrown over the side of the boat, and the glass, without being washed, was turned upside down and placed on the table. When we came to dinner, I saw the unfortunate man who had this same glass drinking placidly out of it, but I grieve to add that I neglected my duty to my neighbor when I failed to tell him the usage to which the glass had been previously subjected.

Thankful was I to reach Freeport, where we met with warm friends and were happy and comfortable.

When we reached Pittsburg the same kind hospitality was extended to us, although there the smoke stifled me. After a few days, during which time my father had transacted all his business, he took me to the wharf to inspect the steamboats, on one of which we were to pursue our journey, down the Ohio River to Cincinnati. After we had looked at the boats, my father said, "My dear, I want you to understand that these are all high-pressure boats and the boilers are liable to explode." I knew then that my father was anxious to return to our own home, not so I. So I told him I had not the slightest fear of accident, and then urging upon him the fact that he always kept his promises, and assuring him that I should remain in Pittsburg if I could not go farther, we proceeded on our way, and after three days and two nights reached Cincinnati. I thought the city "charming." There was little or none of the smoke that defaces it now, though already people had taken to the beautiful hills which surround the city proper, which is now almost given over to the business part of the community.

We remained there ten days and every moment was delightful. The sun of my father's political career was still above the horizon, and wherever we went the people did honor to him. We stayed at the Burnet House, and as soon as my father was known to be there all the "old settlers" came to see him, and we were hospitably entertained. We went to a gay wedding in Covington, Kentucky. The bride was Miss Dudley, and very lovely was she. Indeed, so many and varied were the attentions

shown us that I think my father feared my head would be turned, for after we had been serenaded twice my father assured me the serenades were meant for him. I did not contradict him, but when we were leaving and seven bouquets were brought on board the boat for me, I said, "Poor father, you may have the serenades, I have the flowers," and we both laughed heartily. The boat in which we came up the Ohio had come up the Mississippi and lay a long time at the wharf in Cincinnati. Our farewells to our friends were spoken, and scarcely had the boat left her moorings when a gentleman came to my father, and after introducing himself, said that he was taking his wife North to place her in an asylum, as her mind had been upset ever since the birth of her child. He then added, "Your daughter reminds my wife of a dear friend of hers, and she is anxious to know her." My father's tender heart was touched; he came for me at once. I had then never seen any one whose mind was unhinged, and went to the lady partly from sympathy and with not a little curiosity. She was very handsome, with a profusion of golden-brown hair. She greeted me warmly, and we sat together while she told me that her sufferings were great and entirely caused by her husband, who had taken from her her watch and all her jewels and had either pawned or sold them. Many were her grievances, and when we separated to prepare for dinner I told my father that the poor woman was not deranged, but that her husband was a wretch. My father endeavored to shake my harsh judgment. I was not to be convinced by argument, but when the poor lady came to the table with her hair braided down her back, and the braids stuck full of brooches, while

her watch hung from a chain around her neck, I knew I had been mistaken. She did not wish to be separated from me for a moment, and her fascination for me increased, so that it was a pleasure, not a hardship, to be with her. In the evening we sat on the deck together and she sang to me, but after a time when her songs broke into shrieks every child on the boat awoke and there was great uproar. Finally she promised to be quiet if I would agree to share her state-room with her. My father objected to this, but finding that nothing else would quiet the poor sufferer he agreed. I did not sleep much until morning, and then lightly, for I awoke when she laid her hand upon me and I started. In the course of the day she said to me, "You knew you were sleeping with a lunatic, else why did you start when I waked you?" I found it difficult to make her believe that I had passed a comfortable night, and that evening the same scene took place. Again I shared her room and she was quiet. In the morning I crossed the cabin to go to my own room, fell and fainted. I was young and the strain upset me. My mother told me afterwards that when my father was called to come to me, he found me lying with my head in the lap of the poor lady, and she said to him, "See what I have done; I bring suffering even to the only soul on the boat who has shown me compassion." My father was much moved, but determined to leave the boat at Wheeling, which we reached the same evening, not continuing to Pittsburg, as we had intended. The parting from my friend was hard for her, and for me too, for in those few days I had pitied and loved her; but after she reached New England her husband wrote to my father that she was better, and two years afterwards she

came herself to see us, and to show us she was perfectly restored, but not one incident of our journey together had she forgotten during the time of her convalescence.

From Wheeling we came over the mountains in a carriage by what was called the National Road, and well might the nation have been proud of it. The mountain journey was enchanting, the scenery beautiful, and wherever we stopped the people delighted me, so ignorant were they even of my narrow outside world. One day we stopped at a lonely little house for something to eat. While our hostess was preparing our food she asked me many questions about myself, and finally said, "Where do you live?" When I answered "Philadelphia," she said, "How can you live so fur?" My father found his Western lands so very far off that he shortly after sold them, but he took for a bad debt some land in Illinois, which he never visited.

After he had paid taxes upon this land for several years he received an application to sell the tract. He agreed and named his price, which was the sum he had paid, without the taxes. The purchaser took the land, and the deeds were scarcely signed when my father found there was a city (Peoria) growing up on the same spot. He was very sorry then, but was much amused by the visit of a man in his office one day several years after. The man said, "Are you W. J. Duane?" "Yes," said my father. "Did you own the site of the city of Peoria?" "Yes," said my father. "Did you sell it for six hundred dollars?" Again my father said "Yes." The man rose and said, "Good-by; I only thought I'd like to look at you," and left.

My next journey was to Washington to witness the

inauguration of General Harrison in 1841. My two sisters were with me, and we were all guests of General Weightman, an old friend of my father. We saw the old general take the oath of office, and in the evening went to the Inauguration Ball. General Harrison entered the ball-room after the guests had assembled and made a tour of the hall, so that we might all see the man who was to direct the Ship of State for the next four years. He wore a pair of white silk gloves with log cabins embroidered on the backs. The fingers of his gloves were twice the length of his own fingers, and hung limp and useless as he walked with his hands in front of him. Soon after those hands were folded, and he slept the sleep of death, while the Ship of State tossed on, with, alas! a not very competent captain.

I cannot leave the days of my youth without recalling some of the street cries which awoke us all betimes in the morning. Charcoal was carried from house to house in large wagons and sold by the barrel, the vender calling, "Char—coal—charcoal!"

I find here an ending of the memories of the first score of the years of my life. The next few years were passed quietly, for the Angel of Death drooped its wings over our household and left us fewer than before. In 1849 I was married and went to Washington to live. I delighted there in going to the Capitol and hearing the debates. The Supreme Court also had great attractions, and I was fortunate in hearing the argument in the Morse Telegraph Suit, and was proud of our Philadelphia lawyers, St. George T. Campbell and George Harding. In the Senate sat Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. I heard them speak more than once and was enchanted, as all

were, women as well as men, although these orators had no attractions in looks. I numbered then among my friends many of our Southern people, and loved them much, and in a dark hour of my life found kind and steadfast friends in Jefferson Davis and his wife.

The Washington of 1850 would not be recognized in 1896. There was no money there then. Our pleasures were simple, our dress plain, and the entertainments equally so, and yet I think I have never met in any city people who were more intelligent, cultivated, and congenial. There was less of envy there then than there seems to be now. No one wanted a carriage or fine clothes because a privileged few had these luxuries, and those who had carriages (God bless them!) were generous enough to give a lift often to those who (as Mrs. Justice Wayne once said to me) "were compelled to go as piétons." The years I spent there were very happy.

One incident I must record. We lived in a two-story frame house on H Street, next door to my cousin, Major William H. Emory. My husband and I had dined on Thanksgiving Day at Silver Spring with Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Blair. We came home quite late in the evening, and on closing the curtains in our room I said, "I never saw the moonlight so beautiful, there is a red light about it I never saw before." Scarcely were the words uttered when we were startled by a knocking at our door by the friendly hand of Lieutenant Murray, U.S.N. He told us the house next door was burning and ours must inevitably go. We began at once in wrappers and slippers to make our preparations for flight. The whole neighborhood was aroused and ready to help, and before many minutes our possessions were safely deposited on

the other side of the street and the house ablaze. One friend carried our pillows out in his arms, and the same thoughtful soul threw the bandbox containing my best bonnet out of the window. I witnessed the performance from my seat on the opposite curbstone. When everything was safely near me I proceeded to take my hair out of curl-papers and think of the future. My cousin, Mrs. Emory, fearing her house would be the next to go, put on a new mantle and bonnet which had just come from New York, and arming herself with her policy of insurance and taking one of her little twin boys by each hand, sought refuge for herself and treasures with a friend.

This experience made all of our little neighborhood feel tenderly towards those who were "burning out." We ourselves kept an axe behind our front door and buckets ready for use at any moment; for a really competent and rapid fire department was not known in those days in the capital of our country. So we turned volunteer firemen, and went, whenever we heard that dismal cry "Fire!" to render all the assistance that we could.

One night we went to the burning of a board-yard, and as friends were living next door and in some danger, we went in and found a lady about leaving the house, saying, "I will save something," carrying in her arms a rag doll belonging to her grandchild. We spent the rest of that night with Lardner Gibbon and his brother "Jack" (afterwards General Gibbon) sitting on a fence, and towards morning went home to restore our wasted forces with biscuit, cheese, and ale.

Before our marriage my husband, then Lieutenant Gillespie, United States Marines, was sent by the govern-

ment across Mexico to California as bearer of despatches to Commodore Stockton, then on the Pacific coast, and also to John C. Fremont. The war with Mexico was then imminent and it was necessary to have despatches reach California as soon as possible. Mr. Gillespie was chosen to carry them because he was an excellent Spanish scholar.

Disguised as a Spanish merchant, he began his perilous journey through Mexico accompanied by a servant. At one point in his journey he thought his nationality was suspected, and taking from his papers the only despatch which was important, he chewed and swallowed it. He reached California safely, and riding one hundred and twenty miles in one day overtook Mr. Fremont; the volunteer force was raised, the conquest of California accomplished, and one of our richest and most important States thus added to our glorious company of stars.

Washington when it was my home was not the Washington of the present day. Simplicity was the rule in all things; my neighbors and constant companions were my cousin, Mrs. Emory (the wife of General W. H. Emory), Mrs. Wise (the wife of Lieutenant Henry A. Wise, United States Navy, and the daughter of Edward Everett), and Mrs. Campbell (the wife of Archibald Campbell, one of the commissioners of the northwestern boundary. We lived in small houses in H Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, now a fashionable part of Washington. Often in the evening we would gather together and begin a pie-mie supper, material being furnished from each house. One night we had everything requisite but bread. No one had bread or biscuit, and the shops being shut we obliged our dear neighbor Campbell to borrow a loaf from her milkwoman, who lived

in a tiny frame house next door to her. The borrowed bread was good and added to the charm of the evening, but I think neighbor Campbell never allowed herself to be left without the staff of life after that, having a horror of borrowing and a dread of her loved but marauding neighbors.

We had neighbors whom we knew only by sight. One, a clerk in one of the Departments, lived just opposite to us. He was brought home from his office one morning dead. Mrs. Wise came to tell me of the fact, and also to propose that we should go together and offer to help the poor widow. This we did, but she declined all assistance except for her toilet for the funeral. Finally she wrote to me telling me she should leave for her own home immediately and would get her mourning there, and asked me, as I was in close mourning at the time, to lend her my dress, mantle, bonnet, and veil. I confess I did not love my neighbor as myself, for I winced at the thought of my best clothes being worn by a stranger. I told my dilemma to the neighbors; they agreed to help me. Mrs. Campbell produced an old dusty bonnet, to which I added a new pair of strings after removing the dust through the agency of bay rum. Mrs. Wise added a cap made of white tarletan muslin left from her last ball dress. I damped an old crêpe veil, folded it and dried it between my mattresses, and ironed out my oldest dress.

Mrs. Emory lent me an old shawl, and so arrayed the widow attended the funeral and left; but we were all contented, because we thought old clothes were suitable to be worn by a widow whose chief care was instantly her toilet.

CHAPTER VII

In 1853 my husband was ordered to Pensacola, and there I found a new and strange life. I had never seen logs of wood sunken into sand to create the sidewalks of a street, while as we walked the fleas hopped and gambolled about our steps, and frequently extended their gambols to our suffering bodies; I had never then met a turtle (or gopher) walking in the street, or had seen its promenade arrested by an economical housekeeper, who swiftly carried it into her house and popped it into a pot of boiling water, preparatory to making turtle soup. The gopher doubtless would have preferred any bath to a boiling one. I had never been in the South before; had never seen cape jasmine and cape myrtle as tall as the house I lived in in full bloom in the month of January.

We lived in a house with seven officers. I was the only lady there, and most courteously was I treated. A horse was always at my disposal, and as I was fond of riding and had my own saddle, I took delight in running races with the officers, leaping fences, and cantering through the pine-woods. There were ladies in the navy-yard whom I saw often, and one night I went with Mrs. G., who was passing a few days with us, to call on the family of the commodore. When we reached the piazza which ran around the house, we saw in the hall a person whom we did not desire to meet, and began in a whisper to consult as to whether we should not leave

without entering the house, when we were both startled by hearing some one utter the word "Whisper" in a whisper. We looked about, but in the darkness could see no one; we were almost paralyzed with the thought that some member of the commodore's family had heard our not too complimentary remarks and remained silent, when again the word "Whisper" was repeated, and we found it came from a parrot whose cage hung above our heads. What useful creatures parrots would be if all our imprudent remarks could be so easily checked!

I had friends in the neighborhood, Colonel and Mrs. Strong, who lived on a plantation not many miles out of town. They frequently sent for us to pass a few days with them, and I always went most gladly, for it was my first experience of slave life, and I thank God my last, though I never witnessed any of the horrors which have been described by many. I saw lazy colored men and women and industrious colored men and women, and I saw a hard-worked master and mistress whom I thought slaves, but I could not bear to think of human beings as "property," and wished then, as I have often since wished, that it had been possible for the government gradually to buy the slaves and set them free. One day Mrs. Strong sent the carriage for me. The roads were at least half a foot deep in sand. Two mules were to draw me and a clever boy whom I knew well, named "Steve," to the plantation. I say "draw me" because driving was an impossibility in those roads. My husband was to follow on horseback. We had not gone far when Steve turning to me said, "Missus, would ye like t' year me sing?" I said I should be delighted, so fastening the useless reins to the side of the carriage, turn-

ing his back entirely to the mules and facing me, he began,—

"I saw a flea hew a tree, boo, boo,
I saw a flea hew a tree, boo for John,
I saw a flea hew a tree ten miles in the sea,
Let us all drink stone blind, boo for John.

"I saw a pig run a mile, boo, boo,
I saw a pig run a mile, boo for John,
I saw a pig run a mile with a little fat hen,
Let us all, etc.

"I saw a hen bil' a pen, boo, boo,
I saw a hen bil' a pen, boo for John,
I saw a hen bil' a pen with a hatchet in her hand,
Let us all, etc."

There were at least twenty verses to this ditty. I only learned the three from making Steve sing it again the next day, but his honest eyes, as he looked into mine while he sang, and his beautiful teeth are present with me still. Steve must be almost an old man, and I suppose has forgotten me, but I am sure he remembers "boo for John" and the queer tune to which he sang it, for I have forgotten neither.

Thus passed the winter months, and in the early spring we were invited to move our quarters to "Barrancas," where are (or were) the quarters for the army officers at Pensacola. Here we had large rooms and plenty of sea air. The mosquitoes were, it is true, troublesome at times, but the "orderlies" put piles of manure (which they burned at nightfall) around the house. This kept our troublesome and bloodthirsty neighbors at a distance. Most of the officers who were there then have passed away. One whom I liked especially, a young

lieutenant, Robert Ogden Tyler, lost his life through the Civil War. He was a noble fellow. I saw him at Barrancas constantly, and never heard him utter one word that his mother might not have listened to with pleasure. He was, besides, even thus early in his career, a conscientious officer. During the war he came to Philadelphia sorely wounded. I saw him there several times, but I could scarcely recognize in the suffering man the gay, delightful youth of Barrancas days, and for the young life thus sacrificed I grieved.

We left Pensacola in the summer of 1854, and I returned late in the year to my father's house with my infant daughter. The next few years were fully taken up with her training.

When my child was quite an infant we spent a summer in Orange County, New York. A lady in the house with us, Mrs. N., had been suffering from chills and fever for eight years. She looked very ill and was wasted to a shadow, when my faithful nurse and friend, Eliza Young, told me she knew that a glass of brandy and water made very hot, with a whole nutmeg grated over it, taken when a chill was coming on, was a sure cure for chills. I had no diploma for the practice of medicine, but I told the invalid what Eliza had said, and she implored me to give it to her. The next morning at daybreak her sister awoke me to tell me a chill was coming on. I mixed the dose and carried it to the sufferer. About an hour after the sister came running to me to tell me that the patient was acting in a very strange manner. I flew to her very much frightened, and found her very tipsy. I could not think that this condition was brought about by one tablespoonful of brandy, and

after waiting for two hours and finding no change in the symptoms of my patient, I sent for the country doctor. By the time he arrived the patient was quiet and composed, and I say for the benefit of those who read that she had no chill after that for ten years, the last time I heard from her. Again, one summer in New Hampshire, I administered the same remedy to a friend of my nephews, with a similar result. So delighted were the boys that they wanted me to prepare a "patent medicine" for the cure of chills. They called it "Chillania," and wrote this name in chalk all over the rocks in the neighborhood. Thus my practice and my pharmacy ended, but my faith in both still remained and was brought to life again in 1881.

In the years that followed I went several times to Washington to visit my relatives, Mrs. Robert J. Walker, Mrs. W. H. Emory, and my friend, Mrs. Jefferson Davis. In 1858 I was one of the guests at the fancy ball given by Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California. Never, I am sure, in this country was there a greater gathering of clever women and men. They came from all parts of our country when we had but thirty-six States, but I doubt if even now with the addition of all our annexes anything more perfect could be produced than the "Gwin fancy ball." The President, Mr. Buchanan, was there, of course not in costume. Lord Napier was at that time the British minister accredited to our country. He and Lady Napier appeared as Mr. and Mrs. George Hammond, Mr. Hammond having been the first minister sent to our government after the Revolution. They were dressed in the costume of the eighteenth century, he in smallclothes and lace ruffles at the

wrist and on the shirt front, she in a satin dress with short waist and sleeves.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis appeared as Madame de Staël, and intimately as I knew her, I did not recognize her until I heard her laugh. Mrs. Clay, the wife of the Senator from Alabama, came in the person of Mrs. Partington. She was surrounded all the evening by a crowd that was never tired of listening to her ready wit. Mrs. Malaprop would have been proud of her follower. Aurora was there, not she who, we are told, "paints the eastern skies," but she came in the lovely person of Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas.

Mrs. Stoeckel, the wife of Baron Stoeckel, then minister from Russia, personated one of the queens of Belgium. She was covered with garnets. Mrs. Daniel Sickles came as Red Riding-Hood, and Barton Key was a jockey carrying a whip made of a lady's hair. Here my record of those in costume fails, except that my cousin, Mrs. William H. Emory, and I appeared as Quakeresses. A clever poet thus wrote of Mrs. Partington and Mrs. Emory:

> "Mark how the grace that gilds an honored name
> Gives a strange zest to that loquacious dame,
> Whose ready tongue and easy blundering wit
> Provoke fresh uproar at each happy hit.
> Note how her humor into strange grimace
> Tempts the smooth meekness of yon Quaker's face;
> You'd scarcely guess beneath that cap so prim,
> Which decks, not hides, the handsome head within,
> There lurks a wit as keen for fools to feel
> As is her name to sharpen blunted steel."

The Quakeresses, apparently to his great amusement, both addressed Mr. Buchanan as "Jeemes." Once when

they were near him and the crowd was great he said, "Shall I make room for you to pass?" one of them answered, "Jeemes, thou art in a tighter place than we are!" But, alas! these friendly words fell unheeded upon the ear of "Jeemes;" the clouds gathered, the plot thickened, and he was overthrown, carrying with him into his retirement the sound of women's sobs and the groans of dying men.

After the ball was over some very clever lines were written describing the scene. I copy a few of these lines to show that life in the year 1858 in Washington was very like the life there in 1898.

"To that gay capital where congregate
The worst and wisest of this mighty State;
Where patriot politicians yearly wend
The nation's fortunes and their own to mend;
Where snobbish scribblers eke the scanty dole
By telegraphing lies from pole to pole;
Where gamblers bland with statesmen freely mix,
And seem sometimes to make exchange of tricks;
Where impudence and pertness take the floor
While modest merit waits without the door;
Thither, O muse of Fashion, wing thy flight
And shed the radiance of thy varied light;
Leave thy dear limbo in the changing moon
And on the newly patented balloon,
The swift aërial crinoline, repair
To regulate the new vagaries there;
And lo, amid the night of faction's din
A bright idea lights the mind of Gwin,
And see, responsive to her welcome call
All parties vie to grace her fancy ball."

CHAPTER VIII

The doctrine of secession was first broached in Kentucky in 1793. It spread into Pennsylvania later, and from 1803 to 1812 the pernicious idea found favor in some of the New England States. Under the name of Nullification it lifted its head in South Carolina in 1833. Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States, was a determined man, and soon placed his heel upon this serpent; but, alas! a snake is difficult to kill, and when Congress opened after the election of Abraham Lincoln secession was ripe in the Southern States, and bore the bitter fruit of which all who then lived in our country tasted in greater or less degree.

South Carolina took the initiative; her Senators and members bidding farewell soon after the assembling of Congress in 1860. The President took no step to prevent the departure of South Carolina, and other States followed her example. I went to Washington just after Christmas, and found most men and women composed and not anticipating evil. The last night in the year 1860 Mrs. Emory, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and I saw the old year out and the new year in together. After we had well-nigh exhausted the topics of the times, we spoke of the condition of our souls after death, and they both wished that some one who had gone would come to tell us what was before us; knowing full well that we should all run screaming away if such a visitor should appear,

I said but little, and in a few minutes they said to me, "Lizzie, promise, if it be possible, that you will return to tell us all that you can." I was amazed that neither thought of death for herself, but being determined not to be so quietly disposed of, I said, "Thank you, dears, I was just about to extend the same invitation to both of you," and so we laughed out the last hours of the last year of our lives which we spent together. We are not all living still, but are all loving each other.

I went to the Senate often during the session of Congress, went only to weep. The Southern Senators said "Good-by," often with much emotion. The sight of man after man leaving forever the most august body of men, to my mind, ever gathered together, was agony to me, and yet not one word was ever spoken in that "august body" to deter one of them in his course. If such scenes could take place now I should think the actors hypnotized.

The Senators who remained sat still after these spoken farewells or proposed to take up "unfinished business." They did not understand that it would be long before the business of secession would be finished, and that misery and sorrow must flood the whole land before a gleam of hope could come to any of us.

I went to see Mrs. Davis the day after the farewell speech of Mr. Davis, and found him at home alone. I told him how distressed I had been at listening to his last words and of the dread I had of what would happen to the country in the future. He laughed at my fears and did his best to reassure me as to the condition of affairs. He believed that the North would never fight the South, and added, "You see how quietly they have

let us all go." I assured him the North would rather fight the South than have the Union broken.

As to the silence on the leave-taking of the Senators, I condemned it, and longed from the gallery to shriek "Treason!" I had inherited from my parents firm belief in the stability of our government, and I thought the heavens and the earth must pass away before the Constitution founded by our fathers could totter. Again Mr. Davis endeavored to cheer me by telling me the two governments would be entirely friendly with each other, and when I drew a picture of England pouncing on the weak country that each division would be and trying to absorb it, he assured me that the two "divisions" would form an alliance offensive and defensive against all foreign governments, but my fears were not dispelled, and I left him saying, "My dear Mr. Davis, I would far rather leave with a rope around my neck, and sitting on my coffin would go to the gallows cheerfully, if I thought I could save my country from what is before her." But while he laughed at my fears, I knew he suffered, and, fool that I was, I hoped. But hope soon died, and with it died as blind and supine an administration as ever held sway over our broad land.

Nobody seemed to remember then that the North had planted slavery in the South for its own profit, and only when the South alone seemed to reap that profit did the North cry out, "Fie upon you! get rid of the blot of slavery or we will make you." If Mr. Buchanan and the Congress of the United States had had one-half of the manly courage of the President who followed them, or of the President now in office, 1896, the war might have been averted and slavery gradually abolished; not

only saving the best blood in our country but more than enough in money to pay for a gradual abolition of slavery, and they then would have placed the negro on a much higher footing than he had when he was turned adrift without means of support and with only a handful of friends besides the master or mistress whom he loved. To the credit of the freedman, he has often clung to those who once held him in bondage, but who were then in adversity, with a fidelity which we white folks might imitate with advantage.

The next page we turned in this sad history found us anxious as to whom among our friends in the army and navy would hold their allegiance to the United States government and who would go, believing that their duty and their service belonged to the States in which they were born. This attitude surprised me, for slender as each officer in either branch of the service may have felt the tie which held him to the general government, and strongly as he may have thought himself bound to the welfare of his State, every man should have remembered that he owed his education as an officer to the United States government, and that in the service of that government he must use his powers. It was sickening to think that men who had stood side by side in the ranks at West Point, whose sorrows and joys had been the same, and whose thoughts ran in the same channel during the four years when they were preparing themselves to battle with the world and against some common enemy, should then be looking their last upon each other, unless perhaps they should meet in battle, each one sworn to kill the other.

I never can forget the sadness in the faces of two of

those officers, Robert Lee and Joseph Johnston, but in spite of their sadness they went South, and both not only lived to see the end of the war, but each carried to his grave the respect of mankind, North and South.

At Fort Sumter the first aggressive warlike step was taken by the South, and the flag was fired upon by children who forgot their duty to their mother. This act roused the whole North. There was no thought then of war for the extinction of slavery, except that that might come as a side issue, but the men of the North came forth to fight for their flag and their country. I say this from my own knowledge.

During three years after the breaking out of the war my days were spent in a military hospital, and although my experience was tiny compared with that of other women, I never saw one enlisted man who told me he had entered the service to get rid of slavery.

I can only give my own memory of war-time, which may seem to many as insignificant as my views as to the possibility of its having been averted may seem absurd, and the offspring of the brain of a woman in her dotage, but I shall continue in spite of these anticipated adverse criticisms.

Before the breaking out of the war, and when we of the border States hoped, if blows were struck, they would be confined to the border States, Dr. John Neill, of Philadelphia, a surgeon of high standing, whose memory is held sacred in the hearts of those who worked under him in those hospital days, secured a large building then vacant in Christian Street, and, aided by private subscription, put it in readiness for a military hospital. Dr. Neill then appointed Mrs. William C. Patterson and myself

the matrons of the hospital. My mother entered heart and soul into these preparations, cut out and made the first underclothing for the soldiers, as her mother had done in the days of the Revolution.

May the Angel of Peace protect our land forever, and may the descendants of these two good women never be called to this "higher education," through which they both passed not only without flinching, but cheerfully and with "high honors."

The matrons were to take charge of the hospital and see that nothing was lacking for the comfort of the patients. My mother offered to take care of my little daughter if I would agree to Dr. Neill's proposal, and having a nurse, Eliza Young, who stood alone in excellence then and always, I said "Yes" to Dr. Neill, and went to Christian Street to share the labors of one who should never be forgotten in the city of Philadelphia. I am sure Mrs. William C. Patterson's name is often spoken even now by the men whom she tenderly cared for and who were many in number, for not very long after the beginning of the war the government established a military hospital at the southeast corner of Broad and Cherry Streets. Dr. Neill, with his brilliant record as a surgeon and as an executive officer, was called to take charge of it. He accepted the call, which he considered an "order," and requested Mrs. Patterson and myself to go with him. This we did. I never shall forget the appearance of the first regiments that passed through our city on their way to the seat of war. The first that I saw came from New Jersey, the next from New York, the next from Massachusetts. I do not remember what regiments they were, for I felt ill when I saw them. They

looked well, and I thought marched well, but who could think they would return as they left, and though then no one dreamed of a long war, all knew there must be much bloodshed, and all knew that our bravest and best must fall in the conflict. No man or woman shrank from duty then, but if one-half the terrible pictures we were called to look upon afterwards had been held at that time before our eyes, I think many would have entreated their God to "let the cup pass from them," but we were, fortunately for ourselves and the country, not permitted to look into the future. Each woman seemed to have for her motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and all was done that could be done to alleviate suffering and to give comfort to those who were doing battle for the preservation of our government.

Coffee-houses were established in Philadelphia for the refreshment of the troops from the North and East as they passed South. These houses were attended to and watched over by our women night and day; they were never closed, and the heads of these departments of comfort left their posts only to take needful rest. No man equipped for battle left Philadelphia without being fed and refreshed. No one asked whence he came; it was enough that he was ready and willing to lay down his life for the preservation of the Union. After a time some of these men returned to us, and again they were cared for, but then, alas! they came to our hospitals.

It will be almost useless to describe our Philadelphia military hospital; few of the buildings to which our sick and wounded found their way were suitable for the purposes for which dire necessity compelled their being used,

and "Broad and Cherry" had been a storage-house for grain, I think. The ceilings were low and the stories were not divided by walls, but the building was capable of accommodating four or five hundred men; there was a railroad track which ran under the hospital, and the wounded were brought directly from the trains into their beds. Once when we were overcrowded we were obliged to use temporarily a small house in the neighborhood, and sometimes the sick and wounded soldier found his first shelter in a church, for though every nerve was strained by each and all to sustain and comfort our blessed soldiers, when the battle on the borders raged hottest, and wounded men came in greater numbers, our churches had to be opened to receive them, and surely the churches so opened amply fulfilled their divine purpose, for they gave comfort and help to those who sorely needed it.

I could not, if I would, follow in their order the battles which took place near us. I can only tell of the work done in the comparatively narrow sphere in which I was called to labor. Dr. Neill proposed our having additional helpers for our work, and invited Mrs. Riter to serve as a third matron, and she fulfilled her duties well. At first I feared a conflict with three heads, but all went well. Each one of us had her duties in different parts of the hospital, and the rooms where dainties and supplies were kept, which were gifts and not the property of the government, were open at all times to all of the matrons.

The stores of all kinds were a marvel at first. No man parched with fever ever asked twice for a cooling drink of any particular kind, or for any delicacy that would be good for him. Everything was within our reach.

Farmers who brought their supplies into the city to sell stopped first at " Broad and Cherry" that we might have as gifts the best and freshest the market afforded, the " middleman" being then unknown. Cream, butter, milk, fresh fruit, tender chickens, and fresh vegetables came every day, and all who were able to taste of these good things had them in abundance. Nor were stores of other kinds wanting. Shirts, drawers, dressing-gowns, pocket-handkerchiefs, stockings, and cravats came in great numbers, and one kind soul who had a large hat store not only sent many modern hats, but emptied his shelves of hats of thirty years before the war began. The modern hats were easily disposed of to the patients when they took their first drive during their convalescence. Of the old-time hats I shall speak later.

The prettiest sight during those hospital days was the advent of the children from the public schools. They came in charge of their teachers on Saturdays. The little souls, boys and girls, saved their pennies, and each brought *something* for the soldiers. They were often loaded down, and it was a keen pleasure to see their eager faces and to help them open and display their supplies. Everything that could be thought of was there, oranges, lemons, peanuts, candy, cakes, and comforters knitted by the little girls. I often felt that then, if ever, our city deserved to be called " The City of Brotherly Love." Even after the establishment of the Sanitary Commission, which spread its benevolent hands and distributed its bounty far and near, these little ministering children came to us from several of our schools, and with some doubtless this pleasant recollection of our war-time is all that remains in their memories. God be praised

that there are some among us by whom its horrors can be forgotten.

So much has been written of hospital work, and espepecially of the severe hospital work which was done close to the battle-fields, that it seems almost presumptuous to dwell upon the work done at "Broad and Cherry," where we had four stout walls, a good roof, spacious kitchen and dining-room, with every comfort for our patients; for when supplies from the government fell short, and we had to wait the unrolling of red tape before we could replenish, the people came to fill our storerooms with all things, showing that our *people* may always be relied upon, no matter what the emergency may be.

Chiefest among the blessings which fell to the lot of the men at "Broad and Cherry" was the head matron, Mrs. William C. Patterson. The wife of a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, the head of a large household, the mother of a large family of children, this excellent woman went into the wards of that hospital as if the poor sufferer in each bed were her own son. Nay, more, she thought of the wives and mothers of the sufferers, and early in each summer while the war lasted she sent her own family into the country, and fitted up every room in her own house for the reception of those dear to the soldiers who, lying in the hospital ill and suffering, seemed likely to die. Several thus circumstanced were helped forward to convalescence by the sight of the faces they held most dear. I went one morning into the hospital to find the wives of four of our badly wounded soldiers sitting beside the beds of their husbands. They had been sent for by Mrs. Patterson, their expenses paid

from their homes, and with their babies on their knees were pouring out "home news" into the willing ears of those who had left all that their country might live. All these women and many more found a home and a hearty welcome in Mrs. Patterson's house. God bless her memory and keep it green in the hearts of those whom she cheered and comforted.

A pitiful story here comes back to me. I had been watching for several days a soldier from Wisconsin, no longer young, who was suffering from fever. Sometimes he opened his eyes when I gave him a cooling drink or changed his pillows, but apparently he did not notice me. At last after many days he said feebly, "Waal, aunty." Feeling grateful even for this homely recognition, I told him he was better. In a day or two he said, "Aunty, I have seen you every day but I could not speak." I asked him what I could do for him, what he wanted. He told me he only wanted his "old woman," but he was sure she could not come to him. Everything was done for the poor fellow, even then hovering between life and death, and when he had recovered sufficiently he gave me his history. He was a farmer, his children "well up" in the world and doing for themselves. He showed me his wife's letters, models of womanly truth and affection. In one she told him she had "raised a lot of turkeys," and had "thirty pounds of butter packed away," adding, "because I feel sure you will be at home by Christmas, and then we will enjoy together the things that I now can do so well without." Then came an anxious letter from her; she had heard of his illness, but he laughed at her fears and wrote to her himself to reassure her. A day or two after I found him lying on his bed, his face hidden

in the pillow. I asked him if he felt ill, but he said, bursting into tears, "Oh, no; but my old woman." As soon as he could command his feelings I learned that his wife had taken all her little store of money (forty dollars) and had come to Philadelphia to find him. She failed in her search, and alone and dispirited left for her home and wrote to her husband, who then knew that she had been within a few feet of him. His distress was painful to witness. *He* forgot the money she had spent in coming to Philadelphia. *She* in her letter regretted that she had it not, saying, "If I could only send it to you you could buy comforts with it." This to some may seem an unnatural story, but those who in the early part of the war sought for their friends in military hospitals will remember what a hopeless task it was. The guard at the door, clothed with a little brief authority, often heard the inquiry for a particular soldier, and sometimes answered rudely that no such person was in that hospital; sometimes the register was indifferently searched with the same result, but after the establishment of the Sanitary Commission a perfect register was kept in that office, and no one failed to find those who were sought. The questions asked of those in charge at the hospitals were often very perplexing, and sometimes so foolish that the apothecary in the building put up this

"NOTICE

"Anything and everything in this shop to lend. Our friends and the public in general and everybody else are requested to call often and stay as long as possible. We will endeavor to keep seats reserved for our best patrons. Should anything else be wished for, inquire of the drug-

gist when he is very busy, as questions can be answered at no other time."

After this the druggist had some peace, and I often wonder whether peace on the same basis might not now be secured to the conductors on the railway cars, and also for those having the charge of the windows in post-offices, from whom extreme civility is expected, and to whom questions are often put that would startle an ordinary mortal.

As I write of my hospital experiences many little circumstances, connected with the men I saw there, come to my memory; some of these I must record. I see before me now the face of a man from New Hampshire; he was tall, strong, and determined-looking; his leg had been badly broken by a shell, and when I first saw him it was in a fracture-box. I told him I was sorry for him, but his answer was, "I am glad Mary does not see me in this way; I am glad she is not here." After hearing him many times congratulate himself that "Mary" was spared the pain of seeing him suffer, I found beside him one morning a pale woman with a fat baby on her knee. Her husband introduced her to me as "My Mary," and added, "I am so glad she came, for I never saw baby before, she is so lovely." The wife looked at the fracture-box, which he forgot, with as much composure as if it were part and parcel of her liege lord. After a few days she said she must go home. After much reluctance she confessed she had not the means to stay longer. She was not permitted to leave, but was taken to the house of Mrs. William C. Patterson, and she and her baby were cared for until the husband

and father was able to have the unsightly box removed, then she went home to prepare to receive him when he should come for his promised furlough. I cannot forget "Robert Anderson;" not the great general whose name and deeds are still held in grateful memory in the hearts of *some* of our people, but a poor young lad who was brought in sorely wounded and who lingered for several weeks, though we all knew that death alone would come to his release. He had a cheerful smile and word for all who came near him, and for a long time wanted nothing. At last he confessed that his nights were long and weary, and that one of the men, who had left the hospital, had lent him while he was there a watch, and he had been comforted with its ticking. As was my habit when I went home at night to tell of my day's experiences, I told my father and mother of Robert's weariness, and the next morning had the pleasure to carry from my father the gift of a silver watch for him. Never shall I forget his delight or the grateful messages he sent daily to my father. At last the end drew near. He called me one day and said, "I am not afraid to die. I go to my Father in heaven, but I would like to leave the watch to the orderly, who has been most kind to me." This was his last request, and perhaps the "orderly" has the watch still. At least he must remember the good lad who left it to him.

I could see almost without flinching death come to those whom I then considered "well up in years," but a young life laid down upon the altar of his country appalled me.

Our wounded men generally came in at night, and one hot summer morning I found in one of the wards of

which I had the special oversight a boy of eighteen, pale from the loss of blood, his right arm shattered above the elbow. After the surgeons made their morning rounds, Dr. Neill came, as he always did, to give directions as to any special delicacy or care the men might need. He said, "That poor pale boy in the corner must die." I asked the reason, and he said, "If he were at home and with his mother he might live, but his right arm must come off at his shoulder, and he will need care which he cannot have here in this frightful weather." I entreated to be allowed to try and save him, and after shaking his head doubtfully as to my powers, for I was never a brave nurse, Dr. Neill agreed to have the boy put in a screened corner of the ward and had special directions written out for my use. While his arm was being amputated I went home with my sad tale and with a list of things I needed. In an hour I was back again. Soon after my dear mother came, with a new nursery refrigerator and everything else needful for the comfort of the patient. For days no one thought he could live. No woman was allowed to stay in the hospital all night. I stayed as late as possible, leaving all things necessary to the comfort of the patient in the care of a faithful "orderly." Beef-tea and milk-punch, made by my mother, came daily, and at last color returned to the poor lad's lips, and the doctor told me he hoped he would live. He was a Michigan boy. We had many letters from his family showing their great anxiety about his condition, and it was a glad day for us all when we could tell them he would recover. When he was able he left for home, but even during his convalescence he learned to write with his left hand, and his letters came to us

constantly telling us of his gratitude to us all for the care he had received. I followed him in his career for some years. He became a journalist, studied law, then became interested in mission work, and finally came to Brooklyn and had charge of one of the chapels connected with Plymouth Church as its minister. I saw him then once, but afterwards lost sight of him through my own fault in neglecting to answer his letters. My son-in-law, Dr. Edward P. Davis, spoke to me some five years ago of the railroad chapel in Chicago which was established through the generosity of Mr. Philip Armour for the benefit of the railroad hands in that city. After he had told me of the great good that was being done there and of the confidence reposed in the pastor of the chapel by the wealthy citizens of Chicago, he added, "He lost his right arm in the war." I asked, eagerly, "What is his name?" and the answer came as I had hoped, "Charles M. Morton." Two years ago I saw him in Chicago. When I went into his office he was ministering to the temporal wants of some of the railroad hands who had come to him for relief of various kinds. When I heard him speak tenderly to these men, and when he told me all that was being done to help them and their families in their path through life, I blessed God that even in the smallest degree I had been given the opportunity to keep on earth this once soldier lad, now bravely enlisted in fulfilling the law of God in the care of his fellow-men. While he was studying law I heard often from him, and also received a letter from Mr. S. C. Coppinburg, the lawyer in whose office he was preparing himself for the bar. After telling me of the ability of Charley Morton, he thus wrote: "Per-

mit me to suggest to you one of the most interesting and refreshing tours that our continent affords. From your city to New York, thence to Niagara Falls, thence to Detroit (through Canada). If you can arrive in Detroit about the middle of July, Mrs. Coppinburg and I will join you there. From this point at that season of the year excursions leave every week for a round trip of the upper lakes. From Detroit up Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, the Straits of Saint Mary to Lake Superior, around this magnificent fresh-water sea with her coast of blue mountains and pictured rocks, her copper cliffs, her islands and beaches of mountain agate and cornelian. On our return strike through the Straits of Mackinaw into Lake Michigan, and to its southern extremity, at Chicago, a city of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. There we will take the cars, and in about four hours we will arrive at our home in Constantine, where you will be glad to rest and make your home among us for a while and learn something of our Western hospitality."

I have quoted thus from this kind letter, which was written in 1864, that I might mark the changes which have taken place in our Western country in the twenty-eight years last past. Chicago now contains in this year of her Jubilee more than one million inhabitants and has now probably, in 1898, as many boys in her streets singing or whistling "Hail Columbia" as she had souls within her borders in 1864.

I wish I had space to print even a part of the many grateful and patriotic letters which came to me during the war, and after its close, from the friends of "the boys in blue" who came under my care as well as from

L. of C.

the boys themselves. I was told not long ago in defence of the length of our present pension list that "no one had enlisted during the war from patriotic motives; the love of gain had alone actuated our men." I came to the conclusion that the man uttering this opinion must have been a pension agent, and that he loved himself and not his country. I have written proofs from many of our soldiers of the motives which actuated them, and I quote from the letter of one woman because she was a *woman* and writing to her brother, a wounded soldier. The letter is dated June 9, from Lexington, Massachusetts, and runs thus: "We have had our corn cut down three times from the frost; it is about four inches high now and is as yellow as gold; some say we are going to have a famine, but I don't intend to be 'skairt' before I am hurt. I do not believe you was, for you belong to the wrong family to be afraid. I wish I was a man so I could use your gun until your arm gets well. I think it a pity to have it lying idle."

There is nothing in these written words or in the letters I have from any soldier that in the faintest degree indicates any but the loftiest motives for entering the service of our country. Would that I could accord to those framing the Pension Act motives as noble as those which inspired our soldiers and sailors during our Civil War!

But I must again return to the "hospital days." All in those days was not gloom. It was joy to see the glow of health returning to pale faces, and it was pleasant to hear jokes passing from bed to bed by these comrades in distress. Fastened to a shirt in a package of clothing from Massachusetts sent to our hospital we found a

paper which I here copy: "Close by the old battle-ground in Lexington, Massachusetts, the birthplace of the liberty you are fighting so bravely to preserve for us, was this shirt made for you. The young lady who made it hopes that these sleeves will enclose two sound arms, and that no serious wound confines you to a hospital. And that is the wish of all those ladies, both young and old, who are daily stitching their tears and sighs of sympathy and solicitude into shirts and other hospital needfuls for our dear soldiers. We never forget you. E. W. H."

The man to whom this shirt was given determined to find the young lady who made it. Whether he did so or not I know not. If he did, a "Song of a Shirt" might be written in a more cheerful vein, though not more true, than the "Song" by Hood. We gave our men all the comfort and also all the pleasure we could. Our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were sumptuous. Turkeys flocked to us and cranberries came by the barrel. In the early evenings some of the men played on the banjo and some sang, and "amateur theatricals" were given by some of the youths of our city. These performances were well attended by those who were well enough to be present and were a delight to all. On one occasion a party was given by the men on duty at the hospital, and an invitation was sent to the matrons and their aids which ran thus: "LADIES,—We, the undersigned Committee, with the unanimous sanction of the detail, extend to the ladies in attendance (with company) an invitation to attend their 'Social Party,' to be given this (Tuesday) evening at Railroad House, Eighteenth and Market Streets, and hope the entertainment may be graced by their welcome presence." The note-paper was

headed by the likeness of George Washington as the "Hero of the Past," and beside it was the likeness of General McClellan, the "Hero of the Present." Heroes indeed both were, for the heroism which enabled General McClellan to take a demoralized and scattering set of men and turn them into a well-disciplined and steady army was a great work well done.

One day one of the wounded boys asked me to take care of some money he had because he feared to trust it in the only place he had to keep it, which was under his pillow. I took the roll of notes he gave me, and counting them by his side, I found he had four hundred and twenty dollars. I put the money safely away, and the next day he told me he felt very badly and wanted me to make his will. This I did, but before I began to write he told me his sad little history. His mother and father were Irish and lived in New York. His mother had died when the boy was barely grown up, and after her death he enlisted in the regular army and was sent West, leaving his father and younger brother, named "Danny," at home. His father wrote him pitiful letters describing his loneliness and bemoaning the loss of his wife. After three years, the term of his enlistment being over, he wrote to his father and endeavored to cheer him with the thought of soon seeing him. His father then wrote him that he would find the family larger than when he left, for two years and a half before he had married again and he would find a little sister running to welcome him.

This made the boy indignant, and he re-enlisted. After telling me that he could have forgiven his father everything but his deception, he added, "I want all I have to

go to Danny, my brother, and you must promise to see that it is kept for him until he comes of age." This I promised, and I made his will according to his directions. I felt anxious about my patient, for he had been growing more and more feeble for several days, but after he had signed his will he seemed to revive and took nourishment with pleasure.

I was anxious lest my will-making was not as it should be, and in the middle of the day I went home and laid it before my father, who said he believed it to be all right, but I had better consult a younger lawyer. This I did, and was told by Isaac Hazelhurst that the will would stand as long as the will of Stephen Girard. I went back to the hospital to find the poor boy gone from earth.

I had his body cared for and wrote instantly to his father, whose address I had. I received no answer, and then I telegraphed. Still no answer, and then I wrote asking whether the father wished his John buried here, and told him he had left some money in my hands. The next morning before I was up the father came, and with much brogue and many tears said he would like to bury John beside his mother, and he also asked me to give him John's money. This I declined to do, telling him John had left all he had to Danny. My surprise was great when he told me Danny had been dead some months. I refused to believe this without proof, so he returned to New York, and after two days returned, bringing certificates of Danny's death and burial from the undertaker and priest, and also bringing the New York *Herald,* in which John's death was announced as having occurred only the day before, and including an invitation to his

funeral the next day. When I remonstrated on the false entry made of John's death he said, "And do ye think if I said the right date ony one would come and he dead so long?" I did not give up the money until I carried it to Mr. Isaac Hazelhurst, and in his presence this Mr. McBride signed a receipt in full to me. That ceremony over, he turned to me and said, "My dear lady, perhaps some day ye'll be wanting a little pin-money, so here it is," and he handed me a hundred-dollar bill. I gave him no thanks and handed it back to him.

CHAPTER IX

Once I met with a disaster in the hospital. I was going down the steep narrow stairway with a waiterful of cups, saucers, and pans, which I was taking to be washed. I saw a gentle Quaker lady standing at the foot of the stairs holding a rice pudding in her hands. In my eagerness to let her come up, for the stairs were too narrow for two passengers, my foot slipped and down I fell, not into the rice pudding, for the Friend saved that. She did not drop it to help me, but said in a compassionate voice as I and my waiter reached the floor, "Is thee hurt?" I ached in every bone in my body, but said in quite a cheerful tone, "Nothing is hurt." I gathered myself and my cups together (not one broken) and went on my way to the pantry, while she mounted the stairs, her composure and her rice pudding both perfect. I longed for such self-command, but, alas! I have never found it.

One of our aids at Broad and Cherry Streets was Mrs. Mills, who devoted two afternoons in every week to the work of caring for the soldiers. She was a stranger when she came among us, but we soon learned to respect her and to lean upon her in emergencies. She had four young children whom she supported by her needle; she was brought to us by a lady whom we all knew.

One afternoon quite late we received a message that two hundred men would arrive that evening at nine

o'clock, and that all things necessary for their comfort must be in readiness. I could not stay and many of the ladies had left. I ran over the whole building and found four who could remain and see that the beef-tea was hot and the milk-punch not tasted by the orderlies. Mrs. Patterson was at her post, and Mrs. Mills agreed to stay in my place. The next morning I heard that Mrs. Mills had fainted while the men were being carried in. I found the beds all full of sufferers from wounds or disease, and was absorbed all day in caring for them. Early the next day Dr. Neill sent for me and asked me whether I had noticed a man named Miller on my floor, not wounded, but quite feeble. I told him "yes," but that he was very quiet and did not want anything that I could do for him. Then Dr. Neill told me a pitiful history. Mrs. Mills was an Englishwoman, her husband the son of a clergyman. They had come to this country to settle, when her husband, being unfortunate in business, became dissipated, enlisted in the army, and was sent to the frontier to fight the Indians. She lived on here working for her children's daily bread. At first her husband wrote to her, but for seven years she had heard nothing from him and believed him dead. A year before the father of her husband had died leaving property to his son, which (he being in the eye of the law dead) was to come to the Mills children.

On the night when Mrs. Mills took my place she was turning from giving milk-punch to a patient, when she saw a man carried past her and knew it was her husband. She fled away and fainted, but being determined to convince herself that she was right, after she recovered she went back and saw that it was surely he. She left the

hospital and advised with the lady who had brought her to us as to her next course. This lady was with Dr. Neill while they told me this tale, and then they both asked me to do what I could to gather from the man his history, and above all to try to persuade him to give up to his children the little property. Day after day I went to that man and did what I could to cheer him, but he seemed indifferent and cold. At length when he was stronger I asked him if he would like me to write to any of his friends. I added, "Have you no wife? No children?" He looked at me for a moment and then said, "I know what you are driving at; I saw my wife the night I came here peeping at me from behind that pillar." I said, "Yes, you did see her, but why have you been so cruel towards her?"

Then he told me he was a wretch and did not deserve his wife. I broke gently to him his father's death and proposed that he should give to his wife and children the little property left by his father. The death of his father did not move him, but he was amused at my proposition with regard to the money. Finally after much persuasion he signed a paper giving up one-half the property on condition that two of his children should be allowed to come and see him twice a week. This was done, and he left the hospital to return to the front, and died shortly after in Baltimore.

On one occasion we had six Confederate soldiers brought to us, all from Texas, and all so badly wounded that they could not feed themselves. They were put into a room by themselves and tenderly cared for by the surgeons. They were not on my floor and I had not seen them, but when they had been there a few days

one of the orderlies came to me (himself a wounded man) to ask me to go to see those men when they were fed, adding, "It makes my blood boil to see the treatment they receive." I did as he asked, and found the lady in charge going from bed to bed with a bowl of soup and a wooden spoon nearly half a yard long with which she fed these poor souls, without ever addressing one kind word to them. After she had finished I went out with her and told her unless her mode of feeding those men was changed she could not go to them again. She gave up the charge with a bad grace, and I had permission to install in her place the orderly whose "blood boiled" when he came to me. The men recovered, and at length were able to go in an omnibus to the Park before they were exchanged. Now came the question of clothing for them, but a little asking from our friends gave us all they wanted, and they looked well in their suits, though they did not quite fit them. But when they were ready to go to drive they had no hats. Then it was that the hats of 1830 were brought from the top shelf of the storeroom, and a more comical-looking group I never saw. They laughed, I laughed, and all the guards and attendants laughed, and perhaps the men themselves are laughing now, as I hope they are, in prosperous Southern homes at those funny hats.

One more story and I will leave the hospital. I had been caring for a man who was ill with fever for several days. His fever ran high, and one morning when I came I saw a woman bending over him. She was his wife, but he did not know her. When she raised her head I saw that she was young and that she wore around her head a band of black velvet fastened with a large gilt

eagle. Her face wore an expression of pain, brought there by the condition of her husband, but *above* the pain sat the eagle with its outstretched wings. I wondered that in her agony she did not tear it from her head; I thought she would never wear it a second day. A second day and many days came, but still the eagle kept its place. The man's mind wandered more and more; his life seemed ebbing. Still the eagle held the band of velvet, and I trembled, for with a superstitious feeling I likened it to our American eagle. Below it tears ran and were wiped away, hope came and was chased away by stern despair, which sat and seemed to stay, while the eagle watched over the fate of that wretched man as *our* eagle watched the fate of the wandering minds in our land. Almost breathless I awaited the issue, feeling that it would be typical of *our* fate as a nation. One morning I found the eagle bowed, the woman's face it surmounted hidden, while tears of joy and thankfulness streamed from her eyes: the wandering mind had regained its balance and the wife knew that her husband's life and reason were spared. I said in my heart, May we bow our heads in humility and thankfulness when reason resumes its sway in our distracted country, and when we *all* feel once more that our interests are one; our life the same. Thanks be to God, our prayers are answered.

I could fill volumes with the tales of the sufferers whom I saw within those hospital walls and other volumes with the tales of self-sacrifice of the women who ministered to the wants of the patients, but I desist from writing what I fear will never be read.

Home duties and cares compelled me to leave my

hospital work before the war was ended, but I then gave my thoughts and all the time I could spare to the work of the Women's Branch of the Sanitary Commission in Philadelphia. A committee of twenty-four women was formed, which was called the "Women's Special Relief Committee." Our plan was to give the wives and mothers of our soldiers work, and to pay them more than the army contractors paid for the same work.

Mr. Alfred K. Jessup heard of our plan and entered into it most heartily. He opened a subscription book, heading it with his own name, and his example was quickly followed by many business men, so that in a very few days we had promises of monthly subscriptions for large amounts. We then took two rooms in the third story of the house at the southeast corner of Chestnut and Thirteenth Streets and began our work.

We engaged from the contractors large numbers of garments to be made and promised to see that they were properly finished. My heart sank when I saw furniture-cars drive up loaded with material for these garments. They were all cut out, it is true, but the trimmings, tape, thread, etc., had to be parcelled out, so that each workwoman should have her full share of work. Then came the workwomen. Each had a sad tale to tell, but when the work was finished she received twice the amount she would have received from a contractor, and her heart was made glad. Two of the Committee were on duty every morning and two every afternoon. Hundreds of women were thus employed, and through this work we were enabled to give further assistance. Coal was offered to us from the mines free of charge, and through the kindness of Mr. Samuel Bradford, the then treasurer of

the Reading Railroad Company, was brought to Philadelphia without expense to us; the coal merchants in different parts of our city stored and delivered it without charge to those entitled to receive it. Thus many a sad household was kept warm, but not warmer were they than the hearts of those who gave us the power to dispense these favors.

We took turns in the Committee as "receivers" from the contractors. My companion was Mrs. Caspar Wister. When we had opened, sorted, and arranged the bundles of work for the week we were covered with lint, and with joy that our work was done. The members of the Committee were obliged to visit the workwomen under their care and were held responsible for their characters, so that our work was not thrown away on either the idle or the improvident.

During the war I went several times to Washington, sometimes for rest, sometimes to help raise funds for our military hospitals. The daughter of Admiral Harwood, U.S.N., impersonated "Mrs. Jarley," the renowned head of the Wax-Work Show of "The Old Curiosity Shop." She rivalled the great Original in her wit, and her costumes and acting were perfect, and the proceeds of her shows were always turned to the relief of suffering. Without persuasion, I agreed to impersonate the "Lady who died of Dancing at the age of one hundred and sixteen years." I arrived in Washington to find a very large hall with a crowded audience. We "figures" were carried to the front of the stage, were described by our inimitable owner, and were then "wound up." I was inspired to do my best as a dancer by the amusement it afforded to a gentleman in the audience whom I

had never seen before, and felt sorry when my works had to "run down." The next day I heard that this same gentleman was suffering pain from his hearty laughter, and his name was Edwin M. Stanton, the then Secretary of War.

On another occasion, I went to visit my cousin, Mrs. General Emory, and found a message from the general (then stationed at Alexandria, Virginia) inviting his wife and me to take luncheon with him the next day. Mrs. Emory was anxious I should go, and I agreed gladly, provided I could return to Washington in time to take the train at four o'clock for Bladensburg, where I had promised to dine and spend the night with the Harwoods. I was assured that this could be readily accomplished, as a boat left Alexandria daily at three P.M., which would give me ample time for my purpose.

The luncheon was pleasant, and I left for the boat accompanied by the general, Mrs. Emory, and several officers. I was put on board and we left the wharf safely, but had not reached the channel when the boat ran aground. We swung there for what seemed to me a very long time, but as my friends all stood laughing on the shore, I hoped I had time to accomplish my purpose. We landed in Washington, where, instead of finding broken-down hacks with which Washington then abounded, I found only a very long omnibus. The few passengers who came with me on the boat walked off, and I made a bargain with the omnibus driver that he would take me to the station in time for the four o'clock train. This he promised to do, and, after pocketing his fare, we drove off quite rapidly. My hopes were raised, when suddenly one of the hind wheels of the omnibus

came off, and I was left in a slanting and most uncomfortable position. After securing his horses, which I thought quite unnecessary, the driver came and extricated me and my hand-bag. He told me if I would run to the nearest hack-stand, I would still have time to reach my train. I did run quite a distance, found a hack, paid double fare, and the man drove well. I flew into the station just in time to see the back of the last car in my train speeding on the road. I waited breathless for a moment or two and then began to walk up the hill back to the city. I met a man running with his hand-bag, and my sad experience prompted me to call out to him, "Man, man, don't run; your train is gone." He paused and said, "Where were you going?" "To Bladensburg," I answered. "Come with me," was his kind reply, and taking my hand, we ran together to the station. When we reached it, he left me, saying, "Wait an instant." He returned at once, telling me he was going on an express train beyond Bladensburg, and he had gone to the officials to beg them to stop the train for me to alight at Bladensburg, but to his regret they had refused his request. I thanked him, he bid me a kind farewell, and I watched him enter the train, saw it leave, and felt that "the last link was broken;" but, alas! my trials were not yet ended. As I walked slowly up the hill, I remembered that although a good dinner was being prepared for me by the Harwood family, no such preparation was made by the Emory household, as Mrs. Emory was to dine with the general and come home later. After pondering a while, I decided to go to a restaurant. I went to one of the best and ordered "one dozen oysters on the shell." They came and I looked about for salt.

I saw two cruets standing near, one containing pepper, the other, as I thought, salt; I made the oysters white, put one into my mouth, and found I had given them a thick coating of sugar. Tears came to my relief then, but the sad tale brings only laughter now to those who love me.

During the last year of the war the "Central Sanitary Fair" was held in aid of the work of the Sanitary Commission. The Fair Buildings were erected in Logan Square, and the project was carried to a most successful issue through the efforts of the States of Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Every one was interested. Rich men gave a proportion of their income; poor men and women contributed the proceeds of one day's labor. Tradesmen gave from their stores and shops. All gave with hearty good will. It was proposed to have a post-office connected with the Fair, and a committee was formed to take charge of the work. I was elected postmistress, and Mr. Walborn, the then Postmaster of Philadelphia, was appointed to assist the postmistress, so that she might be instructed in the duties of carrying on the Fair post-office. The Committe was composed of clever men and women, and all worked well. Letters were written, acrostics to fair belles were penned, and the youthful beaux were not forgotten. Generous friends of the cause we were working for, instigated by Mr. Joseph R. Carpenter, provided the post-office with beautiful stamps for ten cents, twenty cents, or thirty cents, according to the value of the lines within. All letters where the writers were unknown to us were carefully examined, so that our post-office should be the means of conveying only compliments or pleasant

MRS. GILLESPIE IN QUAKER DRESS, 1864

words to those receiving the letters. Lest the reader should think the price of postage high, I mean to give a few examples of the letters, and feel sure that will be considered marvellously cheap. The first I shall copy was one written to the Rev. Phillips Brooks. It ran thus:

"So broad, so unsullied, so rapid, so clear,
So full and so steady throughout the whole year,
By coldness not hardened, by sunshine not dried,
Flowing on deep and strong with a calm rushing tide,
If Brooks be all this, I have not the least notion
What occasion the world could have had for an ocean."

A member of the Committee (a lady) had her photograph taken in Quaker costume, and another member of the Committee of the sterner sex was inspired to write the following verses, for which the would-be Quakeress most gladly paid the postage:

"LINES ADDRESSED TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LADY IN QUAKER COSTUME.

"Where did thee get that funny cap?
That excruciating shawl?
Those mitts so sweetly knitted,
That skirt so very small?

"I think I see before me
Dear Hannah Callowhill,
Or some other sainted Quakeress
Who came over with 'our Bill.'

"All caps require setting off,
Even when on a gun,
And really that concern of thine
Looks only just begun.

"I presume 'tis true religion
That makes thee dress so plain,
Or perhaps thou art 'a friend in need'
Declining worldly gain.

"Thy dress indeed is meek enough,
Not quite so meek thine eyes;
If Aminidab can master thee
He must be twice thy size.

"That oft good spirits move thee
I entertain no doubt,
But I fear in wit and humor
They're too apt to break out.

"So in looking on thy picture,
Though its colors are but sad,
I recognize the liveliest face,
Our post-office hath had.

"SANITARY FAIR, June 28, 1864."

The busy brains of those connected with the Fair worked hard day and night, and all sorts of expedients were resorted to to insure success. In connection with the post-office, a "Nonsense Book" was written, published, and sold. A few of our friends divided the letters of the alphabet among them and each wrote a verse on the letter thus chosen. The wisdom of Boston was thus introduced:

"There was a young lady of Boston,
And the vaguest of doubts she was tossed on,
Of effect and of cause she discoursed without pause,
This enlightened young person of Boston."

The letter D was thus made use of:

"There was an old chap of Dahomey
Whose soil was more sterile than loamy,
So he bagged little niggers, which he sold at high figgers
To the Yankees which trade at Dahomey."

The history of the Fall of Man followed in few words:

"There was a dear creature of Eden
Who on apples was quite fond of feedin',
So she gave one to Adam, who said, 'Thank you, madam,'
And then both skedaddled from Eden."

The patient Job was thus described:

"There was an old buffer of Uz,
And it's troubled with boils that he was;
He declined to blaspheme, but just rubbed on cold cream
With, 'Bedad, it is painful to Uz.'"

One more verse, if verse it can be called, comes to my memory:

"There was a young girl of Woonsocket
Who casually swallowed a rocket,
But with a loud hiccough she just threw the stick up
And frightened the town of Woonsocket."

The illustrations in this book were very fine; they were made by a young artist of Boston, Hamilton Wilde, whose memory will not easily fade as either artist or friend, for he was much beloved.

One great difficulty in providing enough letters for those who called suddenly for them was met by two members of our Committee. One brought a paper glove (without a thumb) in which scented powder was placed, and after ordering a great number of these, the Committee furnished any number of rhymes to be enclosed with the gloves. One wrote,—

"All common gloves in pair do go,
And I have lost my thumb I know,
Yet I can soon disclose
A charm which makes me much more rare
Than a fresh new Parisian pair,—
Just hold me to thy nose."

Another wrote,—

"In ancient days each gallant knight
In honor of his lady-love
Displayed upon his helm her glove
When he went forth to fight.
My glove I send for you to wear;
Sir Knight, you'll place it near your heart,
And never, never from it part.
There's magic in its perfume rare;
A talisman and potent charm
'Twill prove, to guard thee from all harm."

Our gloves sold rapidly, and we then turned our thoughts to the knitting of *yellow garters,* which we were told would insure the wearer being happily married within the year 1864. Pens were as busy making verses to go with the garters as were the knitting-needles in their manufacture. One or two I must transcribe:

"They tell me that within this Fair
An article is sold
Intended for a lady's wear,
As yellow 'tis as gold.
They say it is a compound thing
And never goes alone:
'Tis something like a wedding-ring
And makes two people one.
To matrimony they conduce,
But you must have a pair;
One would not be the slightest use,
For *one* you'd never wear.
They can be made or straight or round,
Just as you may desire.
Some wear them very near the ground
And some prefer them higher.
This golden circle claims its knights
Among the true and royal;
No traitrous blot its 'scutcheon blots,
'Tis worn by princes royal.

When first its wondrous powers were known
'Twas in a courtly dance,
The seeds of future greatness sown
Just by the merest chance.
Now if you're versed in history
Its story you'll recall;
For though it seems a mystery,
Its rise came from a fall.
If you would like to change your state
And wedlock wish to try,
You will no longer hesitate,
This article you'll buy."

A letter was sent to one of the Committee containing a silken garter and these lines:

"A present here I send to you,
I pray you do not laugh;
It don't come up to a pair of kids,
But it goes above a calf."

The following answer was sent at once:

"No well-turned leg should ever gartered be
'Above the calf,' but just above the knee;
And should, like kids, our garters ever go higher,
The ruin of the country would be dire.
The silken band to me has value far
Above all kids imported since the war."

The history of the whole Fair I cannot give, but all the Committees, and there were many, fulfilled their duties admirably. The result was the addition of more than one million dollars to the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. Of this sum the post-office contributed but a small part; still, I often think that if the tree which still stands near the middle of Logan Square, and under which the post-office stood, could speak and repeat the

many witty letters which passed in and out from that post-office window, there would be amusement for those of this day from the writings of those who lived in war-time.

One of the projects resorted to to draw a crowd to the Fair originated with, and was carried successfully through by, Mr. Clement B. Barclay, of Philadelphia. He had spent much time "at the front" and had devoted his life and means to the care of the wounded and dying. He knew the great need there was for further care and for money to carry on the work of relieving suffering, and with this in view he went North, and as Indians and their customs were not as well known to us then as now, he brought from the northern part of the State of New York a band of Indians, and with this "side show" he was for about ten days quite successful. The Indians gave two exhibitions each day and danced a war-dance before admiring spectators, who paid twenty-five cents for the privilege thus afforded, but after a short time this excitement seemed to pall upon the audiences, and Mr. Barclay determined to bring forward the history of "Pocahontas." The door-keeper took the part of Captain Smith, and a little drilling of the actors made the drama almost perfect. Crowds flocked to see it, and to the last day of the Fair eye-witnesses shuddered when Pocahontas made her timely *entrée* and saved the life of Smith.

During the last week of the Fair many of the Committees in charge of the booths opened subscriptions for gifts to those persons who had been most actively engaged in projecting the Fair and carrying out its details. Just at this time the President and Mrs. Lincoln visited the

Fair. The crowd in their desire to see them pressed upon them with such eagerness that the police were called to protect them in their passage through the Fair.

A little boy, seeing Mrs. Lincoln with a stalwart policeman on each side of her, called out, "Mother, look; there goes a female pickpocket." After the crowd dispersed some one found a wooden Jumping Jack just outside the post-office window and handed it in to the person in charge. In the evening one of the Committee proposed that a ten-cent subscription should be opened at once and the Jumping Jack presented to Mr. Barclay. Before the evening was over thirty dollars were realized for this purpose and to the profit of the post-office.

The next morning a then rising lawyer and a member of the Post-Office Committee, now a "righteous judge," a "learned judge" * in our city, handed to the postmistress the following lines, which were read with much ceremony to Mr. Barclay in the evening:

"Immortal Barclay, not of Perkins' firm,
Whose well-known ale makes lesser brewers squirm,
But high renowned where other ails prevail,
In deadly sickness or from iron hail,
We greet you: master of the savage horde,
Thy gentle nature never can be bored
When Pocahontas stays too long at tea
And Smith impatient begs his steak to see;
Thy noble presence calms the vulgar strife,
Powhattan drops his club and spares the victor's life.
The Post-Office Committee never fear
To sell dear letters if they have you near;
The timid maiden dreaming of her loves
Receives quite willingly our high-price gloves;

* Judge Biddle.

The sober matron prinks herself up smarter,
And with a simper pays us for a garter;
E'en the gay youth who thinks the place a bore
Gives for one letter the full price of four.
Such services as these they can't o'erlook,
Especially as you've sold their 'Nonsense Book.'
On their behalf and that of other friends,
For such great kindness to make some amends,
Accept this Jumping Jack; 'tis made of wood,
And would be handsome, doubtless, if it could;
When in repose it's not at all the thing,
To judge our feelings you must pull the string."

Within the next year the war ended and peace was once more granted to our country. Bright indeed was the page in the history of our country, when the leader of our victorious army, General Grant, gave General Lee his sword again, and returned the horses to the defeated army that they might drop the cannon and draw the plough. Since the world began I think no words from any victorious general have had power to thrill a people as those words of General Grant have and still do thrill the hearts of the people of our country.

The terrible death of the President filled us all with dismay and sorrow. Just as he was most needed he went from us. Both political parties mourned his loss, but with women there was much bitterness. I met a lady after the President was in his grave, who told me that in her opinion every Democrat should be hanged at the first lamp-post. I thanked her and told her that as I saw a lamp-post near by, I would leave her.

Thus I gladly leave those terrible times. I planned in beginning my "Book of Remembrance" to put all sorrow aside, and for that I have struggled, though perhaps not successfully.

CHAPTER X

In 1865, through the changes which come to us all in this mortal life, I was left alone with my daughter, my niece, and nephew, but they were all children. Our pleasures were few, but my time was absorbed in the education of my girls. Our summers were spent in New England wherever my brother, Rev. Richard B. Duane, selected a spot. In the winter of 1867-1868 we had the great pleasure to listen to Charles Dickens's readings from his own works. This was a delight, for from the opening chapters of the "Pickwick Papers" his books had for me great interest and peculiar charm. His wit was so keen, his insight into human nature so clear, his charity for all so evident, and his pathos so easily understood by any one who had had sorrow, that I have found in his writings a sympathetic answer to my feelings, whatever might be the mood.

I had taken my seat for his readings long before he came to Philadelphia, and had listened to him with intense delight, but on the evening when he read the "Christmas Carol" I was completely absorbed. I think I never turned my eyes from his face while he read. The day after Mr. George W. Childs sent for me; but this that good and noble man often did, sometimes to offer me a helping hand in my work, sometimes to ask me to help him in his constant care of others. When I reached his office he told me that Mr. Dickens had asked him, after describing where I sat, who I was, and had

added, "I never had a more attentive listener." He then told Mr. Childs he would be very glad to see me in his dressing-room after the next reading. I said "Yes" gladly to this invitation, and thus emboldened I sent Mr. Dickens a *boutonnière* on the morning of his next reading, and had the following acknowledgment:

"DEAR MADAM:—

"Accept my cordial thanks for your kind note, and with them the assurance that I shall have great pleasure in wearing your flowers this evening.

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"MRS. GILLESPIE.

"PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Thirtieth Jan'y, 1868."

Together Mr. Childs and I went into the dressing-room and found Mr. Dickens very tired and very warm. His welcome was most hearty; he thanked me for being an attentive listener and asked me which reading I had liked best. I told him "The Christmas Carol," and added, "I read that aloud to my mother when it was first published, and then told her I hoped I should later take a walk in heaven between Sydney Smith and Charles Dickens." Mr. Dickens laughed heartily, and after a most interesting conversation we rose to leave him. He held my hand in his, and said, "Good-night; I shall not forget that walk in heaven, but remember, you will see the back buttons of my coat through my heavenly body." I never heard him speak again, but hope he still remembers the walk which is to come.

In recording this incident I recall the Shakespeare Readings by Fanny Kemble. They were a delight to

the whole American public and the clamor for reserved seats was great. Many complained that seats were secured before the box-office was opened. Hearing this, Mrs. Kemble, with her strong sense of justice, determined that there should in future be no seats reserved. This was a blow to many, but especially to a friend of mine who was not strong, and unable either to stand outside until the doors were opened or to wait in her seat for an hour after they were opened. I offered to go early and, if possible, hold a seat for her on the fourth bench from the front. I stood for one hour and a half in the street, and with a companion found my way to the place I had indicated to my invalid friend. We soon found that the ushers would allow no space left on the seats, and being determined that my friend "Susan" (Mrs. J. Dickinson Logan) should not be disappointed, I took my water-proof cloak, stuffed a tippet in the hood to make it look like a human head, then holding the head up on my umbrella, the seat beside me was occupied! Whenever an usher came near I twisted the umbrella so that the front of the hood was towards me, and said (addressing the cloak), "I cannot move another inch, Susan, and I think you are unfit to come into a crowd if this is so unpleasant to you," or, "Susan, if you do not like your position you had better go home; there are many who would be glad to have your place." The stratagem was successful, at which I wondered, for all our neighbors were convulsed with laughter, but "Susan" came just before the reading began, and I was contented.

That was not my only daring adventure in my "years of discretion." I acted constantly then in charades, often taking the part of a Quaker lady. Two friends

of mine proposed that I should have my photograph taken in Quaker dress, and one of them, Mrs. A. L. Wister, who lived in Arch Street, suggested my changing my dress at her house and walking to Gutekunst's, six blocks farther down Arch Street, attired as one of the Society of Friends. I agreed, and walked between Mrs. Wister and the young Boston artist, Hamilton Wilde, meeting as we went almost the only "Friend" I knew. He recognized me, was greatly amused, and proposed going with us, but I begged him not, fearing I should not be able to behave with decorum if there were so many near me when the picture was taken. At last we reached Gutekunst's. I took my place and was posed for a "Friend" by Mr. Gutekunst, who asked to take a second impression, not being satisfied with the first. Mr. Wilde suggested that perhaps that would fatigue "Friend Price," but I said, as quietly as I could (being in mortal terror of discovery), "It may fatigue me, but if Josiah is contented I shall be repaid; I am sitting here for his sake." The second impression was entirely satisfactory, and as many of my friends desired copies, I went one day to order some, and was told I should bring an order from "Elizabeth Price herself." I sent for Mr. Gutekunst, explained how matters stood, and with much amusement (for he had not recognized me) he took my order.

In 1868 a very strange thing happened. We were all at "Little Boar's Head," New Hampshire, with my brother, Rev. Dr. Duane, and his family. He proposed that he and I should sail to the Isles of Shoals. After consultation with a "skipper" of the place, we arranged to go early in the morning of the first fine day. A clear

sunset one Sunday determined us to go the next morning, and having decided to take with us all we could of our children, who liked sailing, we went to our beds rejoicing. I dreamed that we went, and that after sailing a long time we came to a high stone wall over which a row of nuns with white caps were looking; when they saw us they shook their heads mournfully, as if to tell us our doom was sealed. So terrible was this dream that I awoke and found daylight just peeping. I could not again compose myself to sleep, and when my brother came to call me, I told him my dream and said I preferred not to go. He laughed at me for being superstitious, begged me to go, and I went, taking with me my three children and he four of his flock. The morning was bright, but we had not gone far before a heavy fog settled upon us, and my brother told our "captain" to get out his compass. To our horror he told us he had forgotten it! We were indignant but very quiet; my brother simply said, pointing to the children, "You brought this precious freight without a compass?" Some of "the precious freight" showing signs of sickness, my brother called upon all, who were able, to look ahead, and if any one saw either a boat or land to "sing out." On we went in silence; at last I called out, "I see land; there are white-caps." The captain turned our little craft quickly in another direction, and told us with a gasp we were just on a reef of rocks, which he called by name. My brother grasped my hand and said, "The white-caps in your dream." We reached the Isles of Shoals with thankful hearts.

Early in the summer of 1868 my dear friend, Howard Potter, wrote to me asking if I would be willing to meet

him in Berlin in the autumn, bringing with me my niece and daughter, and later take charge of his two daughters and give the four girls the opportunity to study music in the home of that art and the language where it could be acquired with ease.

This offer was most generous and I gladly accepted it. On the 29th of September we sailed from Hoboken for Hamburg. The first day passed comfortably, but the morning of the next day found us most wretched. The stewardess came with the compliments of the purser to ask how old I was; I told her to tell the purser I could have told him my age when I came on board, but at that moment I did not know whether I was two or ninety. Neither the children nor I understood one word of German, but I hoped we should be as successful as an Irish maid I once saw, who told me she had travelled all over Europe with "a dale of pintin'" and "a few faces." During the voyage the children both learned, from our fellow-passengers, to count up to ten, and thus stored, as I felt them to be, with useful knowledge, we landed. Our voyage was not free from the usual annoyances of a sea-voyage except for my niece (Becky), who was perfectly well and extended her knowledge of German to "essen." After some days my daughter and I came from our state-rooms, and I began an inspection of our fellow-passengers. The day we left New York I saw a German lady on deck industriously and with much vigor knitting a stocking. When I emerged from my cabin I saw the same lady sitting with eyes shut, a smelling-bottle in her hand, and to all appearances indifferent as to whether she might ever wear another stocking. I was sorry for her, but when she told me that

she was going to Hamburg to end her days with a married daughter, I was sorry for her myself, for while I was retired in the cabin I had volunteered the promise to my children that I never again would cross the water, and when I felt better I longed for my own land. The sight of England's chalky coast filled me with delight, and I am sure that Noah did not greet his "weary dove" with more enthusiasm than I felt when the pilot came from the shore who was to guide us through the Channel. He was a short, ruddy-faced man, "No. 35," but my feelings quite overcame me when he ran up the side of the vessel.

Our passage through the North Sea was quiet, and on Sunday, October 11, we reached Hamburg. We hoped on Saturday night to tread the earth once more early on Sunday, but the tide did not serve, and we were obliged to lay in the Elbe for several hours. We spent our time watching the little boats which crowded around the steamer bringing all sorts of things for sale. One young lad had a boat-load of apples. We bought some, and finding them very good, we inquired what he would take for the whole boat-load. He named his price, "two thalers," which we gave him cheerfully, and then distributed the apples among the sailors and firemen, who cheered the givers though unknown to them. It seemed to me that the passengers should have cheered *them* for the faithful discharge of their duty.

I felt anxious when the small steamer in which we were to land came alongside, for I hoped to see the face of my friend, Howard Potter, although I had assured him that I was quite capable of managing for myself; however, I was not then prepared for a plunge into the in-

tricacies of the German language, and was much relieved when a young man came up to me and, calling me by name, handed me two letters from Mr. Potter, telling me they were already in Berlin and would be glad if I could join them as soon as possible, and that Mr. Mendelssohn meantime would take good care of me. I smiled at the youthful stranger and thanked him, calling him "Mr. Mendelssohn."

He seemed pleased and asked me when I would leave for Berlin, as Mr. Potter had telegraphed he would meet us at the station. I told Mr. Mendelssohn that I could not leave early the next day, as I must draw money for my journey. He said, "Draw from me," and told me he would send his servant at six P.M. for a note, to let him know how much money I would have. He then put us into a carriage shaped like the pumpkin in which Cinderella went to the ball, and his servant mounting the box, we were driven through beautiful streets and past houses with very wide windows, behind which were many flowers. When we reached the hotel I read again the note from Mr. Potter, and found that it was the *agent* of Mr. Mendelssohn who had met me and *not* Mr. Mendelssohn. I was in despair. The servant returned for my note, and as he understood not one word of English, I roared at the top of my voice, "Who is the gentleman who met me?" I got only a bow and smile for an answer. I summoned one of the hotel servants who spoke English, and discovered the agent's name was Wolff. I wrote my note, and received in return a roll of money which seemed enough to last us for a month.

The next morning early we left for Berlin. We had

two ladies as travelling companions; one spoke poor French and called my children "enfongs." We saw at the station the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and his third bride; he dressed in a blue coat and yellow gloves, she a stout, well-looking young girl. They entered the rail-road carriage behind us, and so their honey-moon rose while we were tasting the delights of foreign travel for the first time. After eight hours' travel we reached Berlin, and found Mr. Potter waiting for us at the station. We drove to the Hotel du Nord, where we found Mrs. Potter and her two daughters, Looli and Maria. The next morning I went with Mr. Potter to see the apartment he had engaged for us. It was promised to us for the next day. On that day Mr. and Mrs. Potter left us, after we had engaged a cook and Mr. Potter had engaged a "valet de place," "Weber," who was to see us "settled." In the afternoon I went to see if all was ready in the apartment and found nothing ready, but all was to be ready the next morning. Thursday we went again, and found the landlord quietly smoking and his wife ironing a dress. I told them through Weber that I would give them until Friday morning to vacate the premises and leave all in order for us, and I should consider the contract between us broken if this was not complied with. After a long German conversation with them Weber told me this was quite satisfactory to the landlord, and we left. I confess I still believe that Weber told them that as I was "only a woman" they could continue to occupy the rooms until it was convenient for them to leave. On Friday morning we again found them eating a late breakfast, and no further preparations made for their tenants. I then told the smiling Weber I would

go to a lawyer; he tried to induce me to go to a friend of his, but instead of taking his advice I went to our bankers, told my story, and one of the old and most trusted clerks in the bank went with me to a Mr. Simpson, and stayed with me until I had told my sad story. Then Mr. Simpson sent for the would-be landlord and his wife (whose name was "Couchong"). They came and told a pitiful story of the difficulty of finding a home for themselves, and I then agreed to take the apartment if Mr. Simpson would on Saturday morning find it in readiness for us. On Saturday at noon he told me the rooms were not ready, but by paying one month's rent I could secure a release from the contract. This proposition roused my indignation. I told Mr. Simpson that my understanding of the case was that the landlord had broken his contract, and by obliging us to remain at a hotel had seriously inconvenienced us. I should therefore look for another apartment, and Mr. Couchong could go to law at once if he wished. Mr. Simpson's face was a study; he was for the first time dealing with an American woman determined to assert her rights, and after a whispered talk in German with the landlord and landlady, he told me that they were very poor and asked me to give them a small sum, which I agreed to do only for the sake of charity. Thus ended my first experience in lodging-hunting.

In a short time we were comfortably settled in an apartment and the girls all hard at work studying. We had secured a Hanoverian German lady as governess, but I felt uncertain about the wisdom of our choice, although she had come well recommended, when she requested to be called "Mademoiselle" and persisted in

speaking to the children in French instead of German. She lived with us, and one amusing incident connected with her comes back to me. I sat up late at night, and once about midnight was startled by the ringing of the door-bell; I went to the door, but before opening it called out to know who was there. The answer came in German, and I went to Mademoiselle's room and asked her to come and help me. She said she must first "make her toilet," and when she came I saw the toilet consisted of a short gray skirt and a nightcap with fluted ruffles, standing out from her face like a halo. She questioned the men at the door and found they had a telegram for me. I said, "Then I must open the door." She assured me that in Berlin such a course was not possible, telling me they might be thieves. I told her I was not afraid, but while I was unbarring the door she said, with a trembling voice, "Alors je vais me proteger." I opened the door, the telegram was handed me, I paid the messenger (who was accompanied by a policeman), and there stood Mademoiselle with the seat of a chair pressed against her bosom and its four legs extended ready to do battle with the intruder. I laughed as I had not laughed since I left home. Shortly after I sent my own two girls to day school, hoping that with only two pupils Mademoiselle might be obliged to speak more in her native tongue, but in vain. She soon left us, and I found other and better teachers for the dear girls confided to my care, while my own girls plodded on at school. They learned quickly, hearing no word that was not in German. After a few months they came from school one day and told me that the Herr Professor in giving the class a geography lesson had described the United

States as having no population beyond Cincinnati, all west of that city was an open prairie. Still, the school was admirable, and I have never regretted the time the children spent there.

Meantime, our friends increased in number. First our own relative, a granddaughter of Theopholact Bache, of New York (who was the brother of my grandfather, Richard Bache), was then living in Berlin. Although I had scarcely ever seen this, my far-off cousin (Mrs. Schmidt) in my own country, nothing could exceed her kindness and the kindness of her children to us. One of her daughters was married to Baron Edward von der Heydt, the son of the Prussian Minister of Finance, and two of her daughters were married to German officers of distinction. She had, besides, a niece, Alice Patterson, who was like her own child. Into the arms of these new-found relatives we all fell, and were closely held. Into our hearts they all crept, and there they all still live, some, alas! only in memory. As I write they are all before me. My four girls and I owed many a happy time to them. Mr. Potter had taken a pew for us in the English Church. Services were held in a large room in the Mont Bijou Palace. The then Crown Princess, daughter of Queen Victoria, now the Dowager Empress Frederick, was the wife of the much-loved prince (whom the people always called "Unser Fritz"). She belonged to the English Church. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Bellson, called upon us, and invited Looli and me to dine with them. We were soon much interested in the work of the chapel, though some of the customs during the service amused us much. The sexton was a woman, dressed in a dark dress and black velvet bonnet

tied with very wide and long ribbon-strings of bright crimson. When Lady Augustus Loftus, the wife of the British minister, entered the chapel, always through the robing-room, she was followed by the sexton, who carried her ladyship's large Prayer-Book, placed it in front of her in the pew, and then retired. I confess to a pang of envy, being obliged to carry my own Prayer-Book and to enter by the ordinary door, but I found consolation in the thought that in the next world there will be no robing-room. The same sexton preceded Dr. Bellson when he went to the pulpit, opened the door, closed it after he had entered, and then retired. The crimson bonnet-strings seem now to have been a forewarning of the colored vestments we now see in some of our churches.

The music in the chapel was excellent. The daughter of Dr. Bellson was the organist and leader of the choir, which consisted of about twenty German boys, whom Miss Bellson drilled twice a week. They were poor and ragged, but knew how to use their voices. In order that they might present a respectable and uniform appearance their kind teacher made for them light-blue woollen blouses, which they put on over their own clothes, and they had also very large white collars. One of their weekly lessons was devoted to learning how to pronounce the English words which they were to sing, and the other to the music; the result being entirely satisfactory, helping instead of hindering the worshippers. I heard not long ago in a quartette choir in one of our churches a German with a good voice singing a solo thus in the Te Deum: "O Lord, shave thy people," instead of "O Lord, save thy people," and my thoughts

went back to the chapel in Berlin, the choir and its teacher.

Meantime, I went blundering on with this foreign tongue. I had soon a large vocabulary, but the difficulty which most oppressed me was putting the words together, and I confess when I found all charming things (including the moon) were masculine, I lost hope and decided to drop genders altogether. I was punished for this when I asked of a citizen whom I met in the street, "Is that the king?" The man gave me an insolent answer, for which I did not blame him, for I had placed his king in the neuter gender!

The mistakes I made were many, but when I went shopping I always brought home what I wanted, though I confess I left the attendants in shops under the impression that I was most ignorant. I saw once in a shop a very large fan hanging up which I wanted for a special purpose, but not knowing the German for "fan," I was in a dilemma until I saw before me a small wooden fan in a glass case, and pointing to it, I said, "Was ist das?" "Holtz," promptly replied the woman; thus emboldened, I pointed to the large fan and said, "Ein grosser Holtz." Three young attendants in the shop retired beneath the counter to conceal their laughter. I laughed too, but carried off in triumph the fan I wanted. I once spent two hours learning a few sentences which I wanted to utter in a shop to which I was going for several articles. I learned my lesson, and my pronunciation was so perfect to my own ear that I sallied forth convinced I should be taken for a German frau. After I had transacted the whole of my business in German and handed the money to the young man who had waited

upon me a glow of intense satisfaction filled me, for I felt my nationality had not been discovered. My joy was speedily turned to anguish, for when the young man returned and said in English, "Madam, you will become five silver groschen," I was so much irritated that I said as rapidly as possible, "I suppose I shall if I stay here long enough," and left the youth in entire ignorance of my last words.

Our first experience at a dinner-party I must not forget. Looli and I were invited to dine with our banker and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Mendelssohn) at five o'clock. We found quite a large company assembled to meet us, and we were the honored guests. Our host took me to dinner, and on my right side sat a young Scotchman, who noticing that Mr. Mendelssohn always spoke to me in English, asked me how long I had been in Germany. I told him two months, and he told me he had only been in Berlin three months and already spoke the language fluently. I congratulated him on his ability, but a few minutes after saw him discomforted. Some asparagus was served, and Mr. Mendelssohn told me it had been "forced" at that season. I said, "Yes, I suppose under glass." "No," said our host; and turning to the young Scotchman, said, "Was ist Dungen?" The Scotch youth answered, "I do not know," and when I suggested "manure," my host said, "That is the word I wanted." The poor youth apologized by saying he had never heard "manure" discussed at a dinner-table. But a greater trial awaited him yet. When we returned to the drawing-room Mr. Mendelssohn told me that it was customary for the guests to shake hands with the hostess. This I did with great pleasure, for I had en-

joyed not only her kindness, but also was amused and interested with the many little changes I found between their customs and ours in serving the dinner. I saw the rest of the guests not only take the hand of the hostess, but many of them kissed it, and all said the same German sentence to her, which, not understanding, I turned to my young Scotch friend and asked him to translate for me. He told me with some hesitation that he believed they all said, "May your meal sit well." I thanked him, but was much amused when I learned afterwards that the words were "Gesegnete mahl zeit," which means "Blessed meal-time," and I thought that the trials which the youth had experienced had made that anything but a "blessed meal" to him.

One of the guests at that dinner was Mrs. Auerbach, the wife of the novelist. She invited me to call to see her, which I promised to do. Our own trials began then, for we had ordered our carriage at eight o'clock, and at half-past six the guests began to retire to go to the opera. Determined not to be left behind, I told Looli we would go. We said "Good-night," put on our wraps, and descended to the lower hall (which was also the entrance to the bank), where we found the bank watchman, who kindly called a drosky for us, and thus we left for home.

CHAPTER XI

About this time Miss Bellson asked me to go with her to see Frau von Ranke, the wife of the great historian. She had heard that I had Irish blood in my veins, and being herself an Irishwoman and the sister of the Bishop of Limerick, she desired to see me. I was glad to gratify her, for I knew she was an invalid, but was shocked to find her lying on a sofa with no power of motion. She was paralyzed from her throat to her feet. She could turn her head from side to side, and that was all. She welcomed me cordially, told me she had one daughter married and two sons, one studying for the Lutheran Church, one in the army. She talked earnestly and well on matters of public interest, asking me many questions about America, and when I rose to leave her, asked me to come to her on any or every Tuesday evening with my eldest girls, adding, "My friends are good enough to gather around me then, and we sometimes have good music." On the following Tuesday Miss Bellson, Looli, and I went, and found two rooms quite full of guests. Prince George was there, and many of the literary and scientific men of Berlin and their wives. We had some music from Englishwomen, and the whole scene was entertaining to us. Professor von Ranke came in late in the evening, and when he greeted me he said, "So you are an American." I said, "Yes," and felt like adding, "So you are the author of the 'Lives of the Popes,'" and thus began what was to me one of my greatest pleas-

ures and privileges in Berlin. Mrs. von Ranke asked me to help her with a translation of a play written by Prince George. I had already told her I would be her scribe whenever she wished. I went to her every Monday evening at a quarter before seven and wrote for her for an hour. She expressed herself, in dictating to me, easily and well. She had the play in front of her on a very heavy cushion and turned over the leaves with a pencil, which she held between her teeth. While in this sad condition she had studied three languages (one of them Chinese). Her greatest pleasure lay in translating (especially poetry) from the languages she had studied while bound hand and foot. So we went on with Prince George's play. When she wanted a leaf turned quickly she said, "Will you help me? You see, my dear, I am a very beggar." I had become so accustomed to blank verse that I said,—

> A beggar thou! I would extend my hand
> To thee both night and day
> If thou, into my soul, couldst only drop
> One atom of thy patience.

Tears which I had to wipe away came into her eyes, but, alas! although I can write with my own hand and wipe the tears from my own eyes, I fear I did not learn patience from this cheerful, uncomplaining sufferer. Shortly after this my friend, Mrs. John W. Field, sent me a book-rest for Mrs. von Ranke, with which she was delighted, for Mrs. Field only knew her as my friend. The supports rested on her couch and the rack itself was above her body. Her book did not rest upon her, and she found much comfort in the gift, and instead of

murmuring because of her sad fate, she gave thanks that God had given her so many friends who bore life's burdens for her.

The professor I seldom saw, but if we were very much interested in our work on Monday evenings and I over stayed my hour, he would come from his library, candle in hand and in his dressing-gown, always humming the same air. On Tuesday evenings our refreshments consisted of tea and doughnuts, and when we arrived late we knew while climbing the stairway whether there were few or many guests, as in the latter case we were sure to meet one of the maids with a bread-basket in her hand going for a fresh supply of doughnuts. Simple indeed was her entertainment, yet there the nobility, the gifted and the educated men and women of Berlin gladly congregated.

The number of our friends increased rapidly; the four girls were happy, and I more than contented and blessed in all I had the care of. The eldest was a pattern to the others. In prudence, consideration for others, patience, and perseverance she was unequalled, and with all these virtues, young and old found her a charming companion. Mr. Potter's friend, Professor Telcampf, was especially kind to us. He was a good English scholar, but his wife was not. We were invited there frequently, but lessons or teachers interfered. At last we were to go; Maria wanted to stay at home, but I insisted that she should accept the kindness of her father's friends. In agreeing to go she said to me, "I have one comfort: if I cannot understand what the children say I will look at you, for you never look bored." She little knew the fate in store for me. At the table Mrs. Telcampf asked me whether I could play "Cattermang."

Supposing this to be some game like "Copenhagen," I said I would try. What was my dismay when she produced one of the works of Beethoven, "A Quatre Mains." I seated myself beside her at the piano and got through an "Andante" quite creditably, but then I paused, my hands and feet cold with agitation, and Maria ready to burst with laughter. I asked to be excused from further efforts at "Cattermang."

Our two servants were German, of course, and I kept house through a phrase-book which I held behind my back when I gave my orders, in the vain hope that the women would think me a perfect scholar. We went sometimes to the theatre, and caught much of the language in that way. One night Sydney Biddle, the son of an American friend, had asked me to go see "Egmont," which I refused to do, as I was too tired to listen to a German play, but as the girls were all going to dancing-school (at the house of Madame de Grimm, a Russian lady whom I had met, and who offered to add my girls to her dancing class, and who in making the kind offer had added, "Have no fear; inside my walls all your daughters are safe"), I determined to go with Sydney to the Schauspiel Haus, and leaving him to his "Egmont," amuse myself with a French play ("Les Inutiles") which was to be performed in a "Saal" or small hall of the building. For the first time I was alone, but a kind-looking woman next to me, after inspecting me closely, spoke to me in German. I stammered the answer in German, and then she said, "Ah, vous etes Française." I told her I was not, and much puzzled she said, "D'ou venez vous alors." I told her "from America," and she shrieked aloud, "De

l'Amérique!" I felt as if every eye in that little theatre was turned upon me, and doubtless many retired to their homes thinking they had seen an Indian woman. When the play was over and I was leaving the house I was stopped by a policeman, and seeing a piece of cocoa matting spread on the pavement and a royal carriage near, I paused readily, for the Crown Prince and Crown Princess had been in their box looking at "Les Inutiles." They came out, trod over the cocoa matting to their carriage, and I pursued my homeward way quietly.

Looli and I went to several evening parties, where our pleasure was great. We had some friends among the young officers, one a young Englishman named Talbot, who belonged to the Crown Princess's Guard and wore a light-blue uniform. We had known him for several weeks, which seemed like years to me, and so kind had he been that we called him our "blue sky." He was a cheerful soul, and when I asked him why he had left his native land and his uncle, the Duke of Shrewsbury, he told me that finding little room in England, as it could not grow larger, and not being his uncle's heir, he had come to Germany. He was amused at my surprise that all young people at a party were presented to the elder ladies who were guests. The first large party we went to was a "dancing-party;" and there for the first time I saw each youth and maiden ask to be presented to me, and apparently glad of the pleasure! I was astonished, for even then elderly people in America were *de trop* in an evening party of young people, and now I fear they seldom have the pleasure of renewing, or rather recalling, their youth by the sight of a dance.

We were entertained at the house of Mr. Freudenberg, the friend who had stood by me in my first difficulty in house-hunting, and I there met the clerk who had for forty years occupied the same desk with Mr. Freudenberg in the Mendelssohn banking-house. Both our host and his friend were intelligent companions. Each brought his son to speak to me, telling me that the youths now occupied one desk at the Mendelssohn Bank. I congratulated the sons on the inherited integrity which had procured for them their positions, and expressed the hope that at the end of forty years they would both be found at their posts, ministering to the wants of eager Americans. Mr. Bancroft was then our minister in Berlin, and at his house Looli and I met many charming people. Mr. Georg von Bunsen, a member of the Prussian Parliament, was most kind to us, calling upon us, and sending us tickets of admission to the Parliament House. Mr. von Bunsen asked us to send our cards to him at the door when we should avail ourselves of his invitation. This we did, and were taken at once to his committee-room, where he met us and took us to the Diplomatic Gallery. The chairs in this and in the Royal Gallery were covered with velvet, but there ended all attempt at ornament. The building was perfectly simple. I felt pained at the contrast between the hall in which the Representatives met and our own House of Representatives. Here in the committee-rooms were long tables covered with green baize surrounded with benches, and holding plain white china inkstands, and *no* profusion of pens, ink, and paper. The "House" itself was a large hall, with galleries on three sides. The members sat on cane-seated benches, to the backs of which were attached pieces of board on

which to rest books of reference. When these boards were not in use they were let down to the backs of the benches. No member wrote in his seat; there were tables in the corners of the hall where they wrote, and there were neither spittoons nor frescoed ceilings. A hemp carpet covered the floor. The Speaker's desk was in the middle of the side of the wall, and opposite to it was a circular space in which sat the members of the Cabinet. When any question was being discussed, the minister to whose department the question related was present, answering all inquiries from members or speaking himself, being always accompanied by his counsel. The House was quiet and orderly, even a whisper being reproved by the ringing of a bell on the Speaker's desk. When will such simplicity and order reign in Washington?

Our circle of friends was continually growing larger; there were two very pleasant additions to those we saw almost daily, and they were American young men abroad for study,—A. Sydney Biddle and S. Dana Horton. They were glad to come to an American home, and we were only too glad to welcome them, for they were clever, well informed, and, above all, gentlemen. Sydney invited Looli and me to go with him to the theatre to see "Antigone." I demurred, but finally agreed to go. I sat next to a youth, who was evidenly one of the great unwashed, and at first was most uncomfortable, but as the play went on, my neighbor and I became so absorbed in it that we were mingling our tears, and in wiping my eyes I, for once, forgot my nose. The younger girls looked forward to our first Christmas in a foreign land with trembling. Maria was sure she would be most

miserable and entirely without gifts. Looli thought the joy of Christmas must come from ourselves, and she and I began to plan surprises for the others. We were inspired by the sights and sounds in the streets, which came from the populace while they were making ready for their glad and holy holiday. There is a large square there called the Schloss Platz. There are two churches, one theatre, and many buildings with their outlook on this open space. The architecture of these buildings is irregular. They seem to have been placed according to the sweet will of the builder, and the churches are *not* turning their backs on the theatre! This square was lined with Christmas-trees. There were booths there with every conceivable article on sale. The booths were occupied by people from the neighboring small towns. The sellers used every means to attract the attention of the passers to their wares,—a man played on an accordion while his wife beat time with a stick on a tin coffee-pot. The swans swam peacefully in the canal which runs through the Schloss Platz, now and then dipping their heads, as if thanking God for the joy of these people. It was a strange scene not easily to be forgotten.

After Christmas was over we all decided it had been a happy one. We hung our stockings, which were filled, as Maria said, "nearly as full as when papa filled them." We all dined with our cousins, who included A. Sydney Biddle in their invitation; nothing could have been more pleasant for us all than this closing of our first foreign Christmas.

On New Year's eve Looli and I went at six o'clock to the "Dom" for the last service of the year in the old

building. There was not one seat vacant when we entered, but as the service was short, we decided to stand. The choir, the finest I had then ever heard, was composed of one hundred boys and men. Just before the service closed they sang, without accompaniment, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." That was all, and the peace thus asked for seemed to come to us all, for there was not a rustle or whisper in all that vast congregation. After a short silence we all left the building; first went the king and queen, then the rest of the royal family.

We met at Mrs. von Ranke's house the governess of the children of the Crown Prince and Princess Frederick, and I heard some anecdotes of these their little people. The Princess Charlotte was sent with the daughters of Prince Frederick Carl to have their photographs taken. In grouping them the photographer spoke to one of them as "thou," when the child said, "I am called your Royal Highness." The poor photographer apologized and was full of confusion, which Princess Charlotte seeing, said, "My name is Charlotte, but my papa calls me 'Lottchen,' and that is the name I like best, but you can call me whatever you please."

Prince Henry, the second son of Prince Frederick, refused so steadily to take his bath one morning that his governor was obliged to carry a complaint to his father, the then Crown Prince (afterwards Emperor). The prince ordered that the boy should be let alone, and was not surprised some hours after when the young prince came in great indignation to tell him that the sentinels had not saluted him. "No," said Crown Prince Frederick; "they have been ordered to salute no one who

refuses to be clean." Thus simply and wisely was that young family governed.

About this time Mr. Bellson came to tell me that Lady Augustus Loftus would be glad to see Looli and me at her house. We went, and enjoyed many things in that home. They were thoroughly English and asked much about America, but I have no idea that they believed all we told them. The ignorance among the English then with regard to our country was amazing. One lady hearing we had "home-made bread," said, "I suppose you have no bakers' shops in America." "Yes," I said, "there is one in New York, one in San Francisco, and one half-way between, but it is rather far to send." The dear lady had no idea of our country geographically or otherwise, and left us to eat our home-made bread in peace.

My cousin, Baroness Edward von der Heydt, offered me a ticket to witness the ceremonies on "Ordensfest" day. The ceremony of bestowing the "orders" took place in a large hall in the old castle, after which all adjourned to the chapel, and divine service was held. Mrs. Schmidt and her daughter, Baroness von der Heydt, called for me. We drove to the Old Schloss, and after mounting one hundred and sixty-one steps reached the gallery of the chapel, where there were a small number of privileged spectators, the Dom choir, and a fine band of musicians. The floor of the chapel holds about one thousand persons; the walls are of marble, the ceiling frescoed, and the Sermon on the Mount printed in large letters. Every person who received an order came into the chapel for the service, and afterwards dined with the king. There were two lame policemen and many

common soldiers who had each received an "order" and who were conducted to the seats assigned to them. The clergy wore their decorations outside their gowns, which I did not like, but I had not then seen the Sons of Colonial Wars. Eight ladies who had received the "Luisen Order" entered in full dress, trains, feathers, and flowers, and were placed in seats behind those reserved for royalty. Then came in alone a fine-looking woman in yellow silk dress with black lace flounces, the Countess Bismarck. She took her place on the third row of the royal seats. After a few moments her husband, Count Bismarck, entered, and I saw for the first time the great man who has since made Europe tremble, and whose wise policy has brought about the consolidation of what were the petty sovereignties of Germany, thus creating what is at this day a great empire. His seat was with the generals of the army, but he came first to his wife, shook hands with her, and I suppose received her congratulations on account of the new "order" he had just received; he wore a wide orange ribbon across his breast, which is the order of the Black Eagle, which had been conferred upon him before this day. His wife smoothed his eyebrows, and would doubtless have rendered the same service to his hair, but he had none. When all were seated two chamberlains with huge clubs knocked on the floor, and the vast audience rose to their feet, and in walked twelve gentlemen-in-waiting. Then came the King, William, afterwards Emperor, and Queen Augusta arm in arm. The Queen wore white brocade silk with scarlet velvet bows down the front of the skirt, each bow having a solitaire diamond in the middle. Her train was of scarlet velvet

and crowns of gold and black eagles embroidered thereon. White feathers in her head and diamonds completed her costume. Her train was carried by two pages in scarlet and white. When she reached her seat, two gentlemen took it and spread it on the floor in front of her. The King's seat was close to the pulpit, the Queen sat next. After them walked the Crown Prince and Princess. I had seen them both many times, but their faces as they looked then are with me now. His was a noble face and hers a most benevolent one. He wore his uniform and she a white dress with a train of cloth of gold embroidered with pearls. Her train was carried and spread out before her. Then came Prince Frederick Carl and his wife, her train being light-blue velvet trimmed with ermine, and spread out before her also, so that in front of the preacher these trains formed a perfect carpet. Then followed the Princes, the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg, Hesse, etc., till all were in the chapel. The King then said his little prayer into his helmet, and all were seated.

Then followed the service. The singing was fine, and then the sermon. The preacher said not one word on the subject of the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world." When all was over the royal family left the chapel, and the rest followed in order. It was a spectacle not easily to be forgotten. I have seen but one which equalled it in splendor, but which exceeded in solemnity and in the number of persons taking part in it, and that was the open session of the "Ecumenical Council" in 1869 in Rome.

We had met Professor and Mrs. Lepsius several times, and they had been most earnest and cordial in their in-

vitations for us to call upon them. Finally the professor reproached me for neglecting them, and I told him I had called in person when I first reached Berlin. He was profuse in his apologies, and told me he had not seen my card. The next morning his wife called upon us at nine o'clock to invite us to spend the following evening with them. We went and had delightful music, and in "honor of their new American friends" they sang the English chorus "We are all noddin'," and when I heard "The lats lofe lassies, and the lassies lofe lats do," I was delighted, but I had cause for rejoicing which has lasted to this hour, for I met there Dr. Pertz, the librarian of the Royal Library, who asked us to call upon his wife. This we did, and found her a charming Englishwoman, the daughter of Leonard Horner, founder of the School of Art of Edinburgh, and niece of Francis Horner, the great political economist. Madame Pertz was most kind to us, and through her we formed a friendship for her two sisters, Susan and Joanna Horner. These ladies lived then in Florence, but came to spend Christmas with the Pertz family in Berlin. They are the authors of "Walks about Florence," which has been, and will be, the guide-book of many an American wanderer in Florence. Never were there warmer friends or more delightful companions than these dear ladies proved to me and mine then, and now we are fast friends.

Through the kindness of Professor Telcampf tickets were sent to us for the "House of Lords" when Bismarck was to speak. We went early, found our seats, and watched the vast assemblage take their seats. The same order and decorum that I saw in the House of

Deputies was observed here. When Count Bismarck entered there was a flutter among the audience; he was in full uniform, and looked calm and majestic. He spoke on the subject of sending supplies to the King of Hanover, and his speech was greeted with "Bravos." My eyes never left the face of the speaker, for though I could understand but little of what he said, the earnest manner is with me still, and I am glad.

The younger girls were invited to a dancing-class at Professor Lepsius's on Shrove-Tuesday. Four lads and four lassies formed a cotillon, while Mrs. Lepsius and I sat aside, she knitting all the time. She told me that her husband was preparing to go to a masquerade ball at the palace of the Crown Prince, and when I said, "I am afraid I am preventing your making your toilet," she said quietly, "No, I cannot go; I have no rank; my husband is invited on account of his learning."

The lad who danced with my daughter asked her whether she did not feel strange in being in a house occupied by only one family, and when she told him that that was usual in America, he said, "I do not know how you find room enough."

The King went once to the Annual Subscription Ball, driving as usual to the side entrance, but was stopped by the guard, saying, "None but royalty enter here." The King did not discover himself, but drove to the front door and entered with the other guests. When I heard this I remembered how I used to shiver when the "Arabian Nights" was read to us, and when Haroun al Raschid moved about among his people in disguise. I so feared he might be murdered. But I had no fears for King Wilhelm: his people loved him. Many were the ac-

counts we heard of the king's bravery during the war with Austria. When the fire was hottest during the battle of Königsgrätz the King rode up, facing the enemy with tears running down his cheeks. The battle was won through the instrumentality and skill of the Crown Prince, and many of the wounded, when the battle was over, asked to be carried to where the King was, still on his horse, that they might once more look upon his dear face. This was told me by an Austrian officer, who also added that when told of this victory Louis Napoleon said, "The victory gained by the Prussian crown prince! We must look to it."

An anecdote of Count Bismarck's son I here record. The boy was called upon at school for a speech, the master giving him as a topic "The man to whom Prussia was most deeply indebted." The day came, and mounting the rostrum, the boy in very flowing language described a man who had bound the Germans together with no common ties. The boys and teacher thought he was describing his own father until at the close, when the speaker announced that "the man" was Strousberg, the great railroad-builder.

I had a severe attack of pain in my side, and sending for a doctor, he came, bringing with him a small hammer, a little piece of ivory, and a long black trumpet. First the doctor inquired as to the habits of my early life from my youth, then beginning to hammer and listen, he said, "Lungs, no, heart, no, liver, I sink yes," but later he suggested that the "muskells" were "strained!" I told him I had been reaching to the shelf of a very high wardrobe, when he asked, "Are you, then, in the habit of leaping?"

The birthday of the King in that year falling on Monday in Holy Week, he ordered it to be celebrated on the preceding Saturday. We were invited by the Baroness von Gablenz to go with her and her two sons, both army officers, to witness the review from the windows of the University. The day was fine and the streets already lined with people, although we reached at an early hour the windows assigned to our friends and us. The review was to take place on the "Unter den Linden," between the king's palace and the palace of the crown prince. The street was clean as possible, no vehicle being allowed to pass. The regiments to be reviewed were cavalry regiments, but all on foot. After a very short interval there was a flourish of trumpets, and the King came from his palace; then his body-guard, dressed in white with high black boots, moved forward with a fine brass band. They halted just in front of us, and then came the King, followed by the Crown Prince, the rest of the princes, several generals, and about four hundred officers. They walked past the University and took their stations on the opposite side of the wide street. The "garde du corps" then moved forward with their band, whose place was taken by the band of the first regiment to be reviewed, and so on until all had passed in review. The colonel of each regiment, while his men were passing, stood by the King, and when all was over the officers formed in a hollow square. The King walked by them, saying a few words to each and sometimes shaking hands. It was a glorious sight, uniforms, helmets, and arms, all reflecting the sunlight. Meanwhile, the carriages of the royal family drew up at the side door of the Crown Prince's palace, and the ladies got

in and drove to the Old Schloss, where there was to be a breakfast. My eyes were damp when the King drove away in his barouche, for I knew I should never again see him celebrate a birthday, and I had learned to respect him and the Queen from all that I had heard of them. They visited in person all the charitable institutions in Berlin. I respected them for this and for many things. I went home and hung out my American flag in honor of the day.

CHAPTER XII

On Sunday night in Holy Week I went to hear Bach's Passion music, given then as I have never since heard it. There were no brass instruments in the orchestra. Strings and wooden wind instruments made the accompaniment sound like a long wail, and the chorus "Crucify Him" rings in my ears still and brings with it the thought that we who profess to be His followers still "crucify Him" daily. On Good-Friday morning we awoke hearing boys singing hymns in the court-yard of our house. This was a custom then on all religious holidays, and I hope it still remains. The boys sang well, and then sent their little printed hymns into the houses and were rewarded with small coins.

The congregation in the English chapel was increased by the presence of the Crown Princess. She entered through the robing-room, as did the wife of the British ambassador, but the door was opened on both sides for the Crown Princess to enter, and only one-half of it for Lady Augustus Loftus, so nice were these distinctions! On the evening of Good-Friday I went again to hear fine music, "The Death of Jesus," by Bach. The singers and instrumental performers were (as on Monday) all in black. There was no applause, the quiet of the hall being only broken by the weeping of the audience. An old lady sat beside me with white hair and without a tooth. Seeing that I was much moved, she laid her hand upon me and looked at me with an expression I

can never forget. Her face was full of wrinkles, and tears poured down her cheeks, yet with the grief there was a triumphant look; grief for the sacrifice, and triumph because of the pardon and peace it brought to the world.

Our Easter was spent quietly, though the city was astir from early dawn. The sun shone brightly and crowds were in the streets going to their "early service." We had no early service, and went as usual at eleven o'clock. The choir-boys sang well, and there were no ritualistic ceremonies observed. We hope that the incense of prayer from that small but devout congregation reached heaven.

On Sunday we dined always in the middle of the day, and during dinner Baron Carl von Gablenz came quietly into the house, bringing with him a large basket. I had previously been let into the secret of this visit. He had asked permission to hide Easter eggs in our little drawing-room. The girls knew nothing of the plan. After dinner was over Baron von Gablenz was announced, and the children were told to "seek for eggs." This they did gladly, and found, concealed in boxes, baskets, curtains, and under the furniture, "real dyed eggs" and eggs made of chocolate and candy. This was an old German custom, only that with the Germans the eggs are sought for at early dawn.

The few days after Easter-Sunday which were holidays were passed in the galleries of the Museum. We had spent previously many a Saturday morning there, and it was curious to watch the different opinions expressed by the children on what we saw. Most of the works of art were there in plaster (which we saw after-

wards in marble in Italy). Our guide and companion was S. Dana Horton, and so admirable a guide was he that the sculptured figures I saw afterwards in Italy seemed like old friends, so thoroughly did I know their histories. I went often alone to the picture-galleries, and when I reached the pictures of the fourteenth century I found I had made the acquaintance of twenty Madonnas, *not* one of which I would have cared to own. We all went together to the galleries on Saturdays, and one day I stood looking at a picture of Adam and Eve thinking of the grievous wrong they had done us, when a well-dressed middle-aged woman came up and winked first at the picture and then at me, so I winked at her and then at the picture, and she began a long tirade in German about our "first parents," I understanding scarcely a word; so I told her very gently I was an American and did not understand. She then asked me where I lived and whether it was near Michigan, then added that she had a nephew living in Michigan who had been away from Germany for nineteen years and had amassed a large furtune in salt and was coming home. She parted from me with evident regret because I was an American and thus nearly allied to her nephew.

About this time I felt that a change of air would be of service, and after consultation with a physician (whose hearing was so acute that he wore cotton in his ears except when examining our hearts or lungs) I was advised to take two of my young charges to Soden, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, where they were to drink the waters. I was very sorry for this change, and at first meant to take all of the family, but "second thought" induced me to leave the two younger girls in the care

of Mrs. von Holtzendorff, that they might not have a break in their studies for a whole month. My courage nearly left me when I saw the two little girls leave the railroad platform as our train moved off, and as there was but little to interest us in the first part of the journey my thoughts were much with them. We passed through many a village, and at three P.M. reached Frankfort. We went at once to the Hotel de Prussie, and were shown to our rooms by two waiters each carrying two long lighted candles. They were followed by a man with the hotel register, and I saw above our names—

Name.	Occupation.	Residence.
J. B. Smith.	Tourist.	America.

I instantly began to envy the Smith who could claim this Smith, and thought I would be proud to meet a man with a world-wide name, a world-wide profession, and a home.

We went the next morning to church and to look at the city, and on Monday continued our journey to Soden. We were taken by train to Höchst, and we were told would find there coaches to carry us to Soden. When we reached Höchst we found that there were no coaches, but that all the horses were in the fields ploughing, as the "season" at Soden had not begun. We bribed a man to bring a horse from the plough, and we drove a few miles and reached Soden. It was a lovely spot at the foot of the Taunus Mountains. We spent six weeks at Soden drinking the waters, and returned early in May to Berlin. The "girls I had left behind me" had joined us a fortnight before, and our

happiness was complete. We left Soden at Whitsuntide and spent Sunday in Mayence, and met at Castel by accident our friend Talbot, whom we called our "blue sky" when we first met him in Berlin. We told him we were to leave Mayence the next morning and go down the Rhine by boat. He came to the boat to see us, and told me he had seen the American officer, General McCook, the night before, who told him that war was imminent between England and America on the "Alabama" question, and added, "I may be obliged to leave Germany and go home to protect our coast, though," he added, "I presume you will annex us, and the first thing I shall hear from you will be a proposition to extend to me the hospitalities of London."

I will not dwell on our journey down the Rhine, because many an abler pen than mine has described that beautiful river, and also because the study which has given most interest to my life has been the study of *human* nature. All the natural scenery I have had the pleasure to see has not stirred my heart one-half as much as my kind. I enjoyed much that I saw in Cologne, but the *people* on their knees in the Cathedral moved me more than the beautiful architecture of the building, and the sight of a poor woman with patched clothes saying her prayers on the cold stones, while her baby child took the mother's face between her little hands and kissed it, brought tears to my eyes, while the four stone women kneeling behind our Lord failed utterly to move me; but perhaps my stoicism came from the fact that their hands were adorned with wreaths of blue paper roses, faded and dirty! The beadle in the Cathedral was most kind to us and urged us to return to the afternoon

service. This we did, and found the pulpit occupied by a priest. The congregation was small, and consisted chiefly of women. The priest impressed upon them the duty of entire submission to the will of their husbands. When he left the pulpit our friend the beadle, in a scarlet robe, escorted him to the sacristy, and then brought another priest, who mounted the steps of the pulpit. I was very tired and sat still in the pew Nelly and I were in. I had chosen this pew because it was cushioned and had a door. The second sermon had scarcely begun when the beadle marched down the aisle with the first preacher behind him. They paused in front of the pew where we sat, and the beadle touching me with his staff told me to leave the pew, it "belonged to the priests, and no woman could ever sit there." I left it instantly, and the terror I had prevented for a few moments my finding a pew *without* a cushion. When the second sermon was ended the whole congregation came forward and knelt around the Virgin's altar. The twilight was just fading; men and boys had come in from their day's work, and then began a most delightful anthem, in which the whole congregation joined. The stone figures in blue wreaths were lost in obscurity, and this crowd of the poor asked most devoutly that the Holy Virgin would protect them through the night.

I left Cologne with regret, remembering well the words of a young friend who, after visiting Munich and Nuremberg, said, "After seeing the wonders in those two cities, the thought that I must return to Philadelphia with only the Academy of Natural Sciences makes me shudder." Many things have been added to us in Philadelphia since the year of our Lord 1868 for which we are profoundly

grateful, not forgetting that pioneer, "The Academy of Natural Sciences."

We left Cologne by railroad on the morning of May 23 and reached Berlin in the evening of the same day. I bought our tickets and saw to our baggage being weighed and marked, all in my admirable German, and when we reached the train I asked for a "damen coupé." The guard took us to one already occupied by three passengers. I entreated the guard to open another carriage, but he was inexorable, and we five entered much annoyed, and the three already there scarcely less so. The first of our fellow-passengers who attracted my attention was a pretty young girl who was bidding "Good-by" to an elderly gentleman, apparently her father. He laughed heartily at our annoyance, and when he left said to her, "You will find those English not pleasant travelling companions." This annoyed me, and I determined that before the day was over the "pretty girl" should find that we were not English, and that we were "charming." I began first to conciliate the fat lady, who had the most comfortable seat in the carriage and who had been unpleasant about our bags and bundles. I asked her if she were tired, and she said, "Yes, I left Paris last evening." I then performed an act of civility towards the "pretty girl," and felt I was on the road to making her our friend; the third poor soul I looked at and concluded she was the maid of the "fat lady." But I was soon undeceived; I found she was a Pole, knowing no language but her own, and placed under the care of the fat lady at the Paris Station. After I had gathered all that I could concerning her own history, I let the fat lady alone and she fell asleep. She

was a German, married to a Frenchman. The "pretty girl" joined in our conversation, and before we reached Hamm, her destination, she thanked me for my kindness and said she wished her father had known when he left her how well she would be cared for by our party. I told her to tell him with my compliments that she had not found the English very "troublesome," at which she laughed heartily, and said she wished we would all come back to Cologne and see something of society, being sure we would enjoy it, but as she gave us no address how could we enter society there except through the Scarlet Beadle? After the pretty girl left us the fat lady said she would like to dine with us at the dining station. This she did apparently with good appetite, and after she had dined she threw up her hands and eyes and said, "Oh, ma belle France, when shall I see thee again?" In the afternoon she produced a roasted chicken, and after eating the whole of it except the thigh and backbone, she wrapped these remains in a paper and handed them to the poor Pole. After a few minutes she told me she was sure she would be too much overcome at seeing her daughter when she arrived in Berlin to make it possible for her to see to the safe conduct of the Pole to the Warsaw Station, and then asked me to do this. I agreed, and my daughter offered to help me. The poor Pole was drowned in tears when informed of this change, fearing, with her slender knowledge of French, that she was about to be cast on the wide world alone. I convinced her finally through reassuring nods that she would not be deserted, and after tranquillity had been restored the fat lady asked the Pole (in French) why she had gone to Paris. To this question the Pole

made no answer, and the lady asked me why she had gone, but finding me unable to solve the question, she said, "Sans doute pour faire les conquêtes." She then asked the Pole whether she liked the Emperor of Russia. This question was answered by a succession of growls and grimaces, the meaning of which was unmistakable, and I felt that if growls and grimaces could destroy the government, the Emperor of Russia would have been that day hurled from his throne. It was a cruel question to ask, but we again endeavored to cheer the Pole and succeeded. When we reached Berlin my daughter and I took care of the poor soul, but not before the fat lady had called my attention to her daughter, saying, "N'est pas qu'elle est belle." We looked for the coach which was to carry passengers to the station for Warsaw, and my daughter made an earnest appeal to the guard of the coach to take good care of the poor Pole. Never shall I forget that moment. The guard lifted his lantern to look at my child's face, heard her honest appeal to the end, and then with a broad smile on his honest German face, said, "I will do as you desire, Fräulein, with pleasure." We bid the Pole farewell, she giving my arm a wreath of kisses reaching from my shoulder to my hand, while I thanked God that my child had thus early learned to feel for the sorrows of others.

We all felt at home again in Berlin and began anew a life of study and recreation. I found Mrs. von Ranke still patient, still motionless, but delighted with the book-rack, the gift of my friend, Mrs. John Field. She told me that one of the royal family had said the gift was "like a hand-shake between America and Prussia." As my two young charges were to leave for America in the

autumn we began shortly after to make preparations for this change. Supplies of linen were to be bought, and we went again to the shop where we had essayed to speak German and the shopman had answered us with effort in English. We found him affable as before, and although we told him in German we wanted to look at towels, he brought out some and said, "I have found it very difficult to become such a towel as this." We agreed with him, and then asked for some other articles, which he was obliged to look for at a distant part of the store; he bowed low and said, "Execute me in an instant." My companion, Looli, bought twelve dozen children's napkins, and the young man said, "Have you, then, so many young sisters and brothers?"

Soon the time came when we were saying "Good-by" to our dear relatives and friends. They all bid us farewell with regret, and Mrs. Bancroft urged me to return in time to help her entertain Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame and the Chinese members of the Commission from China.

Our first stopping-place was Dresden, where we spent our days principally in the galleries, and where I saw for the first time the Madonna which to me is the finest in the world,—the only one I ever saw with an expression of intelligence and consequently with beauty. But I am not writing a book on art criticism, nor yet a guide-book. I therefore hurry my reader to Nuremberg, where we spent twenty-four hours. The girls were delighted with the sight of the font in one of the churches from which King Wenzel was baptized in 1361. I was surprised at their enthusiasm until I found they had just made the acquaintance of this king in their German history. The graveyard delighted me because there were

fresh flowers on Albrecht Dürer's grave, and he lived three hundred years ago, and with us the memory of our great men often survives only as many days. The chapel of the Holzschuher family interested me much. They began life many hundred years ago in the manufacture of wooden shoes, and far from covering up their antecedents (as we do, I grieve to say), on each vault is carved a wooden shoe. I felt glad when I saw this, and if I ever ask for a gravestone, it will be with a caldron of soap upon it stirred with a lightning-rod.

Of course we visited the Torture Chambers. The only instrument of which I cordially approved were wooden churns with holes in the top large enough to admit the head of a human being. Into these drunken people were placed and their heads exposed in the public streets. I confess this method of curing this miserable and degrading vice recommended itself to me more than either the "pledge" or the "Keeley cure."

Our next step was to Munich, where we spent so much time in the galleries that I felt as if my joints were unhooked, but I could not bear to hurry the children, who were enthusiastic over the portraits of the kings, from Charlemagne down to Charles XII., and when I proposed leaving the gallery, Becky called out, "Do not go now; here are all the old fellows we have just been studying about." We passed through many interesting places without many adventures. In Salzburg I broke the lock of my trunk, and when it was returned and I gave the youth who brought it a few kreutzers, he instantly fell on his knees and kissed my hand several times; the chambermaid opened the door during this

ceremony, and was so surprised at seeing a youth at my feet that she beat a hasty retreat.

At last we reached Paris, and I would have been glad to leave it in twenty-four hours. Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" came back to me at every turn. I had no friends then in Paris; I saw only the guides in the public buildings and the shopkeepers; these last were fascinating when they effected a sale, but excessively rude when they did not. At first they complimented me upon my charming French accent, and being thus flattered I bought several articles I did not want and had to go without many things I needed. On declining to buy some pocket-handkerchiefs the shopkeeper said, "Madame, vous demandez trop pour votre argent vous êtes du canaille." At the street corner, near the hotel there was a woman who assaulted me every day with bunches of toothpicks. I declined them many times gratefully and as I thought gracefully; at last I said "Non," and she roared into my ear, "Diable!" The people then, in the year of our Lord 1868, had not a look of freedom from care; the city itself seemed to me empty of all solid and real pleasure. Painted women, and men with their moustaches gummed into sharp points, met us at every turn. I did my best to reform one evil, and that was putting infants away to nurse. A little woman who was making some lingerie for one of my girls told me that she had a lovely baby, and when I asked to see it, she told me she had placed it with a nurse four leagues from Paris. I remonstrated vainly with her. She assured me she was doing her very best for the little one. Her husband was engaged in the manufacture of busts, and she attended her shop for the

purpose of giving their child an education which would enable it to rise in the world. When I assured her the best education a little child could have was beside its mother I argued vainly; she only shrugged her shoulders, and I left her. I was then in much anxiety, for my daughter had been ailing for many days, and at the end of a week the doctor sent us from Paris to Versailles. She grew more and more ill, and finally her malady developed into typhoid fever. I cannot bear to dwell on the six weeks which followed, but I should do a great injustice to the doctors and nurses who cared for her if I did not say that I never saw a case more skilfully managed. The nurses came from the Roman Catholic order called "The Sisters of Hope." At first they took their service in turn, but the Sister Angelique was finally left in charge of the case, through my entreaty with the Mother Superior, who stipulated that as her vow obliged her to see that the Sisters should attend a daily early mass, and should each have five hours' sleep in the twenty-four, she would leave the Sister with the child if I would see that she went to mass. This she did daily at six A.M. On her return she had her breakfast, attended to the little patient, and went to the convent at nine, where she slept. In the afternoon she returned to us. The doctors were most skilful; the attending physician lived in Versailles, the consulting physician was the head of the Typhoid Hospital in Paris. For some time nourishment in liquid form was given to the child every fifteen minutes, her mouth being previously washed with lemon-juice and water. I was exhausted with the two weeks' watching before I had the nurse, but I had sufficient life left to watch her movements with pleasure. She was one

of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She never forgot anything that would give her charge comfort, and when not otherwise occupied she knelt on the floor beside a sheet doubled in four and through a fine cloth sifted starch, rubbing it into the sheet until the surface was like satin; this was placed under the child to prevent, if possible, what the physicians much dreaded, the breaking of the skin by the bones. But I forbear. Only the joys of my life should be chronicled here, but the alleviations I have spoken of above have been tried with success by some of my friends in like cases, and that fact must plead my excuse. After many weeks the convalescent period began; the child then slept much and the "Sœur Angelique" began to occupy herself in the evening making flowers for the decoration of the altar in the convent chapel, of which she was sacristan, for a fête-day which was near at hand. She told me that "La Petite," my child, had taken so much of her time that she feared she should not be able to finish her work entirely. I offered to help her, but with an almost imperceptible shudder she said, "Non, madame, je vous remercie." The next evening she said, "If it will amuse madame she may help me." By this time my spirits were returning, and I told her I knew she had asked her priest whether the flowers would be injured by being touched by Protestant hands; she was much surprised that "madame" should have guessed so correctly, and confessed that she had done so, and the father told her "no." So we sat together, talked and worked. I confess I was surprised at her ignorance, but I loved her dearly. She did not know that any Protestants believed in God, and when she found that the Holy Trinity was

as dear to me as to her she was overcome. One evening she lit two candles nearly two feet high for us to work by and said, "Look there, madame, those candles are like my Church, they light above." I said, "I agree, but the Church like the candles leave the world dark enough." Instead of being offended she told me I was very droll. In all those weeks I had heard no word of English except from my young niece, who was banished from the rooms occupied by the patient and whom I saw only rarely.

We parted with "Sœur Angelique" with sorrow. I wanted to make her a present, but she assured me her vows prevented her accepting anything for herself. Her work was for Christ's Church. The next year I went to Rome, and there got for her a little crucifix in silver, which I took to Pope Pius IX. and had blessed. Sydney Biddle took it to Versailles, and gave it to her for the altar of her chapel, and she was happy. Never did I see any human being more free from guile than this woman; her life devoted to the service of God and His creatures, and when I parted from her I said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Before we left Versailles we saw in the grounds and in the galleries much that interests all strangers, but while Marie Antoinette and her life was of more interest to me, I found guards and guides absorbed with the Napoleonic dynasties. I was indignant with this, and when one of the guard pointed out a large oil-painting of the French army entering Mexico, I asked him wickedly whether there was any painting of the French army leaving Mexico. But it was not French guards and guides who were extolling the Bonapartes; an American

lady told me that the Empress Eugénie had petitioned the Pope to have "Madame Elizabeth" canonized, and added, "Was that not graceful?" "She had better not be awkward in these days," I answered, little dreaming then that the most awkward days were close to the footsteps of Louis Napoleon and his wife.

We left Versailles and returned to Paris for a short time before leaving for Berlin, where we were to pass a second winter. I found my little maker of lingerie in her shop, but in deep mourning; the moment she saw me she threw herself on my shoulder and burst into tears, telling me that her baby was dead, and that on the night it had died she had said to her husband, "If we had taken the advice of that American lady we would not have this sorrow, but we will amend." Two years after, a friend of mine went to employ her, and after telling her who had sent her, the little woman took her to a corner where hung a little hammock in which a chubby baby lay sleeping and said, "Look at that; my husband and I are happier and more grateful every day."

We came into Paris hurriedly and went to a hotel which had been strongly recommended to me, but finding it very expensive, I decided to leave it. The next day I found other and more quiet quarters, but as the waiter had lighted twelve candles in our rooms when we arrived, all of which we had to pay for, I decided to take them with me. I put them in my travelling-bag, which I carried down-stairs myself, as the porter and a servant had the other "light luggage," and Nelly's feeble steps to look after. In the middle of our passage down-stairs my bag flew open and out rolled the candles, rattling down-stairs in front of me. All stopped short, no one

attempting to pick them up. I did this myself, shut the bag, and the procession moved on, I wishing I had never seen a candle.

We saw many of the sights in Paris, some beautiful, others horrible, and to me it is still the city in the world where extremes meet. I was told there was a place in Paris where spoiled meat was sold to the poor, and that close to this market sat men and women who for a centime cooked the meat over charcoal furnaces while the purchaser waited for it. I had been watching the gay carriages in the streets for some time, and then took a fiacre and drove to the market above described. There it was in all its horror before my eyes, and, alas! before my nose. I left in profound pity and disgust. I saw the Foundling Asylum, and my heart ached for the babies lying in rows like soldiers waiting for action when I thought of the battle of life which was before those who outlived their infancy; but I confess a foundling asylum like that one in Paris appeals much more strongly to me than the "baby farming" in our own country, or the bundle deposited on the vacant lots or door steps. If each American woman, whose path in life is easy, would undertake to see that some one unfortunate woman and child are kept together, baby farms would disappear, and one terrible form of vice would die out. "I speak that I do know." The best and safest road for a woman's life is through her children. It is the strongest tie on earth. American women, what say ye?

CHAPTER XIII

I LEFT Paris without a pang, glad indeed to shake its dust from my feet, and returned to Berlin, but not to housekeeping. Louisa and Maria had sailed for America and left us sadly missing them. We three who were left went into a pension kept by Frau von Holzendorff. She was a gentlewoman in every sense of the word. Well-read, a charming companion, and one with whom sorrow had sat from the beginning of her life. We were then the only members of her winter household except a young man from New York, who came daily to our parlor for advice! I gave all that he asked, for he was alone and often in a dilemma. Dr. Richard Derby from New York was to arrive in a few days, also S. Dana Horton from Ohio, and A. Sydney Biddle from my own State, who was then in a small village on the Rhine assisting in the vintage. All the villagers turn out on these occasions, and are allowed to be as jolly as they please. They may shout, sing, and fire pistols day and night; from the description A. Sydney Biddle gave us, it must be a long drawn out "Fourth of July." He at the close of the vintage gave a party, inviting those of the villagers whose acquaintance he had made. The party began at seven in the evening and lasted all night. Young and old all danced to the music of ten wind instruments! The young maidens of the village made for him a huge garland, which they insisted on hanging about his neck, and at four in the morning he escorted the wife

of the clergyman of the village and her daughter to their home. And so the vintage ended.

Here I must record an experience of the young New York member of our household. He went to the Berlin University to be matriculated, and having been told that he would enter more satisfactorily if he had come from some college in America, and as he had been a pupil in Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College, when, therefore, the professors asked him at what college he had been educated he announced the name; a murmur of astonishment was all he heard, and he was asked to write the name, and that produced nothing but an assurance that Bryant and Stratton had never been heard of; and when, desiring to reassure the professors, he mentioned that he came from New York, that fact, to his great surprise, produced no impression, though he thought it an "open sesame" everywhere. He told me with a sigh that although he was admitted to the college, he feared he was "eyed with suspicion."

My cousins were loving and faithful to us all. I saw them constantly, and many of our simple pleasures came through them. My life was quiet; I often spent many hours working and hearing no sound but the ticking of the clock. We sorely missed the two dear girls who had left us. My child had lost so much of her hair that the hair-dresser of the Crown Princess urged her head being shaved. This was done, and she wore little close-fitting caps which I made for her. The boys in the streets saluted her with, "Thou art out in the street with thy nightcap on!" Rude boys they were, but I must confess all the Germans are not polite.

I found my new plated tea-kettle without its lamp one

day, and on inquiring as to it, the maid told me she had forgotten to return it; she was going to a party the night before and her hair-dresser asked for a spirit lamp to crimp her hair, and she had taken my tea-kettle lamp.

We went on one Sunday morning to the Dom Church to a solemn service appointed for the Brandenburg Synod. Mr. Horton had seats for us, and although the church was crowded we were comfortably placed, and there was no shoving or pushing to the front. The old clergy took the seats appointed for them, looking very imposing. The King was there and members of the Royal Family. I was most interested in the administration of the Holy Communion. It was the most quiet, the most solemn celebration I had ever seen. The members of the Synod entered the chancel by a gate at the right side of the altar. Four knelt at a time, receiving the bread, then rising they passed to the left side of the altar and received the wine-cup. Not one of them touched with their hands either bread or wine-cup. The choir sang in low tones verses from Scripture; in the pauses the voices of the administering clergy were heard. There was no sound from the congregation to mar the solemnity of the service, and I felt glad that the recipients had the opportunity to commune with their God without distraction.

Shortly after I went again to the Dom to witness the ordination of Otto von Ranke, the son of Mrs. von Ranke, and at her request. She told me his father would be there, but his sister was away from home, and she wanted some one to go who would tell her all about it. I did this with pleasure, and after I had described everything to her she said, "When anything like this happens in my family I feel restive, and then I try to think, 'I am

a prisoner of the Lord.' " Many of mankind feel that they are prisoners in some sense, but most of us kick against the pricks, while she, bound hand and foot, taught us a lesson in patience.

About this time Mr. Anson P. Burlingame arrived in Berlin with the Chinese embassy, he having been appointed by the government of China the head of the embassy, which came with power to negotiate treaties commercial and otherwise. I was invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with Mr. Burlingame and his wife, on whom I called the next day. A few days after I went again to their quarters at the Hotel de Rom to see the embassy depart for the palace, where they were presented to the King. I took the children with me. The King's chamberlain came for them, and with him came three crimson court carriages. Each carriage had two footmen in cocked hats, powdered wigs, knee-breeches, long silk stockings, and pumps! Their coats were covered with Prussian eagles. The weather was bitterly cold, and when I began to pity the shivering legs of the footmen a German lady advised me not to waste my sympathy, as there were woollen stockings underneath their silk ones. The carriages of the nobility flew past the hotel, the inmates anxious to reach the castle before the embassy should arrive. Finally the chamberlain ordered the carriages to draw up. Mr. Burlingame got in first, then the Chinese first in rank, then the interpreter (a Frenchman), and lastly the chamberlain. Other members of the embassy followed, and all was over. I felt, I confess, proud that an American should hold the first rank in this procession, and that

a young nation should assist in making two old nations better known to each other. The next day the embassy dined with the king. The tables were laid with eighty covers. Mrs. Burlingame went, and I heard she looked lovely. She was much admired, and had a repose of manner most unusual with the American women, especially with those travelling in foreign lands.

The next entertainment given for the strangers was an evening reception by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, to which I went and was delighted. The rooms were full of Germans and Americans, and the gorgeous costumes of the Chinese were something to be remembered. Mr. Bancroft was very jolly and the mandarins in high spirits. Mr. Bancroft introduced each guest to the members of the embassy with a little biographical preface. Professor Telcampf was a "member of the House of Lords." Dr. Auerbach "the rising star in German literature." Colonel von Steinecke "the king's right-hand man." My cousin, the Baroness von der Heydt, "the daughter of the great Prussian financier." When my turn came he said, "This is the granddaughter of the man who stood side by side with Washington in the struggle for American independence, the man who was one of the greatest philosophers the world ever knew, the Confucius of America." This brought down the topknots of the mandarins. Their clothes were gorgeous, and one of the interpreters spoke English fluently and well, talked of Carlyle, Frederick the Great, and Motley as if he were one of us. His name was Fung Yee. I found him a most remarkable man. He came constantly to see us and was very jolly. At a ball given by Lord Loftus, the English ambassador, he asked the Rev. Dr. Bellson which

was the easiest dance, as he desired to join the dancers. Dr. Bellson told him that, not dancing himself, he was unable to tell him. Mrs. von Ranke asked me to take him to see her; he consented gladly, and a few evenings after I found myself driving in the embassy carriage with A. Sydney Biddle, young Burlingame, and a man in petticoats. Mrs. von Ranke and Mr. Fung had many things in common to talk about. We had tea, but as the Germans always pour off the first water with which the tea is made, I did not think my Celestial friend enjoyed it, but I did admire the courtly grace with which he took leave of the dear lady, bowing low to her with his hand on his heart and thanking her for her invitation to come to see her. This he did very often, and was especially delighted with her translation of a Chinese poem.

Christmas was close upon us. I dreaded it, knowing full well how much we should miss the two who made it bright for us in 1868. The "Jahr Market" I enjoyed very much because I could speak to the natives in their own tongue. The pavement in front of our house was filled with hobby-horses, the overflow of a toy-shop near us, but we were not disturbed by them. We were at all the entertainments given to the Chinese, and at last persuaded my cousin, the Baroness von der Heydt, to entertain them with a "Christmas tree." She did, and it was a charming evening. I met many Germans during that winter; all were kind and cordial, asking permission to see me "under the roof" that they might have a "small conversation." Mr. Kutter, a friend of the von der Heydts, delighted me much, he was full of fun, and asking me what I missed most from my own country,

I rashly answered, "Roasted oysters." He said he would give "such a supper." My dear cousin, Mrs. Schmidt, offered her house for the occasion, and it was decided that the evening for the supper should be arranged between the Baroness Alice von der Heydt and Mr. Gustave Kutter. A few days after I received the following telegram:

"We have the honor to invite you and your select male friends to oyster bake on Monday evening, eight o'clock.

"ALICE AND GUSTAVE."

I knew the "select male friends" meant A. Sydney Biddle, my dear young friend of Philadelphia, who was making himself perfect in the German language, and also learning to play on the zither; Dr. Richard H. Derby, of New York, who was studying the diseases of the eye; and S. Dana Horton, of Ohio, a young lawyer deep in the study of old Roman law; so I at once mailed the following reply to my friends:

"Dearest Alice and, oh! thou still dearer Gustave!
I write at this moment to say that I have
Your most welcome despatch, and your fine oyster bake
Will see me right early (Gustave, for your sake).

"For my males I can't answer, mails are always departin',
And males, that are white folks, are ever 'unsartin,'
But I'll give them the message when me meet at dinner
And if any can't come he will be a true sinner.

"But an instrument mainly engages Herr Biddle,
A thing with much string, though it is not a fiddle.
But the instrument I should most value for life,
To employ all my time,—is a steel oyster-knife.

"Dr. Derby is busy,—he devotes all his mind
To this pleasant task,—giving sight to the blind.
The eye that I hope he will gouge out to-morrow
Is the eye of an oyster, 'twill give no one a sorrow.

"Mr. Horton is deep in the old Roman laws,
But I'm sure in that study he'll readily pause;
And if he is hungry we'll see his bright face,
While the law, to necessity, gladly gives place."

On the evening appointed at the home of Mrs. Schmidt we all met. Count Seisel and Mr. Kutter opened the door to admit us, arrayed in white caps and aprons as men cooks. They "baked" the oysters, which we ate with appetite, and did not tell the cooks they were not like "home oysters." The king's chamberlain, Baron von Steinuke, was present with his wife, and we were all full of fun.

The guests were few. The proceedings were detailed the next day to the King, who "found" the Americans "very amusing," and laughed heartily. Abut this time Mr. Bancroft came to tell me that Count Bismarck had heard there was in Berlin a descendant of Franklin and had asked Mrs. Bancroft to give him an opportunity to see her. Mr. Bancroft added that he had asked Count Bismarck to name a day when he would take supper at the legation, and he would invite me. The count had gallantly answered, "I will leave that to the lady." Mr. Bancroft then proposed that the supper should take place on Washington's Birthday, then close at hand. I agreed, and there met the great man whose sun had risen, but not to his full glory then, a man who was a patriot and who loved his king and was his best adviser. He held his helmet when I was taken by Mr. Bancroft to speak to him. As we approached him he tucked the helmet under his left arm, and, taking my hand in both of his, he said, "I am proud to hold in my hand the blood of so great a man." He then asked me

whether my mother was Franklin's daughter. I told him, "No; his granddaughter." He then asked me whether my mother had remembered her grandfather, and many other questions, which I answered. He then said, "I may seem to you to be too curious, but I hope the *cause* may justify my curiosity." He said he could not understand why, if Franklin was born in Massachusetts, he was so closely identified with Pennsylvania. He was evidently well posted, and only laughed when I said that Franklin had left Massachusetts as early in life as he could. He then spoke of the customs in the two countries, and told me he should be glad to visit America. I answered him he would be heartily welcomed; he commented on the height of American women, and I suppose I was several inches taller on this occasion than ever before; he asked me whether I did not think the German bedsteads were short, and as I agreed with him, he told me that he had implored his cabinet-maker to make him a bedstead seven feet long, and that the man had told him it would "humiliate him to make such a thing." When he brought the bedstead home he said it was humiliating for Count Bismarck to lie in such a thing. The whole conversation lasted a long time, he speaking beautiful English and only at a loss for one word. I helped him to that one word, and we parted.

Early in March, 1869, I determined to go to Italy. I was urged to do this by all my friends, especially by the young friend who was to accompany me, A. Sydney Biddle. I left my girls well, happy, and tenderly cared for, and enjoyed every moment after I had left the Berlin Station. I had travelling companions, all women. The two elders, it appeared, had been watching me in

the station, and had seen me appeal to Mr. Horton or the children when I wanted a question asked, so the first remark I heard was, "She must be English, she cannot be an American, for the Americans learn our language quickly." For once in my life I was willing to pose as an English dullard, rather than allow the ladies to think there was even *one* stupid American. The young girl wept when our train left Berlin and again when the two elders left at their station, so having dried my own tears through the medium of a sandwich and believing that food is necessary for the unhappy, I offered her one and asked her in my best German why she wept; she took the sandwich and said, "Because I am alone." I assured her she was not alone, and that I would be her friend and protector if she needed one. She cheered up instantly, and told me she was going to make a visit in Leipzig to her aunt, but she had never travelled before without her mother. Then she added, "I shall journey to Russia soon." I said, "With your mother?" "No," she said, blushing very much; "I am to marry a Russian." There were no traces of tears then. She told me her trousseau was all made at home with an American sewing-machine, and asking me if I would like to see her lover's picture, she produced a crystal ball, on one side of which was a watch and on the other side a picture of "Adolf Sigel," a very handsome young man. She left me at Leipzig and I went on alone to Munich, which I reached the next morning, and having there met A. Sydney Biddle, we pursued our journey to Innsbruck at once, reaching there on the afternoon of the same day. I shall not describe this strange old town. I leave all descriptions of places to the long line of Baedeckers

who have made the world so happy. Sydney had selected a hotel where Goethe had once stayed. I asked the German maid to show us Goethe's room; she told us it was occupied, but that the ladies were out. She tried the door, it yielded, and the ladies were there. With quiet self-possession she said, "Did you ring?" and then adding "Excuse me," she closed the door. The room my young companion slept in had formerly been occupied by Joseph II. I had the room in which he gave audience to his generals. A picture of His Majesty hung over my bed, but the majesty of sleep overpowered me, and I knew nothing until I was aroused at two-thirty A.M., and we began at four our journey across the Alps, over the Brenner Pass. It was quite dark when we entered the train; but soon the stars began to die out one by one and daylight came to us. It was the grandest sight I ever saw. The snow mountains glittered in the sunlight, looking as fresh and fair as any young girl in her teens. I felt solemn when I thought that the mountains had stood there in all their loveliness ever since the world began, while even I had seen so many young girls fade and turn to old women with sadness taking the place of bloom on their sweet faces. But I was roused from my revery by hearing my young companion and our only two fellow-travellers, both Germans, talking together. One said he had been sixteen years in California and had there amassed a fortune making candy. He added that the death of his only child had made his wife a lunatic, and that there was nothing for him to do but to travel; but he still seemed to look back with profound satisfaction to the days when he dabbled in treacle. We arrived in Verona at one o'clock in the

day and began our sight-seeing. I could have stayed the rest of the day at the Church of St. Zanoni, but having prepared ourselves through the medium of an Italian grammar and the reading of a comedy for the study of the Italian language, we both insisted on speaking the language of the country. Indeed, before the day was out I waxed so bold as to address a young boy on the impropriety of his smoking at his tender age, telling him his complexion would be bad and he dwarfed. How I did this I know not, and I am still in the dark as to whether my first sermon in Italian produced a change of habit in the lad. We saw many sights, including Juliet's tomb and the House of the Capulets. The former I think a fraud, for when I asked a man who showed it to us why so many tombstones had other names than Capulet upon them, he promptly answered, and with a deep sigh, "They were friends of Juliet who desired to be buried near her." His grief at this recital was so profound that I felt tempted to ask him whether they had all been recently buried. Poor Juliet! We hear *sometimes* of those who rise up and bless the departed, but seldom of those who crave the privilege of lying beside us in the grave. But strange things happen after we are gone. A young officer told me once in our own country during the late war that he would be glad to lay down his life for his country, but could not bear the idea that if he were killed some girl might rise up and say she was engaged to him.

The house of the Capulets disappointed me much. A tall house in a narrow street seemed to me scarcely a convenient place for a young man in silk tights, with big bows on his shoes, to be whispering soft nothings

to a young lady in a balcony the size of a chicken-coop. I looked all afternoon for the "Two Gentlemen," and thought I saw one of them with a light-green "Spanish" cloak hung over his left shoulder; fatigue and the fast gathering twilight compelled me to abandon the search for the "Second Gentleman."

The next morning, after a restless night spent in damp sheets, we began again our tramp through the town. The Amphitheatre interested me so much that I must say a few words about it. Built in 284 by Diocletian, it was destroyed by the hand of man and by earthquake, but in the sixteenth century it was restored. Previous to that time it was the resort of the low and profligate, and this fact is by M. Valery considered a sufficient reason for the silence of Dante with regard to the Amphitheatre at Verona; other writers say that Dante took from the form and internal arrangements of the building his idea of Hell as described in the "Inferno." The sight of the arena empty filled me with awe; what must have been the feelings of its occupants when twenty-seven thousand were blessed there at one occasion by Pope Pius VI.? Our time was short, and we went to the "Tombs of the Scaligers," a family who scattered benefits on all with whom they came in contact in life. They began life as ladder-makers, but between the fourth and fifth centuries their influence was paramount in the government. This must be a consoling thought to those of us who have climbed the ladder of life by the help of pedlers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and soap-boilers.

The next morning we left for Venice, where we spent five days, every moment of which was a delight. Many of the pictures moved me to tears, while the noiseless

streets of water made me feel as if I were in another world than ours. We left Venice with regret and stopped for a few hours in Padua, which seemed to me to be falling into decay, and venturing to suggest this to my scholarly young companion, I was told that Padua would not fall into decay while it contained so many profound thinkers and so many learned scholars, so I comforted myself with the thought that grass grew in its streets because the inhabitants were in-doors poring over books, in order *later* to enlighten men's minds. No opportunity did my young companion miss for the storing of his mind. Early and late he had his books beside him. He knew the churches and public buildings which we visited without looking into a guide-book, and when I asked for any information he would say, "It is in B 6," or, "In A 4," and so on, so that when, after leaving Padua, I found myself suffering from the damp sheets in Verona and could not draw a breath without pain, I was obliged to prop myself against a wall in Bologna, our next stopping-place, to laugh at his prompt replies. Much that we saw in Bologna interested us. The people seemed different from the Italians we had as yet seen. They were more quiet and less obtrusive than in Verona, and yet more wide awake than those in Venice. Italy was to me like reading a delightful novel, each page we turned in each city gave us new ideas. The pictures delighted me. Raphael's St. Cecelia, the Crucifixion, and the Slaughter of the Innocents by Guido Reni were to me the most moving pictures I had ever seen. In one of the churches in Bologna I waited some time. A penitent was kneeling in the confessional when I entered, and a few minutes after another woman came in, and after

kneeling in the aisle she rose and, coming towards me, said, "Are you waiting to confess?" I said "No," and she said, "I am so glad, for I am in a hurry too, but that woman there seems to have a good deal to say," and with a shrug of her shoulders she left me. I was very tired when we left Bologna for Florence, and laid down in the railway carriage while Sydney studied the guide-books. We had not gone far when two gentlemen were put into the compartment, and from one of them I had a good lesson in Christian tolerance. I rose when they came in, and one of them said, "Do not disturb yourself," and then began a lively conversation. He asked us in French, after finding our Italian faulty, where we had been and how we liked all we had seen. I said, "I am much pleased with your churches." "They are not my churches," was the answer. "Then you are a Protestant as I am," said I. "No; I am an Israelite," said he; "but as the Almighty tolerates me, I hope you will be able to." He bowed as he spoke and I felt reproved. We reached Florence safely and easily found our new friends, the Miss Horners, and were most warmly welcomed. We next paid our respects to the then United States minister and his wife, and then I gave up all effort and went to bed with pain in my side. The tender care that the Miss Horners gave me I can never forget. One came every morning and the other every evening telling me charming stories about the English in their own homes. Mr. and Mrs. Horner had visited Sydney Smith, and had not only seen "Bunch" tying the reverend gentlemen's shoes, but had made the acquaintance of the donkeys with the horns fastened on their heads for "make-believe deer." I was shut away from sight-seeing for

six days, but those days bound me to these dear friends with ties that can never be broken. When I was well they took me to the studio of Powers, the sculptor. I was delighted with this interview. He told me that he preached his sermons in stone, and showing me his statue of Eve, he said, "She says, 'I have sinned, but I repent.'" I thought there should be a second part to that sermon describing the sensations of Adam! But I find in this, the first page of the history of man, that Adam and *his* sin are quietly left in the background, and so it is to this hour. "The woman tempted me and I did eat" is still heard in our midst, and, alas! all over the world. I saw much in Florence that was of great interest, but I will not indulge myself by describing what all, who will take the trouble to read these pages, have probably seen since 1869. After my illness was over I appeared for the first time at the breakfast-table in our most comfortable pension. I there found two Englishwomen in hot dispute over the early life of Mary Magdalene. As they grew more and more animated I found that both thought her education had been neglected. I felt disposed to ask, "Who will cast the first stone?" but fearing I might offend, I only laughed, and when they saw me laughing they laughed also, and one of them said, "Were we not ridiculous?" and so began a pleasant acquaintance. There are, however, or perhaps I should say were, ridiculous people everywhere. At the table-d'hôte in Bologna a portly American told us, in a loud voice, that he had seen every palace in all Italy, and that he found no modern conveniences in a single one. My young companion quivered, but I told him to cheer up; that the speaker was no doubt a retired plumber, and he had a right to

speak well of his own line of business if he thought it would benefit mankind. But the Americans were not alone in making loud comments. An Englishman remarked that "Americans had ruined travel on the Continent for the English," that they were so "aggressive and inquisitive." I could not defend my people on this score, but I yearned to tell him that an Englishwoman had said to me, "Is it not very awkward for you to take your meals with your servants in America?" I answered, "My family have not done so for four generations; what they did before they left England I do not know." I grieved much over the ignorance of our brethren of the mother-country. A young Oxford student, a charming fellow, asked me in Florence what was the capital of the United States, but he and his friend with him were eager to learn, and we were sorry to bid them good-by in Florence. I was entreated by my friend S. D. Horton not to criticise any work of art in Italy until I had seen it thoroughly. I followed his advice as far as I could, but though it may be shocking to some, I took but one look at Titian's Venus, when I came to the conclusion she looked fat and lazy, too lazy even to put her clothes on. The Germans I had found "hewers of wood," but in Italy they are "drawers of water." If I had my choice I should prefer the first occupation. When I was sufficiently recovered we left Florence for Rome. I parted with much sorrow from my friends the Miss Horners, and with regret from the "roquelaire" they had loaned me, which had once belonged to Lord Holland; it had comforted me much in my illness, though I attribute no healing powers to it because it had belonged to a peer.

We reached Rome safely, displayed our passports, and

went at once to look for private lodgings. We found them after much difficulty, for I refused to take those that were without sun. The house which we finally occupied was opposite a market-place, and, as the landlord told us, had sun "matin et soir," and so we found it. We had our dinners brought to us, and our house was taken care of by a woman whose name was "Tarquinia." She had five children and the saddest face I ever saw, but as I lived on in Rome I wondered that any one could be gay there. Squalor and misery on one hand and the splendor of the priests' robes dazzling you on the other. In Florence all was clean and bright and its people having some idea of life. Our first visit was to the Vatican, where we feasted our eyes and stored our minds for four hours, then we retired to a quiet corner and ate our luncheon. The Ecumenical Council was then in session, and I watched them, and on many days after the coming and going of the high dignitaries, members of the Council. They drove in gorgeous carriages, many of them with three footmen dressed with knee-breeches, cocked hats, and long cloaks. Amid all the gorgeous works of art on which I was feasting my eyes, and from which I hope I learned much, the people gave me daily added interest. The dark-eyed, mournful women holding babies and dragging other children by the hand, and seeming to have no rest and no hope for any in the future, the men sitting idle on the corners of the streets with not a glimmer of ambition on their faces. Squalor seeming to sit where once all was glorious, all this depressed me much, and I confess, the sight of an Italian paving the streets in this our country has cheered me, for though our streets are *not* well cleaned, there is hope

for the future. I liked much to watch the women in the market-place alluring the passers-by to purchase their fish or their green vegetables. I saw a woman on Good-Friday morning tempt a "friar of orders gray" with bull-frogs' hind legs. Either the woman or the legs were too much for him; he took the legs, put them carefully under his habit, and when he had paid for them the miserable temptress shook her finger derisively at him. I was more merciful; he looked pale and thin, and I felt sure he had a dispensation.

Beside the market there was a large tub in the Piazza, where poor women were allowed at stated intervals to do their "family wash." The tub was about twenty feet long and ten broad. It was filled with clean water twice in a month, and there twenty or thirty women worked together. Each woman brought her own soap, each using the edge of the tub, which was about a foot broad, for a washboard. Here all chattered, laughed, and sometimes fought. I saw one woman beat another with a wet sheet, and when she desisted, the compliment was returned by a succession of wet shirts rolled into balls and thrown full in the face of the assailant.

I could not wait to see whether shirts or sheets won the day, for just then a poor horse came along and began to drink the refuse water in the tub, which turned my attention and made me very miserable. When the wash-day was over the women, by a wonderful stretch of imagination, fancied their clothes clean. Then they departed for their own homes with their clothes still wet in baskets on their heads. In a niche made in a corner of the wall of a house opposite to ours there was a very gay image of the Blessed Virgin carved in wood and

painted in bright colors. Each passer-by saluted this figure, the men and boys removing their hats, the women dropping a courtesy. At the approach of Easter the image was taken away to have the paint renewed, but the salutation continued as before to the empty niche.

We were comfortably housed except for fleas, which swarmed about us. My young companion said they were able to hew trees, for they had already lopped his limbs; an old lady told me she consoled herself with the thought that one was never lonely where there were fleas. Our sitting-room was decorated by a miserable oil-painting of the Cenci, and hanging as a match to it was the portrait of our landlord in a dress suit and black satin stock. He had in the picture bright-red cheeks, in real life he was sallow. At this time the young Oxford students we had met in Florence came to Rome to spend Easter, and finding hotel life expensive had gone to the police head-quarters to find out where we were, and then came to us and settled themselves under the same roof. One was Mr. Bellingham, an Irishman, and the other Mr. Colquhoun, a Scotchman. We liked them both and they amused us not a little.

Meantime, we were gathering acquaintances in Rome among the English and Americans, and the young Oxford men were often included in the invitations extended to us. One of these young men had a title in prospect, and a title with Americans, as with English, is always attractive. Miss Anne Brewster was unremitting in her kindness to us, and being a strict Roman Catholic she gained us many an opportunity to see the sights which were closed to most Protestants. She obtained for us on the Sunday in Passion Week an entrance to the open

session of the Ecumenical Council, when the Litany of the Saints was sung by the dignitaries of the Church from all over the world. It was an imposing spectacle and a solemn occasion, which I cannot forget, but which I cannot describe; but our journey to St. Peter's on that day I must relate. My young companion went often to a shop where photographs were sold, where the head salesman was most obliging and looked up for him constantly photographs which were difficult to procure. On the afternoon before we were to go to the open Council this head salesman, whom I will name Mr. O., asked us whether we had ever seen the Ghetto on Sunday morning. We said, "No," and he obligingly asked to be allowed the privilege of taking us there on the next day. He assured us that if we would leave home at nine o'clock in the morning we could see all that could be seen at the Ghetto and reach St. Peter's in ample time for the open council. At nine o'clock Mr. O. appeared, we called for Miss Brewster, and reached the Ghetto, or "Jews' Quarter." We found it a "quarter" for all people, and whenever I hear the prayer for "Jews, Turks, infidels, etc.," I think of the Ghetto. In the middle of a large square stood a wagon with a white cover bordered with stripes of red material. This, Mr. O. told us, was the car of a travelling dentist. All sorts of music from hand-organs was going on when the dentist appeared with a case of instruments and a number of bottles containing liquid, which he shook as he placed himself in front of a little stand. Then half in Italian, half in miserable French, he began a harangue, offering to those before him a certain cure for toothache if those who were suffering from it would come to him. Finally

a middle-aged man accepted the invitation, and was told to open his mouth and shut his eyes. This he obediently did after showing the uncomfortable tooth. The dentist took an instrument a foot long, and plunging it into the offender, the patient opened eyes and mouth, uttering a loud cry, while his heels flew higher than his head. In a few seconds he was quiet again, and the operator filled the tooth with cotton soaked in the contents of one of the phials, and the patient pronounced himself cured! Then began a brisk sale of the little bottles. All this was so absorbing that we had not missed Mr. O. from our side. Then we got into our little open carriage, in a few minutes he came, and we drove off. Miss Brewster and I sat together in the carriage, Mr. O. opposite to us, and A. Sydney Biddle in front beside the driver. After a few minutes Miss Brewster pointed out to me a building, when to my horror and surprise Mr. O. said, fiercely, "You cannot look at that now." He looked so red and his eyes were so wild that nothing would have tempted me to look at anything but him; in a moment more he was asleep. Miss Brewster whispered, "What shall we do?" "Nothing now, but when we reach St. Peter's you get quickly out on your side and I will on mine." We knew that during his absence from us he had taken something intoxicating. I stepped out, and had scarcely reached the pavement before a loud scream from Miss Brewster announced her fall on the pavement and the miserable Mr. O. by her side. The first words she uttered were, "Oh, my best camel's hair!" Mr. O. was speechless but bleeding. My young companion, A. Sydney Biddle, put him back into the carriage and took him to his home, thus missing the grand sight of the open

Council, but satisfying his always wide-awake conscience that he had done his duty to his neighbor, while Miss Brewster and I "passed by on the other side" into the open Council, where we heard the finest music I had heard in Italy and saw one of the grandest sights I had ever seen.

I went through all the ceremonies of Holy Week with determination, for they involved much sacrifice. On Palm-Sunday it was necessary for us to be at St. Peter's by seven o'clock in the morning. We knew it would be impossible to secure the services of Tarquinia at that early hour, so we had eggs boiled hard the evening before, filled our spirit lamp to make our coffee, and bought enough bread to enable us to invite our young Irish and Scotch fellow-lodgers to breakfast with us at six o'clock. A cold chicken was added to this repast, and we four enjoyed it thoroughly, and left for St. Peter's each armed with a camp-stool. The portion of the church allotted to ladies near the high altar was already filled, but the guard obligingly allowed me and two other ladies to place our camp-stools in front. One of my neighbors was a German Lutheran, the other a French Roman Catholic. The pause before the entrance of the procession was long, and I feared my neighbors would come to blows over my prostrate body and my camp-stool. When the war of words was hottest I interfered, and speaking to the Frenchwoman of the purity of the Lutheran faith in Germany, and to the German of the piety of the French Catholics (though the only model I had for this last criticism was the faith and works of our dear Sœur Angelique), I succeeded finally in restoring tranquillity, and they asked me many ques-

tions about my own country, which I answered to their apparent satisfaction. At last we saw in the back part of the church a large arm-chair ornamented with white ostrich feathers waving behind it and the old Pope Pius IX. seated on it. Then the choir began to chant and the procession moved forward towards the high altar, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, and finally the Pope in his uplifted arm-chair; he scattered blessings on all, and as he passed, men, women, children, and soldiers prostrated themselves before him. Each member of the Ecumenical Council was followed by a theologian, a man high in the Church and who solves for his chief all the theological difficulties. I concluded that after the Infallibility question should be decided there would be no need for theologians, and felt glad that I was seeing as many men as I did in that most interesting and imposing procession. Each carried in his hand a long palm, not green like those at home, but yellow and plaited into all sorts of shapes. They walked in their purple robes past where I stood, and a finer-looking set of men I never saw. My French neighbor pointed out Antonelli to me, a man with thin sallow face, a good deal like a dried lemon. Any one could have seen in that man's face that there had been war between his spirit and his flesh, and it seemed to me that the warfare still continued, for there was no sign of repose there, and I felt sorry for him. When the dignitaries reached the eight hundred chairs which had been prepared for them, they stood until the Pope was seated. Then some change was made in the Pope's vestments, and the ceremony of blessing the palms began. Each dignitary advanced alone, knelt in front of the Pope, and handed his palm to two cardinals

who stood on either side of the Pope. They held the palm by each end, the Pope patted it tenderly up and down, then it was held over the head of the presenter, and he, after kissing the Pope's hand, retired. This ceremony lasted a long time, the chanting still continuing, then a few prayers were said, the Pope was lifted on the shoulders of his bearers and carried out to the vestibule, where he gave his blessing to the military. Not knowing what was to happen and being determined to follow the old gentleman, I shouldered my camp-stool and went. The crowd was great, but there was space in that great building, and I reached the vestibule in time to see long lines of soldiers in full array and to hear when the Pope reached the vestibule the tremendous clatter which was made by their swords and muskets as they knelt to receive his fatherly blessing.

CHAPTER XIV

We spent Holy-Thursday in the early morning at the Palace of the Cæsars. The hours we spent there were to me the most solemn hours of that holy day. The whole ruin seemed peopled with those whose lives I had studied in my youth, and the very stones preached of the shortness and uncertainty of human life. We then went to St. Peter's to see the ceremony of the "washing of the feet" by the Pope, but it was a most disappointing spectacle, not in the least like the "foot washing" it was meant to represent. We then went to the Vatican, where the "Last Supper" was to be celebrated, but there was so little solemnity there that we left in sorrow.

When I reached Rome I was told that if I desired an audience with the Pope I must send my request to the Vatican. Accordingly I made known the wishes of myself and my young companion, but receiving no answer, concluded that we were not to be gratified. On Good-Friday, however, a communication came from the Vatican stating that the Holy Father the Pope would be glad to receive us at half-past four in the afternoon of April 15. In this communication the dress to be worn on the occasion was indicated, and we were also told that it was forbidden to present to His Holiness any written communication with the hope of procuring his autograph.

These directions we were glad to comply with, and at four o'clock on the day indicated we began to mount the Papal staircase, but, alas! not alone; there were

many others of all nationalities bent on the same pleasure as ourselves, but they were not cast down, and I as usual found contentment by watching the movement of those around us. We were conducted through the Stanze of Raphael to the Pope's private apartment, then through two antechambers into the "Gallery of Maps," where the reception took place. Although this gallery is five hundred feet long, a great crowd was assembled already. All tongues were in motion, but French was the principal language spoken, and there were at least one thousand persons present. Every one had brought some article to be blessed. There were crucifixes, some a foot long, some only an inch. Beads all sizes and colors. Saints in bronze, saints in silver, saints in gold. Saints under all circumstances, from St. Lawrence kneeling on his lighted fagots to St. Jerome pierced with the cruel arrows. All the articles were held in the hands of those present. One lady had a large basket, known among us as a "baby basket," filled with rosaries. I held the crucifix I had bought for Sœur Angelique and my companion held some rosaries. In about half an hour we were ranged in rows down the sides of the gallery and then were all hushed, and a military guard appeared at one end of the gallery followed by a few bishops and then a circle of soldiers. They all looked like the setting of some precious stone. Then came the stone itself!—Pope Pius IX. Dressed in a white robe with a closely fitting white cap on his head, his expression calm and benign, he looked as if he had no care. He had no appearance of being a man of strong emotions, no furrows, no deep lines, his skin as smooth as an infant's, he seemed a calm old man waiting for the end and ready

to welcome it. He walked down to the middle of the gallery (the bystanders all kneeling as he passed) then paused, and thus addressed us in French: "It has heretofore been usual for me to take by the hand those who have been presented to me and to say a few words to each person. The numbers now present will prevent this, and the services of the past few days have also been exhausting to me. Still, I feel that our minds are so full of these services, and that to each and all the agony of our blessed Lord is so present at this moment, that I will address myself to all. The words of the Lord that are in my mind now are, 'It is finished.' In uttering these words He not only meant that prophecy concerning Him was fulfilled, but that His work of love and charity was completed, and also that the ingratitude of those around Him was forgiven. May each one now before me pray that his last moments may be gladdened with the thought that all is finished, may each one feel that he has prayed for those around him as he ought."

Thus far in this address of the Pope all Protestants could go with him; he then added some words concerning the great necessity there was for forgiveness towards those who refused to acknowledge the representative of God, and also something about a remark of the Blessed Virgin. As every woman in life fits each sermon to a head not under her own bonnet, I comforted myself with the thought that in speaking of "ungrateful ones" he alluded to the refractory members of the Ecumenical Council, and I left the Vatican after the benediction had been given by the Pope and he had retired, much pleased with all I had seen and heard.

We attended high mass on Easter morning, and mag-

nificent as I had thought the vestments of the clergy on previous occasions, on this blessed morning they surpassed even my dreams. My camp-stool was still my companion, and as we stood far back I stood on it, and saw and heard well over the heads of others. A very short Englishwoman stood beside me, and pitying her lowly condition I offered her my camp-stool, which she took without thanks, and apparently without compunction, but I forgave her. She, however, stood on the seat of the stool and not on the side bars. Presently I felt something like a struggle beside me, and found the little woman and my camp-stool a mass of ruins. I helped her up, and soon after found a seat elsewhere, close to some Italian ladies, who chattered and laughed during the most solemn part of the administration of the Holy Communion. I felt like speaking to them, but desisted. Presently I heard the voice of an American woman behind me say to the Italians, "Are you Roman Catholics?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you can chatter and laugh at this most solemn moment? I, as a Protestant, cannot understand it." I felt proud of my countrywoman. On Easter-Sunday night we went in an open carriage to witness the lighting of the façade of St. Peter's. This has been so often described that I will only say it surpassed all my expectations, and so enchanted our two young Oxford students who were with us that one of them rose in the carriage and said, "Is not that awfully jolly?" The older one answered, "It is awfully rum." My young companion and I remained silent, not by even a remote allusion to Yankee Doodle betraying our nationality.

Thus ended our experience in Rome. I was reproached

by friends at home for not having given more vivid descriptions of the great buildings which existed before the time of Constantine. In this, my "Book of Remembrance," I have left description nearly altogether out, because my pen seems too feeble to describe the places in which I felt always unworthy even to tread. The Pantheon was my favorite spot, however, and there I went one moonlight night with my three companions. We sat there a long time; the open roof seemed intended to let the moonlight in. The young men talked freely of the religious faith of the old time and of that which we all held then in 1869. Never did words of wisdom fall on my ears with greater force than from the lips of those three honest and upright young men. I was profoundly impressed, and when Sydney asked me to sing a hymn I did it, though trembling lest the sacristan should hear it and forbid it. Then in memory of all the loving-kindness of Samuel Dana Horton I sang the Ave Maria, which we hoped might be our excuse with the sacristan for thus disturbing the quiet of the night.

The Capitol was the favorite of my young companion, the longing last look which he gave at the Castor and Pollox which seemed to mount guard at the head of the great staircase is still with me; but we had to say "Good-by." Our farewell to Tarquinia was long drawn out. Sydney thanked her in Latin, I in Italian. Our train for Naples was advertised to leave at nine-thirty A.M., but like most things in the Papal dominions the train was slow and we left at ten-thirty. In our coupé there were two Italian gentlemen and one young Frenchman; this last was dressed most beautifully, with claret-brown cravat and gloves to match; his face wore an anxious

look, and after a few minutes he told me he was "miserable;" he had put his handbag containing his toilet articles at his feet while he bought his ticket, and when he had secured that his handbag was gone and he *desolé,* but congratulated himself that he still had his paletot. When we reached the Italian frontier we were obliged to change cars, and on asking the reason, one of the Italians said, "Madame, the Papal cars are all blessed, and Italy being excommunicate, nothing that is blessed can pass therein." We all laughed, but I believed him. We were again about to start when the young Frenchman rushed to the windows of the car by which I sat and said, "It is I know, madame, incredible, but my paletot is likewise gone!" I offered him my hurried but heartfelt sympathy and he vanished from my sight forever.

We reached Naples safely, having had a welcome, while in the train, from Vesuvius. We soon sallied forth to look around us. My young companion went straight to the Museum. I loitered on the road to see the people, and a sorry sight it was. Men, women, and children were all pursuing their avocations on the sidewalks. Cobblers, tailors, sewing women, spinning women, nursing babies and toddling babies, *all* out of doors; women having their hair combed in the street! All this was unpleasant, but the most unpleasant sight was the beggars. I cannot describe them. We gave to those that were crippled or blind, but refused alms to those who were able-bodied. Our refusals were invariably met with good nature, a smile or "thank you." This was a change from the Roman beggar, who not only frowns on the refuser but reviles him. These were so cheerful that I addressed some of them in their native language, but, strange to

say, was not understood. The Museum kept us busy for that day and many days. I had learned much in the past two weeks, and could consequently enjoy much. Our hotel was comfortable, and we sat down to dinner at half-past six. My neighbor at the table was a charming young English clergyman. He heaved a sigh of relief when I told him our faith was the same, and I think redoubled his attentions with the thought that he might possibly meet me in another world. Finally he asked me what we meant to do with ourselves that evening. I was afraid to tell him we meant to go to see a "Neapolitan Punch" until he burst forth with lamentations loud and long that the opera was closed for the season. Then I waxed bold, and told him "Punch" was our hope for the evening, and he gave me hope that he would meet us there. We set forth, and were as usual cheated, this time by the man at the box-office, who, instead of telling us "Punch" was not there, took our money and showed us our seats, whispering to us that the afternoon performance was about to close, but that the evening play would begin at nine-thirty. In a few minutes the curtain fell, the audience dispersed, the lights grew dim, and Sydney dozed. From behind the curtains came noises which convinced me that a family tea was in progress; after it was over little children came, in queer little pinafores, from behind the curtain, and were taken back when the lights began to brighten and the audience to gather. The orchestra assembled, but as they sat among the audience they could only be distinguished by their instruments, the leader making himself known by a larger sheet of music than the rest and a flourish which corresponded with the sheet! Finally

the curtain rose. Love-making, of course. The heroine was a pretty woman, who I soon found was the mother who had presided over the aforesaid "family tea." I pitied her, for in the midst of listening to the entreaties of her lover that she would "only say yes" she was by little signs attempting to quiet the cries of her baby behind the scenes. We left without knowing which gained the victory, the lover or the baby. We did not meet the English clergyman, but hope, in accordance with the expectations of his order, he reached the right place.

The next morning we went for a few moments into the reading-room of the hotel to see the newspapers. Two old English ladies whom I had seen before were there, and one of them came to me as I was about to leave and said, with a tone of great anxiety, "Have you any news of Lord Moncaster?" I told her, as gently as I could, that I had not the pleasure of knowing his lordship, and then with an earnest desire to heal any wound I might have inflicted on an English heart by ignorance with regard to any member of the peerage, I said, "I am only an American." "You an American!" was the answer. "My sister and I have been listening to you, you speak such beautiful English." I told her, doubtless with some asperity, that some Americans thought they spoke the language grammatically, and then she, not resenting what I had said, laid her hand gently on my knee and said, "We are all of one family, are we not, my dear?" Thus did "a soft answer turn away wrath," and we were friends. As I look back and remember how much of my comfort and happiness I owe to English friends during the seven years I have lived

abroad I feel sorry for the prejudices I have held against my mother-country. I learned from a Jew to be tolerant towards the religious tenets of all mankind, and from my English friends I have learned much that was excellent.

The Museum, the drives, the trip to Capri, I will not dwell upon. The natives I will leave to others. There were few Americans in our hotel, and our dinners were enlivened by the conversation of the young English clergyman. He drew my attention one day to a young woman with her hair curled down her back; she talked loudly and was evidently well contented with herself. I thought she was English, the clergyman thought her an American, but neither of us was anxious to settle the question. My neighbor told me he preached every Sunday at Sorrento. I proposed that we should spend Sunday there; Sydney agreed, and arranged that we should drive on Saturday morning early to Pompeii, spend some hours there, and drive on to Sorrento in the afternoon. Pompeii entranced us; we were allowed to watch the excavations by special permit, and saw some beautiful frescoes uncovered, the colors of which were as bright as the day on which they were painted.

At two o'clock we left and took luncheon, and were then besieged by guides, who entreated us to go up Vesuvius; the landlord at the inn told us we could never have so fine a day and that we should return in ample time to take our carriage to Sorrento. We decided to go, I on a horse as far as a horse would carry me, Sydney on foot. When we reached the spot where I must leave the horse, one of the guides fastened a large pink handkerchief around his waist and told me to take hold and

follow him. On we went for a short distance, when we were besieged by another set of guides, who told us in a mixture of very bad English and French that the guides we had had no right to that side of the mountain, but we explained that knowing nothing of the right or wrong side of the volcano and having engaged the men we had, we should so continue. On we went, listening the while to a war of words between the two sets of guides; finally the set No. 2 began to make wild sport of me, one saying, "Just look at madame, ha! ha! she is red as a rose; her feet will soon give out; we will stay by her and she will pay us to carry her down; to-morrow she will be in bed and for many days to come; she will be tired; look at her boots." Sydney and his guide had gone ahead and did not hear this tirade, each sentence of which was delivered in jerks and with derisive laughter. I bore it as long as I could, then telling my guide to stop, I said, "If you do not leave me at once I will oblige you to." How I was to "oblige them to" I did not know, for my only weapon of defence, my umbrella, was at the foot of the mountain. All that I had to cling to was the pink handkerchief. I waited for a moment, the three men spoke together, and without a "farewell" slunk off. We reached the crater, smelled the brimstone, saw the open mouth of that tremendous and awful volcano, and descended in hot haste, as we were obliged to; there can be no pause there or the feet will sink. When we reached the foot I was sadder than before, for I had to "look at my boots," and found them in slits, and lost all hope of hearing the sermon on the next day.

It was dark when we began our drive to Sorrento; the landlord at the inn asked if we were armed, as there

were banditti, and we left without a sign of fear. The moonlight was with us, we reached our hotel, and were glad. We found in the breakfast-room the next morning a very large round table, at which were seated many English people and the lady with her hair curled down her back and two companions whom we had seen in Naples, and of whose nationality we were still in doubt. We had not been seated many minutes before I heard from the lady with the curls, "Madame, are you an American?" The intonation of the voice belonged to none but an American, and the manner did not disclose good breeding. The English guests dropped their coffee-spoons, and their chins also dropped until they rested on their bosoms; I looked in vain around that board, hoping that the question had been addressed to some other guest, and finding that hopeless, I said, "I am." Before coffee-spoons had been retaken or their chins had resumed their normal condition I heard these words: "Pappy said he recognized your countenance." I wishing devoutly that I was beyond recognition, we soon left the table. Sydney went to church, I watched the new arrivals from my window, and took from the hems of my garments the ashes which had sifted into them during our mount to Vesuvius, making them look like stiff cords instead of hems. I saw many an eager face as carriage after carriage let their inmates free on to the porch of our hotel, but the fellow-traveller who interested me most was a stout Englishman with his "Murray" under his arm, who on reaching the porch said to the landlord, who received him with open arms, "Je voudrais voir tout." When Sydney came from church I told him all I had seen and heard in divers tongues, we dined, and he proposed taking a boat and

rowing along that beautiful shore. We had not gone far before we saw a man's head above the water, swimming. He was a long distance from us, but I soon saw he was *the* Englishman who wished to see everything. As soon as he saw us he swam rapidly to the shore where his clothes were lying, and in his agitation put on his hat!

The next morning found us ready to return to Naples. We drove to Castelemar, where we were to take the train for Naples, and found it gone. This involved a delay, and I proposed we should walk about the queer old town and see the houses. We had not gone far before we were joined by a boy, who, seeing we were strangers, said, "You want see church?" Sydney, who at that moment only desired to see the Museum at Naples, answered him "No," very curtly, but the boy of Southern Italy was not to be discouraged, and proposed our seeing shops, and was again rebuffed. I then thought he would leave us, and began to laugh as he still followed us, saying, "Want see macaroni made? My mother make fine." At this last proposition Sydney faced him and said, "We wish you to leave us." The boy bowed and left us, saying, "You very cross gentleman, you mother she very nice gentleman, she laugh all the time." We reached Naples safely and went straight to the Museum. We had spent five weeks in Rome and eleven days in Naples. We sailed from Naples to Leghorn in twenty-seven hours, went at once from Leghorn to Pisa, and finding there was but one train from Leghorn to Florence which would reach Florence before the bank closed, and being anxious for letters, we rose at five in the morning and were in the Leaning Tower before six. We then

visited the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santa, and left for Florence at nine-thirty A.M. Our old friends received us tenderly, and our "Walks about Florence" in company with the dear authoress of the book were full of interest, profit, and pleasure. I recall one ridiculous incident during our stay there. Sydney and I both had some gloves to be cleaned. We took them to a small shop to which we had been directed. Finding that the shopkeeper did not understand French, I left to Sydney the directions in the matter, and his Latin. Suddenly remembering that we had made but little use of the Italian comedy with which we thought we had fortified ourselves in the language of Italy before we left Berlin, I lifted up my voice, and quoting the first sentence in the play, said, "E questa e la casa di mio Fratello, cospetto! Io credevi di entrare nel Palazzo di un Principi." I never shall forget the astonishment of the shopwomen, but when I laughed they laughed. Sydney alone looked disturbed. When I proposed returning after a day or two for our gloves, I was told that was impossible, as the people must have thought my reason unhinged and I *might* be consigned to a "Maison de Santé." I lost my gloves, but would cheerfully have given a new pair for the sight of the faces of those shopkeepers on the day I made my oration.

We left Florence with great regret and our friends with sorrow. We spent one day in Parma on our way north. I there made my sixth and last attempt to enter a monastery. Sydney was, as ever, cordially welcomed, but the unhappy faces of the old friars, and especially the one who, with both hands raised and his face shaking, said, "Non, non, signora," are before me now. The

younger ones hid their faces and ran away. They remembered perhaps the history of the Garden of Eden with the same ingratitude that appears to exist in the bosoms of men of the world, the effect, however, is different. The man of the world courts the society of the daughters of Eve, the friar flees from it. Who shall decide which is wisest? We spent one night at Bologna, taking a train at four A.M. the next morning for Padua. Here my young companion and I said "Good-by." He to see a little more of Italy, I to return to my children in Berlin.

It was not a pleasant "Good-by." We had spent sixty-three days together, in sympathy with all we saw; he had helped me with his Latin, I him with my French. His knowledge of Latin and Greek and of history made me tread the old classic ground and understand the old buildings as I never could have understood them with an ordinary fellow-traveller. All this was over. I had left Berlin with no knowledge of church architecture. I was returning to it (so great had been my advantages) with the fullest confidence that I could build a church, model the bust or paint the portrait of any friend I have, verifying through my conceit that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I passed several hours in Verona on my way north, and then went over the Brenner to Innsbruck. I was glad when I reached the German frontier, for one has a feeling of security in travelling in that country which is not felt in other Continental countries. The railway guards, who are stationed along the roads at intervals of one-third of a mile, look as if they never left their posts; their very faces have written on them "Duty first." In France one fears a guard may leave

his station to twirl his moustache, brighten his buttons, or blacken his boots. In Germany these little arrangements are made at daybreak. My dreams throughout this journey carried me always back to Italy, and oddly enough the statues I had seen were always dancing. Hercules came to me in a polka, while Jupiter and Puck danced a Virginia reel.

I found all well when I reached Berlin and my children eager to be allowed to attend the wedding of young Talbot, who was our "Blue Sky" in the early Berlin days. He was to be married on June 1 to Miss B., a young American; the invitations to the wedding had already come to us. Lord Lorne was to be the "best man," and Miss Bismarck one of the bride's attendants. I accepted the invitation gladly. Our "Blue Sky" was not to be forgotten. A few days before the wedding an English lady said to me, "It is a singular coincidence, but an Earl of Shrewsbury and *a* Duke of Argyle (then Lord Lorne) are both said to have married in humble life in days gone by." As I did not see the coincidence, I said so, and when the answer came, "Lieutenant Talbot marries an American," I only laughed, and the long line of marriages which have since taken place between Englishmen and American women have given me further cause for amusement. In 1870 all America was "humble life" in the eyes of the mother-country.

We went to the wedding in the church and then to the breakfast. This was to me a novelty. Lord Loftus made a long speech after toasting the bride and groom. He told us that the union we had just witnessed was emblematic of the union which must always exist between the mother-country and her offspring; he ended by tell-

ing us that all the English admired and respected America. I wanted to say as he sat down, "Then you should choke your editors." Then Talbot toasted the bridesmaids, and Lord Lorne replied on their behalf. Then the groom's father toasted everybody, and then the guests repaired to the drawing-room, where there was dancing.

This was our last great festivity in Berlin. On our taking leave of the kind friends we had found there I will not dwell. We suffered, and I am sure they did. My parting with the young linen merchant was both pathetic and amusing. I had found so much difficulty when I first arrived in measuring through metres, that he had had a yard-stick made for my accommodation. I saw him last leaning on the yard-stick and patting it (as tenderly as I had seen the Pope pat the palms as he blessed them) while he said, "Mrs. Jillsby, the young men all ask, 'What shall I do with the yard-stick when I have lost my tight friend, Mrs. Jillsby?' I say to them, 'I will keep the yard-stick for the future orders of Mrs. Jillsby.' Farewell."

CHAPTER XV

We left Berlin with my cousin, Alice Patterson, bound for Oberammergau and the Miracle Play. Our first stopping-place was Munich. From there we took a train for Weilheim, and from there we had "post places" to Murnau, where we were to pass the night. We were shown to our "post places," and as the crowd which issued from the train when we stopped was tremendous, we seated ourselves in our improvised "post" without remonstrance, though it proved to be only a hay-cart with seats running from end to end and without a single spring. Our fellow-passengers were a Franciscan monk, two young Englishmen, and three Germans. In spite of the rough vehicle we were a jolly party, arriving at the little inn in Murnau in the best humor with each other. We found the dining-room full of hungry peasants, but the landlord received us with open arms, called us "Herrschafften," and had a table laid for us in the corner with his best china and glass. We did full justice to the meal, and retired for the night all four in one room over the barn. We were wakened at three in the morning and continued our journey in the so-called post-coach with the same company. The sunrise was beautiful to us all, though to the monk it was less of a novelty than to me. Our Englishmen had turned out such agreeable companions that we called one "Torp" and the other "Hamilton." I had "Quits" and the "Initials" both with me, for to the reading of the first-named book I

must in justice ascribe my first desire to visit Oberammergau and to see the Miracle Play.

When we reached the village of Oberau we were told that we must alight and walk up the Ettal Mountain. This we did, not unwillingly, for the hay-cart had not proved an easy vehicle. When we reached the top of the mountain we found, as the guide-books had told us, a monastery, in the chapel of which we found our monk saying mass. After the service was over we again set off, and were soon in the village of Oberammergau.

Before entering on a detailed account of the Miracle Play of 1870 some few facts as to the region of country in which it is performed and of the origin of the play itself may be interesting. Oberammergau is one of many villages which lie in the valleys of the Bavarian highlands. It was not in 1870 a pretty village, having, as most German villages, one main street and tributary lanes. The houses were remarkable for their cleanliness. Here and there a pretty balcony in carved wood met the eye and at every door a hospitable bench offered rest to the weary. Wood-carving was the principle means of support of the population, and the interior decorations of the church gave ample evidence of their skill. The steeple of the church was the only prominent object in the village. The Passion Play was performed in a temporary building, which, however, always occupies the same site, at one end of the village, between two rows of poplars, trees that were regarded as sacred, as they belong to the family of the aspen, which, the legend declares, has never ceased to shiver through all its leaves since the cross of Christ was cut from its branches.

The Passion Play owes its origin to these facts: In

1633 there raged in the neighborhood of the Ammerthal, especially at Partenkirchen, Eschenlohe, and Kohlgrub, a contagious fever which proved fatal to vast numbers of the inhabitants. Every precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the disease, and communication was prohibited with the neighboring towns. It happened, however, that a laborer of Oberammergau who had been employed at Kohlgrub desired to return to spend a church festival with his family, and entered Oberammergau by a secret mountain pass carrying with him the seeds of the disease. In two days he was dead, and in a short time eighty-four others had shared his fate. So impressed were these simple people by this visitation that they made a vow to Almighty God to represent the passion and death of our Lord Jesus Christ every ten years, hoping by this means to arouse and keep alive in the breasts of the young a holy determination to amend their lives by His example. It is asserted that after this vow was registered no further deaths occurred, although many then lay in extremity.

A committee of twenty of the oldest men in the village was then appointed to superintend the faithful performance of this vow and to choose from its inhabitants those who were to take part in the religious ceremonies. This plan is carried out to this present day, vacancies in the committee, caused by death, are instantly filled, and one year before the celebration of the Passion Play the choice by ballot is made first for him who is to represent the Christ, then the Apostles, and so on down to those who fill the meanest offices in the sacred drama, while the members of the committee themselves take the office of doorkeepers at the representations.

Faithfully have these people kept the vow of their forefathers. At first the passion and death of Christ alone were pictured, a chorus at the same time describing the different scenes. In the early part of the present century many additions were made to the text by the officiating priest at Jesswang, Dr. Ottmar Weiss, so that the prophetic allusions to our Saviour contained in the Old Testament should also be described, and thus prove to the enlightened spectator that the Scriptures have but one end,—Jesus Christ. The scenes from the Old Testament are represented by tableaux, those from the New Testament are acted precisely as they happened.

The musician, "Dedler," of Oberammergau, made valuable additions to the music. In the year 1860 the text was further revised by the parish priest, Rev. Father Alvis Daisenberger, while in 1870 the instrumental music was greatly strengthened by the musical director, Karl Hum, of Landshut.

I have gathered the above facts from the preface of the text-book of the Passion Play of 1870, in which the reason for the recent additions from the Old Testament are thus given:

"As the life of Christ should always be repeated in the heart of the true believer, so also were His life and sufferings prefigured in the Old Testament. He is the Spiritual Sun, sending His rays backward as well as forward. Thus do the penitent Adam, the obedient Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Job, David, Michael, Jonas, Daniel, and many others who suffered and struggled imperfectly in their persons, represent the temptation and sufferings of our Lord.

"May the emblematic representation of His sublime

virtue inspire both actors and spectators with the desire to follow Him in humility, patience, gentleness, and love. If that which is here represented become life and truth for us, then will the vow of our pious forefathers have accomplished its best fulfilment and our heads be covered with blessings like those which crowned *their* belief and trust."

With this translation from the simple text-book I close the account of the origin of the Passion Play.

We entered the village about nine o'clock in the morning of the 9th of July, having passed on our road great numbers of peasants in gay costumes, all bending their steps in the same direction. We had engaged no rooms, and found the village overflowing with strangers, but after unwearied effort on the part of some of the villagers to whom we had been recommended, we were comfortably established in the house of a peasant. Our bedroom was reached by a ladder placed behind a huge porcelain stove, which served as a banister. We entered through a trap-door, and there found four beds, two chairs, and a looking-glass. Everything about the house was scrupulously clean. Our landlady waited upon us at dinner, and told us that she was a widow with two daughters, the younger one being a "Genius," or chorus-singer, in the great play. The elder daughter had formerly held this office, but she was now quite contented to be one of the "People" in the tableaux.

Curiosity led us to the spot where the holy drama was to be acted, and we found there not a great building as we had supposed, but a high fence enclosing an area longer than wide, and capable of containing six thousand persons. One end of this area was covered with a roof,

under which seats were placed for those of the audience who could not bear the sun's rays. In front of these, and corresponding to the parquet in one of our opera-houses, were seats without any cover; beyond them the orchestra was placed, and beyond it was the stage. In the middle of this stage was a space entirely enclosed with a curtain in front. This, to me, bore the appearance of a Corinthian temple. On each side of this were spaces representing the streets of Jerusalem running towards the extreme end of the area. The houses in these streets were painted, as are the scenes in any theatre, and corresponded in their style with the architecture of the enclosed space in the centre. The decorations were simple, the seats, wooden benches without backs, except in the centre of those under cover, where there were chairs intended for royalty.

Having our curiosity gratified, we returned to the village to find fresh arrivals of gentry and peasantry. Some were engaged in washing their horses in the Ammer, a tiny stream which flows through the village. Later in the day a town-crier, preceded by a drummer, announced that the seats for the Sunday performance of the Play being all sold, it would be repeated on Monday to accommodate the strangers in the village, who would otherwise be disappointed.

At sunset a gun was first fired, which brought citizens and strangers to the main street, through which passed the orchestra for the next day. They played a few airs. Then all was quiet and the village was asleep.

Daybreak was greeted by gun-fire, and almost before the echoes had died in the surrounding hills the village was again astir and hurrying to the church. We fol-

lowed, and entered just as the celebration of mass had begun. Never can I forget that service. Priests were at each one of the five altars. It was impossible not to be awed by the devotion of that congregation of peasants, impossible not to feel that the Lord was " in the midst."

When the mass was concluded the people passed into the graveyard, where many knelt beside the graves of their own kin, and some kissed the earth which covered them, while all left garlands and loose flowers above them. These were the people who took part that day in the play, and thus did they prepare themselves for the solemn service. After breakfast the spectacle in the street was curious indeed. The actors were seen hurrying to the theatre, some in helmets, some in crowns, and some in mitres, while under their arms they carried bundles, which we afterwards supposed had contained royal or priestly robes.

At eight o'clock the audience had all assembled; a gun announced that all was ready, and the orchestra began. Presently from doors at the sides of the larger stage the chorus came forth,—men and women, nineteen in all. Dressed in loose robes after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, they formed a line in front of the outer or larger stage. Their movements were so dignified that it was difficult to believe they were peasants, innocent of the ways of the outside world. The leader of the chorus began the prologue, which was simply in God's praise, then followed a chorus describing the coming tableau, then the line of singers divided and fell back on each side of the inner stage, the curtain rose, and Adam and Eve were seen leaving the garden of Eden. The pose of the figures was fine. Adam looked strong

and defiant, but on Eve's fair face there was an expression of sadness, as if she felt all future Eves would hear from all future Adams, "The woman tempted me and I did eat." The Destroying Angel held above them his flaming sword, and after three minutes the curtain fell. Then the singers again came forth, and described God's goodness in sending His Son into the world to wipe out all sin, and they retired. Then followed the first act of the greatest tragedy the world has ever known; few who witnessed it will ever forget it. The circumstances and the place added to the solemnity of the scene. Behind the stage and in full view of the audience stood the everlasting hills. One might have thought them painted by some earthly hand save for the cattle grazing thereon and for the drifting clouds passing over their summits. Hosannas were heard from behind the scenes growing louder and louder, while forward through the streets of Jerusalem came a vast multitude casting their garments on the earth before the man Joseph Maier, who, meek and "sitting upon a colt, the foal of an ass," represented the Christ. As the people came forward they sang,—

"All hail! all hail! to David's son,
All hail! all hail! thy Father's throne
Waits thee for endless days;
Before the world was made Thou art,
Israel may play her cruel part,
Thee will all Christians praise."

Joseph Maier dismounted and stood in the midst of the people upon the green branches which had been strewn in his way. He was over six feet in height, and was dressed in a purple under-robe with a crimson gabardine. His hair, black and glossy, hung in curls upon his shoul-

ders. The curtain of the inner stage then rose, disclosing a temple in which sat the "money-changers" and those who "sold doves." The eager greedy faces of those mercenary old men were in strong contrast with the calm, dignified expression which belonged to Joseph Maier. He stepped forward among them, overthrowing the tables and the "seats," saying, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." The unholy traffickers looked amazed, while the doves, as if enjoying their liberty, flew over our heads. The curtain fell, the multitude again moved away, and the singers returned to describe the subject of the next tableau, which was "Joseph and his brethren." The brothers sitting together seem to say, "Behold, the dreamer cometh," while Joseph, ignorant of their jealousy, comes forward with outstretched arms as if to greet them. In this great drama the tableaux from the Old Testament are intended to prefigure the acts from the New Testament. It is scarcely necessary to say that the conspiring together of Joseph's brethren was typical of the next act, which was the gathering together of the high-priests and scribes seeking cause of complaint against Christ. Annas and Caiaphas presided on high seats in the background. They were two grand-looking old men, with magnificent robes embroidered in divers colors intermixed with gold. The scribes and Pharisees were seated on lower seats, but to each and all was opportunity given to speak, so that no link in the chain of evidence against the Christ might be wanting. Some declared Him innocent of all the charges, and others guilty. The scene was spirited and interesting. Then came two tableaux from the Apocrypha, one

representing the farewell of the young Tobias to his parents. There was nothing especially to recommend this tableau except a motionless dog, which many in the audience thought was stuffed, but which ran behind the scenes when the curtain fell. Curious to find why he had not stirred during the ceremony, I found that he had been trained by his master, who held a sausage behind the scene, which was to reward his perfect tranquillity. The second Apocryphal tableau also possessed little merit, the subject was the bride lamenting the loss of the bridegroom. The singers described both and the bearing they held on the scenes which were to follow.

The next scene represented Christ reaching Bethany and meeting His mother, Mary, and Martha. Mary anointed His feet and wiped them with the hair of her head. The disciples here bore a prominent part for the first time. Foremost among them stood Peter, a fine-looking man with gray beard and bald head; he was dressed in an under-robe of blue with a gabardine of yellow.

The youthful appearance of John with his blue eyes and fair hair made it easy to discover the "disciple whom Jesus loved." He wore a green under-robe and scarlet gabardine. Judas wore a yellow under-robe and orange-colored gabardine; his features were fine, but so completely had he thrown himself into the part assigned to him that in the expression of his face love of money seemed clearly painted. His murmurs against Mary for her extravagance in the use of the ointment were earnest and prolonged. It is not necessary to describe the rest of the disciples; each one carried his staff and wore his sandals, and brought to the spectators a living representative of the followers of our Lord.

The next tableau portrayed the wrath of the King Ahasuerus against Vashti. Then came the last journey of Christ to Jerusalem. His agony caused by the condition of the city was never more clearly set forth by any sermon than by the man Joseph Maier. The tone of his voice as he said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" has rung in the ears of many of his hearers since then. There was no ranting, each one felt that the Scripture had been carefully studied and faithfully acted out when understood.

Christ then sent Peter and John to prepare for Him the Passover. The scene between these two, and the boy filling his pitcher at the fountain, was beautiful in its simplicity, but the crowning part of the act was the soliloquy of Judas before he decided to betray his Master. He struggled weakly to do what was right and went to partake of the Last Supper, apparently not knowing that he had decided upon his hideous part. His vacillating between the two paths open to him was so human, so true to life in these days, that it caused a double shudder, one for then and one for now. The singers then described the coming tableau, which was the finest of all,—"the children of Israel receiving the manna in the wilderness." When the curtain drew up, the stage was seen crowded to its uttermost. Men, women, and children gathered together to feed with thankful hearts upon heaven-sent food. Every face was upturned, but not a muscle moved, even in the smallest child in that crowd, as the manna showered over it. I

need scarcely say that this picture is typical of Christ, heaven-sent, to be forever our spiritual food and sustenance, but to me it brought another lesson, the faith with which these simple people looked to heaven. Then followed the Last Supper. I had been told that the table and the positions of Christ and His disciples had been taken from the great picture of Leonardo da Vinci in Milan. I have seen that picture and it is not so. The shape of the table was after a picture by Raphael in the gallery at Florence. In the picture by Leonardo da Vinci, Peter and John sit at the right hand of Christ; in the representation at Oberammergau, as in Raphael's picture, these disciples were on the left of their Master. The ceremony of the washing of the feet was done humbly, but with dignity, and when all were again seated at the table and John, leaning his sweet, anxious face on the bosom of his Lord, asked, scarcely above a whisper, "Who shall betray thee?" there were few in that audience who could keep back their tears. The bronzed face of many a man was covered with browner hands, while the women sat with streaming eyes. Then came the dipping of the sop and the hurried exit of Judas. Even his last look seemed uncertain, and natural in its uncertainty, for who can bear to think that in the presence of that Master he could deliberately entertain the resolve, "Thy blood shall be upon my head"?

Then came the singers to announce as usual the theme of the tableau which was to follow,—"the selling of Joseph by his brethren to the Midianites." During this chorus the curtain rose. There were the brothers of Joseph gazing eagerly on their gain. The twenty pieces of silver lay on the stump of a tree. The curtain closed

over this tableau, but the chorus remained and described in verses full of pathos that the fate of Joseph foreshadowed that of Christ. When this was over the curtain again rose and we saw once more the Sanhedrim. Judas was there, no longer vacillating, but eager to clutch the reward of his infamy. The high-priests looked satisfied that they had found the betrayer, the money was counted out, and Judas left with two of the Jews to find Him whom he had once called Lord.

This scene was followed by two tableaux. First, Adam digging in the earth, earning his food by the sweat of his brow; Eve, pale and worn, sat near him holding in her arms an infant which held in its hand a bright red apple; little half-clothed boys played beside her, the children of her sorrow. The infant was but eighteen months old, yet not a movement did it make, so well had it been trained to follow in the footsteps of its fathers.

The second tableau was taken from the second book of Samuel, and describes Joab's treacherous kiss to Amasa. The greeting between these two men was admirably portrayed. They stood in the midst of soldiers, Joab holding Amasa by the beard, his mouth touching his cheek, while his look of inquiry seemed to say, "Art thou in health, my brother?" The expression on Amasa's face showed clearly that the treachery was felt, the stab given.

The next scene brought us to the Garden of Gethsemane; Christ entered with His Apostles, leaving all in the background to sleep, except Peter, John, and James, who watch. Christ withdrew a little to pray; when He returned He found them also sleeping. In tones ex-

quisitely mournful, He said, "Could ye not watch one hour?" Again He retired to pray, His head in the dust; the angel came with the comforting chalice, and His bitter agony seemed over. His apostles still slept, but in the background were seen His pursuers, armed men with lantern-bearers, coming stealthily forward, headed by Judas, who, reaching his Master, gave Him the betraying kiss while the soldiers asked for the Christ. His clear distinct tones as He answers, "I am He," seemed to awe the men; they hesitated an instant and then bore Him away a prisoner to Annas.

Thus ended the first act of the Play, and the audience were told there would be an intermission of an hour for rest and refreshment, it being then noon. The scene outside was curious indeed. Booths were scattered here and there in which were sold brown beer. All here refreshed themselves quickly. In smaller sheds all sorts of crosses, images, beads, and photographs were exposed for sale, and many a long-hoarded kreutzer was drawn from the deep pockets of the peasant women and given in exchange for some trifle which would always bring to its purchaser the remembrance of that day.

At one o'clock another gun announced the continuation of the Play, and the singers entered as before. The reader must bear in mind that tableaux and scenes were described throughout by these singers, sometimes by a solo, sometimes by a full chorus, and the reverence with which they performed their part was a lesson to us all.

The first tableau of the second act represented Zedekiah smiting the cheek of Macaiah because he wished

to dissuade King Ahab from going to war with the Syrians. Then came the scene in the house of Annas. Judas arrived first and announced the success of his disgraceful scheme. The high-priest showed his entire satisfaction and his appreciation of the services of Judas, in the prophetic words, "Thy name shall live forever." Then the prisoner appeared, bound; He was questioned by Annas, at first refusing to answer. When at length He replied, He was smitten on the cheek by a servant for presuming to tell the high-priest He had preached and taught openly in temples and synagogues. Jesus received the blow meekly, and was forthwith sent before Caiaphas. Then we saw a tableau representing the stoning of Naboth the Jezulite, condemned by false witnesses through the fraud of the wicked Jezebel, the wife of King Ahab. This was followed by the scene in the hall of the high-priest when Christ is led before Caiaphas. The council of the false witnesses are assembled. Caiaphas looked majestic as he sat in his high seat, his mitred head covered by a canopy. Christ was brought in, witnesses perjured themselves, the books of the law were opened and read to show why sentence should be passed. Not one word was uttered in defence of the prisoner, who stood immovable until Caiaphas asked, "Art thou the Christ, the son of the Blessed?" Then He lifted up His head and said, "I am."

Then followed the condemnation, the buffeting and blows dealt by the servants. Nothing was omitted that the history of nearly two thousand years ago might be conveyed to the spectator in all its ghastly truth.

An inner curtain fell upon this scene, and Judas appeared in the torture of remorse and seeking to undo the

evil he had done. He hurried to find Caiaphas to restore the money that he might have the prisoner released.

The scene then changed to the waiting-room outside of the high-priest's house. Soldiers were sitting around a fire cooking their food, when Peter entered and was accused by a maid-servant of being a follower of Christ. Thrice was his denial given and thrice the cock crowed, proving that the Peter of old time was not infallible. Jesus then passed, casting one long loving look on the apostle who had just denied Him. The scene which followed was most painful to witness. The Christ was blindfolded, struck and spit upon, those who gave the blows challenging Him to identify His tormentors.

Then followed a tableau,—"Cain standing over the dead body of his brother;" his attitude and the expression of his face showed that his conscience was just aroused to a sense of his heinous guilt. This prefaced a scene in which Judas appeared before Caiaphas, the price of blood in his hand, his earnest prayer that his Master may be restored; His freedom is disregarded with scorn. Casting the money down before the high-priest, he left in agony. The betrayer was next seen before a blasted tree tearing off his girdle to hang himself.

The tableau which followed showed us the condemnation of Daniel by King Darius. Princes and councillors were there waiting for the sentence to be passed. The king seemed undecided, while Daniel was the only one apparently indifferent as to the result.

This was a forerunner of Christ's appearance before Pilate. He came surrounded by helmeted guards, was

led by them to a balcony in Pilate's house, and placed under a banner on which were embroidered the letters S. Q. O. R. Pilate was a very handsome man who had once represented the Christ.

When Pilate found that the prisoner did not belong to his jurisdiction, but to Herod's, he dismissed Him to that king. The scene before Herod was heart-rending. The king in all his magnificence received the poor, weary captive, mocked Him, and laughed Him to scorn, while guards and attendants echo the laugh. The purple robe was put upon Him, the king giving Him a reed for a sceptre, and Christ is sent back to Pilate. A tableau next showed us Joseph's brethren exhibiting his bloody garments to their father. Then followed a tableau of the sacrifice of Isaac. Abraham is there with knife uplifted ready to do the will of God, the angel descends and stays his hand, and near by was the ram vainly trying to loosen his horns from the thicket. Then again we saw the Christ retracing His steps to Pilate. On the way His captors halt, fasten Him to a post, cover Him with a white robe, plait a crown of thorns and place it on His brow while the blood streams over his cheeks. He reaches Pilate, who vainly seeks a pretence to avoid the sentence for which the people were then clamoring. Barabbas was brought in, a sorry-looking soul, dressed in a tow garment, his feet bare and his matted hair hanging over his eyes. But it was not for the blood of Barabbas that the people thirsted, they cried aloud for his release, and when Pilate asked with regard to Christ, "What evil has He done?" the cries of "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" rent the air. The weak governor then washed his hands and broke his baton, endeavoring thus

to show that he was not responsible, and delivered the Christ to the rabble.

Then followed the third act, described by the chorus as "the way of the cross." This opened with tableaux. First Isaac is seen carrying on his back the wood with which to build the fire on which he was to be sacrificed. This the chorus typified as Christ bearing His own cross. The lifting up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness was next before us. The children of Israel were first seen smitten with pain and disease, but the next tableau described the serpent already raised and the ills of Moses's followers cured through looking thereon. The change in the countenances of those who personated the children of Israel was most remarkable. In the first of these two pictures they seemed worn with suffering, in the second all traces of misery had passed from them. The chorus told us that this signified first the corruption of mankind through sin, and then the cleansing from all sin through looking to Christ.

When the curtain again rose we saw Simon of Cyrene, who hearing a tumult from a side street halts, then we saw the procession escorting the Christ. The crowning act of ingratitude is about to be performed. In front of the shouting multitude rode a standard-bearer on a white horse, then followed a centurion with his armed band, and then the Christ tottering under the weight of the cross. Each painful step seemed to be His last. Simon of Cyrene is pressed by a soldier to assist Him, not, as it would seem, to lighten the suffering of the poor prisoner, but because they fear His life may end before the last torture in store for Him has been applied. This was a supreme moment. Up to this point I had closely

watched the countenances of those near me, those of the peasantry especially interested me, but from this time forward few in that audience were conscious of the presence of others. Christ was before us in His humanity. No accessory was wanting to give reality to His suffering. Executioners were on each side of Him carrying their hammers, while other instruments of their cruel trade jingled in baskets by their sides. The thieves were there, not bearing their crosses as did Christ, but dragging them after them. When the procession met the women of Jerusalem who, with their children in their arms, wept for the suffering of the captive, He with faltering breath told them to weep for themselves, but not for Him. The crowd swept on, shouts of derision, from the same multitude who so lately sang Hosanna, rent the air and died away in the distant hills, while the mother of Christ, with John and Mary Magdalene, came forward to follow to His last suffering the loved Son and Friend. Then the curtain was lowered, the singers came forth in mourning robes, and the audience was addressed by their leader in the following touching prologue: "Up, pious souls, and go thrilling with pain and thankfulness with me to Golgotha and see what there happened to our Lord. There dies the Intercessor between God and man. Stretched on the cross, with no covering but His wounds, listen to the wicked crowd scoffing Him and showing their revenge by mocking at His nakedness. I hear already the cracking of His joints as they are strained from the sockets. Whose heart is not agonized at sound of the hammer as it drives the cruel nails through hands and feet, while He, the crucified, suffers and forgives."

This was followed by a mournful hymn in the same strain, during which the dull sound of the hammer was distinctly heard from behind the curtain. The hymn ended. With solemn step and slow the singers retired, the curtain was drawn up, and we saw the two thieves tied to their crosses. In an instant the cross on which the Christ was stretched was raised and fixed securely at its base. The picture of that crowning act of mercy was there before us in all its majesty, reminding one of Albrecht Dürer's painting, but here all were living, speaking figures. On a board at the head of the cross was printed in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Not one fact of all that sacred history was omitted. His garments were parted just in front of the cross, while the rattle of the dice, as the soldiers cast lots for His raiment, added horror to a history which often as I had studied and heard it read, I had never until then fully appreciated. It was left for those unlettered peasants to show me how to read the history of our Lord's suffering.

Then rang out the cry of the thief on the left, "If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us." Then came the reproachful answer from the thief on the right, his humble prayer, and the comforting assurance that his penitence and faith would be rewarded.

Then the sacred trust committed to John, and the legacy to His mother of His best-beloved disciple; the mocking laugh of the bystanders, the summons to come down from the cross, the bitter quenching of that cruel thirst, and the cup of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" All were given, not with the

precision of play actors, but with thrilling tones as if the words were uttered there for the first time.

Then came the last cry of agony, and all was over.

Immediately there was a sound of mighty thunder, and a frightened servant came rushing in to tell the astonished bystanders that the veil of the temple was rent in twain. The legs of the thieves were then apparently broken, the india-rubber clubs which were used for this purpose producing the effect desired. The spear-thrust was given, and the blood poured out.

Then followed the descent from the cross. This seemed to me to be a copy of a picture by Cigoli, formerly the property of the monastery at Empoli, but given up by the Brothers of that institution to Duke Cosmo III. in 1689.

A ladder was placed behind the cross, which Joseph of Arimathea ascended; after taking the thorns from the bloody brow, he seemed to remove the nails from the hands, but in reality took away the invisible iron clamps which bound the body by the waist to the cross. Then a wide linen bandage was unrolled and passed up under the arms, and while Joseph of Arimathea tenderly supported the body, Nicodemus loosed the clamps from the feet, and he and John received the Crucified and placed Him in a half-sitting posture in the arms of His mother. I was told afterwards that the descent from the cross was managed very carefully to guard against congestion of the lungs, from which Joseph Maier had suffered when a youth, but the prevailing opinion among the peasantry was that no harm could come to him while performing this righteous ceremony, even though the body should be strained (as it was) for two-and-twenty

minutes on the cross with no other support than the clamps and bands and a small strip of board against which his feet rested. After the body was anointed it was carried away and two tableaux followed.

First Jonah coming forth from the whale, typifying, I need scarcely say, the resurrection of our Lord; then the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea while their enemies perish. The scene next opened on the sepulchre and the sleeping sentinels. The women enter, and finding the tomb empty call the two disciples; all are reassured by the presence of an angel, and finally comforted by the appearance of the risen Lord.

Then followed the Ascension, which was far behind the other scenes in dignity and beauty. This had been added to the Play a short time before 1870, and I would give those of my readers who may visit Oberammergau for the Miracle Play the advice which Nora in "Quits" gives her readers, and which I myself took when I returned to see it in 1880. Leave the building before the Ascension, and return to listen to the chorus which follows and closes the whole, for it was the finest of all.

The reader may accuse the writer of many faults, but if one of these be that I have described perfection, I will add a few particulars in which the representation falls short. The angels were all poor representatives of the winged beings whom each one pictures to himself, and being a woman I regret to say that the women failed to throw themselves into their parts as completely as did the men. These were the only faults I saw; though I did not go to "scoff" I expected to criticise severely. Instead, I stayed to "pray," and came away impressed most solemnly.

We were to leave Oberammergau the next morning for Walchensee, a village in the Bavarian highlands, but before we left I was anxious to see and speak with the man Joseph Maier, who had so admirably performed his part in the sacred drama. We reached his pretty home before six in the morning. He was sitting reading, his wife dressing her baby. When we entered he rose, put on his coat, and welcomed us. Nelly told him we were grateful to him for all we had enjoyed in Oberammergau; he answered, "I am happy." There was no conceit in his manner. He stood before us a perfect specimen of a man. Six feet in height and admirably proportioned, his black eyes looked kindly upon us, his blue-black hair curling on his shoulders.

We reached Walchensee, a village consisting of a few scattered houses and a "post inn" on the borders of the lake, which is surrounded by mountains. We took one mountain walk of four hours to reach the top, where the view was very fine. There was romance for the others in this walk, for we met hunters with bare knees, tall hats, and rifles in their hands, and it was pleasant to drink milk out of an earthen bowl in the hut of the "senner," but as I hold in mortal terror a rifle, and dislike to meet a herd of cows on a narrow pathway when either cows or women must give way, and feeling that the cows being armed with horns had the advantage, I mentally resolved not to climb again, little dreaming that no opportunity would be given me to do so.

The dining-room at the inn was the guest-chamber of the house. Eighteen feet square, with a sanded floor, and walls so thick that there were very deep window-seats, on which were placed pots of ivy, which grew all

over the walls of the room, and on eight large antlers, some so splendid that they reached nearly to the ceiling; the ivy twining about them seemed to say, "Keep my memory green." The guests at the table of the inn interested us much. There was a Herr Professor with his wife from Munich, the king's forester, an Italian count with bandy legs, and a youth who was learning to be a forester, and who walked past our windows twenty times a day with his rifle on his back, but with no deer! The parish priest, who lived across the lake, came daily to take his glass of beer in the arbor of the inn, but never spoke to us. One day I sent him a plate of strawberries, hoping to conciliate him, but he sent them back, after expressing his holy horror at taking strawberries with beer; still, his lips were opened to us ever after, and we were satisfied.

The village church is several hundred years old, with a graveyard so small and crowded that when a new grave was made an old skull was dug up. These skulls were placed in niches and on the window-sills of the church, some whitewashed and some pinkwashed. In spite of this, the graveyard remained tiny, thus forcing one to the conclusion that people like the prospect of having a white- or pinkwashed skull for future generations to gaze upon. There were sundry zithers among the peasantry. The son of our laundress played for us several times, because our laundress was a daily friend and helper, we having left our trunks at Weilheim and keeping by us only what are now called "grip-sacks."

On Monday, July 18, a telegram was brought to me from Baron Edward von der Heydt, which ran thus: "Alice must come home, war is declared; Hugo and

Leonard must go, and we fear the roads will be cut." This was a heavy blow to us all. Shut up in the mountains, we had not dreamed of war, and now we must go at once. The telegram, which came by the post-coach, had been on its way from Berlin from the Friday before. The post-coach could not wait for us, so we engaged a carriage, and before leaving I made an attack upon the Italian count in French. I asked him between what nations war was declared. He told me, and added that he should at once return to Italy, as he feared she might be involved.

Thus was the Franco-German War declared to us, rousing us out of a peace as profound as any I had ever known. In one-half hour we were on the way to Penzberg, and then came a sad parting from our dear Alice. She left us to catch a train for Berlin, while we went to Weilheim, secured the trunks, and went to Munich to pass the night.

When we arrived in Munich, we learned that the whole country had risen, and hoped to wipe out some of the indignities which had been heaped upon Germany by Napoleon Bonaparte, by making his nephew, Louis Napoleon, " eat dust," as the Germans expressed it. Bands of music were in the streets and in all public places playing national airs. Men who had followed the plough a few days before were then in their uniforms and mounting guard, as if they had never done anything else in their lives. We were sufficiently German to sympathize heartily in this outburst of feeling against the French emperor, and my only regret was that I could not return to Berlin at that time, but the fear that I might hinder instead of helping those whom I loved so tenderly de-

terred me, and after a sleepless night I determined to go to Switzerland.

We were much delayed on the road. Trains carrying supplies to head-quarters had, of course, the right of way, and we were often side-tracked. We saw many Americans fleeing, each anxious to give that most painful thing to accept, "advice;" and then came different propositions as to my future career.

One weak-minded old man told me not to go near the frontier, but I told him I had already chalked out my route and was on my way to Zurich. He then asked me if I had money enough to go farther, to which I quietly answered, "I shall draw money in Zurich." Whereupon he said, with much emotion, "You do not seem alarmed. I have told you the bankers will refuse you money in Switzerland. I pawned my wife's diamonds to reach Zurich; have you diamonds?" I told him "No."

I was very thankful when we reached the steamer on Lake Constance. Part of my anxiety left me, and I was amused by my fellow-passengers. There were French and Germans looking daggers at each other, and each saying insulting things intended for the ears of their opponents, which were not understood by them. At Zurich, I apologized to the banker for asking for money, but he assured me that I could have any sum I might ask for, thus proving that the American "Baron Munchausen" had led me into error. I bought my tickets for Geneva, and was glad I had done so, for the flying Americans we met had bought their railroad tickets to other points which were not then accessible. The terror of the travellers from all nations only added

to my own anxiety, and the face of an old Englishman, who told me that he had lost all his "luggage" and had never been so placed in his life, is before me now. When we first saw him he was struggling to speak to the keeper of the restaurant, a woman, in one of the railroad stations. He said, "Wo unser baggagee." The poor woman looked at him and shook her head. I sent Nelly to the rescue to ask him what he wished for. She found his luggage and he was grateful, and in thus helping him my own burden seemed lighter. The fact that all Germany was aroused and meaning to do the best was also encouraging to us. In our journey through Bavaria we had seen her sons, by one, by two, by three, crossing the fields with their bundles on their shoulders, their military caps on their heads, going not cheerfully, but calmly, to perform their duty. We heard no shouting, but saw many an earnest look and heard many a sad farewell.

We reached Geneva safely. Our stay there was only long enough to rest, and we then went to Glion, a country village above Montreux, and to the Hotel de Glion, a small pension, where there were already fourteen boarders in the house. Two Swedes, one Hollander, one Prussian, one South German, one Englishwoman, one French lady with a young Polish girl under her care, the Countess Ledochowska.

The discussion of the political situation was inevitable. All spoke French at the table. The Dutchman, when he found I was on the side of Germany, assured me that Germany was not ready for war, and that the success of France was inevitable.

Meanwhile, my girls knitted socks and sent them to

the German hospitals, and finally they persuaded me to knit also. My stocking was begun, and in great tribulation completed. I knew nothing of the art of knitting, and when they proposed to set up a second sock I declined, preferring to send mine to a one-legged man. The Polish girl interested us much, her friend and governess also. The history they gave us of their trials in Poland made me ill, but the daily discussion about the war revived me! The poor Hollander began to lose faith in Louis Napoleon and to call Count Bismarck "un voleur." On August 8 we heard that Paris was in a state of siege. This news met us as we were coming out of church, and an Englishman, as I thought, sidled up to me rubbing his hands. I asked him what would become of Louis Napoleon. His answer was, "We will send him over the Channel to you," and after a few words we discovered we were fellow-countrymen!

The hours and days we had passed before August 8 seemed intolerably long. None of the inmates of the house interested me except the young Polish countess, Marie Ledochowska, and her governess, Mademoiselle Gajitti. My girls and Marie were the only young people in the house, and naturally amused themselves together, while mademoiselle gave me the history of the young girl whose governess she had been for nine years.

Before her birth her father, Count Ledochowska, was banished to Siberia, her mother went to St. Petersburg and implored his pardon, which the emperor refused. She then followed her husband with her two daughters, and Marie was born. After two years the count was pardoned, but his wife died before they were allowed

to return to their home. One of the daughters married at home, but the rigor of the climate of Siberia had seriously impaired the health of the younger girls and they were ordered to the south of Europe. The rule of the Russian government forbade minors to leave Poland, and after many months and much entreaty they received their passports. They then could not use them, for the eldest of the little girls was at the point of death. After her death Mademoiselle Gajitti brought Marie to Switzerland just as the German and French War began. Neither of our new-found friends could speak one word of English, and the alarm that Marie felt when she was told that the German army was successfully advancing was pitiable. "Then Italy will be involved and what will become of our Pope?" was the anxious inquiry of this poor girl. She had hoped that if France were victorious, Russia would come to help Prussia and Poland would "rise." On the 9th of August we saw in the Geneva paper the proclamation of the Empress of France, which ran thus:

"FRENCHMEN:

"The outlook of the war is not favorable to us. Our armies have met with a repulse. Let us be firm in this reverse and hasten to repair it.

"Let there be but one side among us, that of France; one flag, that of our national honor.

"I am with you all, faithful to my mission and to my duty; you will see me face any and every danger to defend the flag of France.

"I entreat all good citizens to maintain order. To disturb it would be to conspire with our enemies.

(Signed) "The Empress (Regent).
"EUGÉNIE.

"PALACE OF THE TUILERIES,
August 7."

I felt sympathy for the first time for the Hollander; when this was read aloud, his agony was great when he said that Bismarck would take Holland as he would "un gateau," he who a week before was rejoicing in anticipation that Prussia would be the "fool of history."

The population in our pension changed much about this time. Our Hollander left us, and the lady from Hanover rejoiced in his absence, though she said not one word to wound either mademoiselle or Marie. We all worked together for the international hospitals. Still, I was terribly anxious. We heard nothing of those whom we loved in the German army. At last came a letter which told us that Hugo von Winterfeldt and Leonard von Renthe (the husbands of our cousins) were safe, and that Talbot was in a hospital, having been thrown from his horse; but out of three thousand men who left Berlin, in his regiment, only two officers and ninety men had survived "Metz."

When the news came that McMahon had surrendered and the emperor was a prisoner, we did not believe it, but Mr. Lombard, the banker from Geneva, came with his daughters for a day or two, confirmed the news, and told us the French had failed through three causes: First, they were conceited and boastful; secondly, the officers were not properly educated to do military duty; they lived about the court in idleness and dissipation, never thinking that the knowledge of military affairs could be derived from books; thirdly, that the appropriation made from time to time for the uses of the army had been used in other directions.

I was sorry to hear all this, for France had helped us

in our hour of trial, and I felt that ruin had come to her people through usurpers. Then we read the telegram sent by the king, William, to his queen, Augusta. I here translate it:

"SEDAN, September 2.

"A capitulation has just been concluded with General Wimpfen, through which all the army in Sedan has surrendered, prisoners of war. General Wimpfen is in command of the French army, replacing Marshal McMahon, who is wounded. The emperor being no longer in command has surrendered personally to me, and abandons the government of France to the regency of Paris. I shall designate the place of his future residence as soon as I have the interview with him, which is to take place immediately. What an event brought about by the decree of Providence!

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

Then came an account of the French emperor driving in an open barouche to meet the king (smoking as he went). All this is history, but it was terrible to live through it, even for me, a stranger.

The appeal of the Countess Gasparin came next in the Geneva papers. I record it, hoping that its earnest words may animate the women of my own country to take greater interest in our political affairs, that they may by their example and influence help our politicians to honest dealing, which seems now to be greatly lacking.

"TO THE WOMEN OF FRANCE AND GERMANY:

"The least known among your sisters cries out to you. Your patriotic tenderness has soothed thousands of wounded soldiers. We can perhaps do better than this. Let us rise up and throw our hearts and our prayers between the two nations who seek to destroy one another. Antiquity shows us pagan women who with outstretched arms have separated combatants. Shall we Christian women do less? Let there be no more massacres, no more mutilated bodies, no more broken hearts, no more useless generations.

The earth is drunk with the blood of our sons. Women of all countries, let us shake hands across the frontiers. Let us try to arouse love in the nations who would destroy, but who do not hate each other. If we, mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters of Germany and France, desire peace, peace will be made. In the name of God, let us rise up. Let us unite, and let us win this battle. This will be the supreme victory for 1870.

"Comtesse de Gasparin."

We could not help noticing the difference between the appeal from the Empress Eugénie and these agonized words from the countess. We said but little, for any discussion disturbed Marie. She grieved that she had no chapel near at hand where she might pray daily for the success of the French. We offered our prayers every Sunday in the English chapel, and at first I felt sorry not to hear a prayer for our President, but the curate in charge, after a few Sundays, learned that there were Americans in the congregation, and offered a petition in the Litany for our President just after the petition for the Queen. To my surprise the response from the congregation was feeble, but the next Sunday the petition for the President of the United States was inserted not only after the one for the nobility, but after the one for the magistrates, and our President, being in the eyes of the English gentry in his proper place, the response was loud and earnest!

Still the war went on, and the news came that the Italian troops had occupied the Papal dominions, and so the temporal power of the Pope was shaken. A rumor came that our government had telegraphed Mr. Bancroft, requesting him to mention to the German government that as the King of Prussia had said he only made war against the Emperor of the French and not against

the nation, he should then desist. Louis Napoleon, it is true, was then settled in Cassel with the "chef" of Queen Augusta to give him an appetite! After destroying a nation, I should think he could never have eaten again.

We read with pain the account of the burial of the dead the day after "Metz." One vast grave was dug, and the bodies of both French and Germans were brought to it at dusk. While they were being reverently placed in the grave the bands played "Jesus, Thou Blessed Light." After the earth was covered over the men stood around and sang "Heilige Nacht." Choked were many voices, but still they sang of that night which brought "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

The grapes were ripe in the middle of September, and many strangers filled our little pension. An American geologist and his wife came. My joy was great at seeing and hearing my own people once more. The wife not being strong did not come to breakfast, and I offered to help the geologist, but he thought he would see what he could do alone in giving an order, and thus addressed the waiter, "Garçon, deux œufs à la coq., mais très peu coqué." The poor "garçon" had to ask an explanation. I turned gladly from the memories of the war to anything that amused us then.

One day Marie came running in to tell me that she had seen the "Diacre Anglais" on a horse, with a long-tailed coat and a black cravat on, and she thought such a costume out of place for a "Diacre Anglais." Her governess asked her whether their household Dominican friar did not follow the chase in Poland in a round jacket. We all point out in other religious faiths the

same faults which we will find in our own, if we look for them.

Our house was again full of boarders of different nationalities, and again came all sorts of questions as to the inhabitants of our own country, whether of mankind or of the reptile species. After asking me whether I had ever seen a rattlesnake, a lady who looked at me with an incredulous smile when I answered "No," said, "A friend of mine has bought an island in one of the rivers of Florida, and means to plant there, but he found it so full of rattlesnakes that he has returned to Switzerland for hands and chemicals to destroy the snakes before he begins to plant." I was much amused, and longed for the power to sketch this pioneer among rattlesnakes, sitting in a boat, squirting chemicals to destroy the first settlers on his island.

The war went on. We were still most anxious and I unhappy, because I thought of the poor women whom I had seen in the palmy days of Paris haggling with the butchers about the price of spoiled meat, and wondered what they had to eat. I had thought then of the contrast between their homes and the arches and palaces on which I had seen carved in stone the letters "L. N." That monogram is now no longer seen in Paris, but I fear that it is found still on many a stony heart left behind in this world after those terrible days of 1871.

The country where we were looked lovely. All nature seemed preparing for the winter. The cows were being driven to lower pasturage, the nuts were all gathered and put to dry preparatory to being turned into salad oil! the faulty ones being converted into lamp oil. The

thrift of those people I shall never forget, but I have never followed it.

I looked at the mountains about me, which brought back to me many a sad thought, and yet I felt grieved that I should not see the spring open upon them. They were donning their white shrouds and we must go where my girls could study, though not one moment had been lost in Glion, and they spoke French, as dear Mademoiselle Gajitti said, "extremely well."

We were grieved to leave Marie and her good friend, but our plans were decided, and we went over the Simplon to Italy. I chose that route on the score of economy, but the journey was terrible. We were on runners, for the snow was deep, the driver was poor, the horses poorer, and the harness poorest, and in many places it had been mended with rope or twine. I felt as if there was nothing between us and destruction but a rotten cord. The sight of the Italian peasants was a glad one to my eyes. We had left the snow and danger far behind us, and could admire the women peasants walking in droves with their heads erect, and carrying on them bundles of dried leaves. They looked so warm and so happy, and they opened such beautiful eyes upon us, that I envied them. The custom-house officer at this frontier delighted me. He opened one of my trunks, spied a small American flag therein, and clasping it in his hands, said, "America la liberta." Wishing to return this compliment, I said, "Italia! Roma! Felicita!" He then asked me whether I spoke French, and we entered into a long and animated conversation on the subject of the condition of Italy. I found he was as glad as I that the Pope had lost his temporal

power. Before we left, he came to the window of the diligence to tell me that if I would come out of Italy by the Simplon I should have every accommodation extended to me by his bureau. I thanked him, but thought I would rather walk than leave Italy by the Simplon, so great had been my terror during the journey.

After a delightful moonlight drive along Lake Maggiore we reached Arona at midnight, and pushed on at once, stopping one day at Milan and one day in Parma, where I wanted my girls to see the Corregio frescos, which had so delighted me in the spring. We found the Diana over the mantel-piece just as Sydney and I had left her. Her eyes seemed to ask me what I had done with my spring-time companion. I could have answered as the trees in autumn answer for their spring-time leaves. We had an addition to our party in crossing the Simplon, Mrs. Schaffer and her children, and being determined to secure a railway carriage for our party when we left Milan, I asked my children to struggle with our small parcels and addressed the train conductor in my best Italian. The rest of the party followed, and in their wake was a young man whom I thought an Italian. He shoved himself into the car, and Nelly called out, "This horrid Italian is crowding in!" After we were all seated, we commented on the incivility of men, especially of this Italian. After a few minutes he stood up and, bowing low, said, "Madam, I regret my manner does not please you. I desired to travel with you because I thought you would be charming companions. If my eagerness has offended, I will leave the carriage at the first stop, but I desire to tell you, I am an Englishman." We asked his pardon for taking

him for an Italian, and begged him not to leave the carriage. He consented, and proved a valuable assistant to us all. When we came near Parma, he advised us all to speak German when we reached the hotel; and told us that the Italians charged Germans about one-half what they did Americans. He went to the same hotel with us; we found ourselves well provided for, and when our bills were presented, they amounted to one-half the sum we had expected. The name of our new-found friend was "Randal," and so kind was he that we saw all the sights of Parma for eighty centimes apiece. He had lived in Italy two years, was an Oxford graduate, had a fellowship, and was then living in Siena.

When we came to the theatre in Parma, he jumped upon the stage and took the parts of Portia, Hamlet, and Richard III. successfully, and so full of pathos and passion was his manner that I said, "Your place is the stage." I know not where he has acted his part in life, but when he bade us farewell, I sang to him the first verse of a very old-time English song, beginning,—

> "Oh! where are you going, Lord Randal, my son,
> And where are you going, my handsome young man?"

He came to see us once in Florence, but we were out, and he was, and is, like a ship we signal in the voyage of life and then pass on.

Our friends the Miss Horners had secured an apartment for us in Florence, and when we reached the station at midnight we found our landlord, "Pietro," waiting for us. He was to be our man-servant and cook. Our rooms were most comfortable and everything went well. Pietro provided our meals for us and brought the weekly

bills, which Joanna Horner told me must never exceed fifty francs a week for all our food. We paid at the rate of three hundred dollars a year for this apartment, Pietro's services, and a maid who came to us twice a day. We never were so entirely comfortable at so small an expense.

We were barely installed when sad news came to us. Leonhardt von Renthe was killed in the storming of Le Bourget. We were, indeed, grieved. A noble life ended in youth. I cannot dwell upon the sorrow which came to all our dear cousins through this calamity. The fate of our cousin Hugo von Winterfeldt was different. He had had a brilliant career, having been promoted to a majority and to be a "flugel adjutant" to the then crown prince, "Unser Fritz." After the negotiations were completed between the two governments, he was the officer chosen to escort Jules Favre and M. Thiers back to Paris.

CHAPTER XVI

Our busy life in Florence then began. The girls had lessons, and we went daily to visit churches and galleries, to our great profit and pleasure. I hope all those whom I love will see the things that we saw. Some things they cannot see or hear, and those I shall tell of. The first thing that startled me was hearing of the death in Florence of an Indian prince. A petition was instantly made to the authorities of the city for permission to destroy his body according to the rites of his religion. This was granted, and his body was carried in the dead of night in an omnibus to the Cascine. It rested on the knees of six of his attendants, dressed in all the lace and jewels of which he had been possessed, including a necklace of pearls worth ten thousand dollars. The body was placed on a pile of wood six feet long (previously built), covered with more wood, and the whole burned. The ashes were then gathered, placed in an urn, which was sealed up and carried to India to be thrown into the Ganges. I very much doubt whether the ashes of the pearls are now reposing in the Ganges.

We made new friends at almost every turn, but we did not forget the old ones. About this time I had a letter from Frau von Ranke, which ran thus:

"December 9, 1870.

"My dear Mrs. Gillespie:

"Looking at the date of your last letter, I reproach myself greatly for not having answered it sooner, particularly as I do not exactly

know where now to address you, but you would excuse me if you knew how anxiously I took possession of every kind hand to write to dear Fried or to beg, for since the beginning of the war, not being able to do anything myself, I could only fulfil the part of the lowest member in society, and begged of all my friends in England and Ireland to take compassion on my helplessness and to afford me the means of contributing help to the sick and wounded, as well as to the soldiers, by giving them clothes, etc., and they answered my appeal so generously that I have scarcely ever gone out without a basketful of things for some lazaret or other, and have been able almost every day to forward a bundle of Liebesgaben to Fried or some one else, and this has employed me and turned my thoughts from the great anxieties of the war.

"Thank God, Fried is safe; he was for a month engaged in the parallels before Strasburg, constantly exposed to the fire of the cannons, but when it capitulated he was ordered with his regiment, 'Garde Landwehr Grenadier,' towards Paris, and has been stationed at St. Germain for the last month, where in vain he has been expecting an outbreak of the Parisians or a fight; but, thank God, all his ambition has been disappointed. I hope and trust peace is not far distant. O that the poor French could be induced to surrender themselves without more bloodshed! Had they been as stanch at the beginning as they are now at the end of the war, they would have afforded the Prussians more trouble. But now they hug their old idle glory to their hearts when it is too late for them to succeed. They only augment their own misery by striving to fight in their hour of starvation. Poor people, I feel for them. They are certainly the cleverest people in the world, and give the general tone to it in outward things. But this hard lesson of humiliation will, I trust in God, be of great use to them, and I feel sure they will rise regenerated from their sufferings as they did after the Reign of Terror.

"How do you like the idea of our king being emperor? It pleases me very much, but the conservatives of Prussians do not like to share their brave old king with any one else, and would like to keep him quite for themselves. I am glad to hear such good accounts of you and your girls. I am sorry I must conclude my letter hurriedly, we have been interrupted.

"Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

"Clara von Ranke.

"I shall never forget you."

I copy this in full because, as the reader may remember, the one from whom the letter came had been for more than twenty years motionless, and it gives a lesson to all of us who are restive or impatient under any restriction. Her keen interest in this world and her perfect trust in the goodness of God teach us much, for "example is better than precept."

Life passed on most pleasantly and profitably for us all. The next important public event was the arrival of the Spanish ambassadors, who came to announce the election of the Duc d'Aosta to the throne of Spain. For many days before the whole city was preparing to put Florence in gala array. All along the sunny side of the Arno tall poles were raised about thirty feet apart, and on top of each pole floated the Italian and Spanish flags. Thick wreaths of laurel were then attached and festooned down to the gas-lamps. Large pedestals were placed in the streets, on which were bouquets of immortelles colored with the Spanish colors, and between these pedestals were rows of orange- and myrtle-trees. The Spanish embassy were to stay at the Hotel Arno, and we were invited by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cady Eaton, to see their arrival. All the military were out and formed in lines, through which the carriages containing the dignitaries passed. The bands played the Spanish national air as the carriages reached them severally, and the whole of the court carriages, thirteen in number, had been sent to convey the ambassadors to their quarters. I confess I was disappointed in the appearance of the ambassadors. Black velvet suits, with point-lace collars and sleeve ruffles and black plumes, there were none. Richly embroidered coat-collars and cuffs, cocked hats and white

kid gloves, there were. The ambassadors were gentlemanly looking men. The crowd in the large "Piazza" was enormous; I watched the faces of these the populace, and I felt sad and ready to cry, though then I did not dream that the reign of the Duc d'Aosta would so soon be over, and that farther on in time the lord high admiral of Spain would be a prisoner of war in my own land. After the deputation was housed they appeared on the balcony and cheered for the King of Italy. The crowd responding, cheered for the King of Spain. It was all fine and stirring, but my thoughts wandered, not unnaturally, to a woman, "Isabella of Spain," and I wondered how she would have felt if she could have heard those cries and have looked as I did on the heads of the nobles of her land, many of them white with age, and have felt that they had come to carry a young stranger to her throne.

The hotel was most beautifully decorated with greenhouse plants and flags flying in every direction. As we left, we met on the stairway several of the dignitaries. Off went their cocked hats nearly to our feet, and I should have desired to cultivate a friendship with them if I could have shaken off the thought of bull-fights. The next morning we saw the Court carriages on their way to convey the ambassadors to the palace. The footmen, three behind each carriage, were in scarlet livery with powdered wigs. Four gentlemen in crimson velvet robes carried silver vases on long poles. Within the vases (which were sealed) were the votes which made the Duc d'Aosta king. On the next evening we went to the theatre to a grand performance given to the strangers. We saw them again, and this time accompanied by their

new king. Ristori was the actress. She gave one act of "Marie Stuart" and also some passages of Schiller's "Farewell of Joan of Arc" (translated into Spanish), and it was most admirably done. The Spanish Hymn was the music of the evening, and so ended this chapter of history, so far as we had part, in the sights in Florence.

My niece had begun to take singing lessons from an Italian master who was in high repute in Florence, and knowing that the great artist Hans von Bulow was then there, I proposed to place my daughter under his care for lessons on the piano. My friends assured me he would not take her without hearing her play, and I trembled for her chance of securing the great teacher. We went to see him. He told us he would come to see us shortly. He came, asked to look at the music she was studying, named the hours once a week for her lessons, and left us. I went to his room with her, and the lessons were a success. He took infinite pains, placing her for practice with an advanced pupil of his own, and I knew we found favor in his eyes, for when the lessons ended one day he asked whether we would like to see his cats. We said, "Yes, gladly; we love cats." He brought out a quantity of food on a plate, opened the window into his garden, and called us to look. Fourteen cats were assembled there and the food given them. "This happens every day," he said; "the cats are a great interest in my life." I asked him once why he had been kind enough to take my daughter as a pupil without hearing her play. "I saw determination written on the face of mother and daughter," he answered, "and I do not regret it."

I became acquainted soon after with Madame Laussot, who had received Mr. von Bulow into her house in Florence when he came there after the tragic ending of his married life. He declined then to hear a note of music or to speak a word of German. Madame Laussot then gave piano lessons in her own house, but for the sake of von Bulow, who had been her friend in childhood and had studied music with Liszt at the same time that she did, she went to the houses of her pupils and there gave them their lessons. Months passed and still this endeavor to forget his past life went on with von Bulow. One evening after a long day's work Madame Laussot came home to find him playing on the piano most industriously and delightedly. His vow to hear no more music was over, and the charm which music alone brings to us even in this world was his again. Still, he refused to speak in any language but French or Italian.

It was a privilege to see von Bulow give a lesson. I never saw so careful a teacher. He walked about the room while the lesson was going on, and if there was a shadow of faltering or lack of proper expression, he flew to the piano, found out the trouble, and made his pupil repeat the passage until she had conquered the difficulty. He had no peer at that time as a pianist except Rubinstein, but his sad history was written on his face, and with all the honors showered upon him, the drop of bitterness was in his cup of life. One day he handed me a book of photographs to look over. They were the pictures of artists and friends, and he pointed them out to me while I turned the leaves. At last I came to the picture of a woman with an interesting face. He paused, and then said, "That was my late wife." I held

my peace, but "Cosima" had then no charm for me. Bulow was a firm friend to me and mine unto the end. The notice on his door amused me much. In the morning it was, "Not to be seen." In the afternoon, "Not at home."

We went from the Horners on Christmas eve to hear the midnight mass at the church of "Santo Spirito." We found there a large congregation, a beautiful church, and many priests chanting. At twelve o'clock every church bell in town rang out a merry peal, and from each small chapel in the church a musical bell was rung. I was glad we had gone. The worship of God leaves a lesson with us if we go to it with a right mind.

We dined with the dear Horners on Christmas day, and after dinner they told us anecdotes of their old time in England. As I was trained in my youth through Maria Edgeworth's books, I must here repeat something they told us. Mr. and Mrs. Horner gave a dinner to which they invited Miss Edgeworth, her father, and the Rev. Samuel Parr, not knowing there was a deadly feud between the two gentlemen. When Mr. Edgeworth entered and saw Mr. Parr, he called out, "I cannot sit at dinner with that man." Maria Edgeworth, with womanly instinct, stepped forward at once, greeted Mr. Parr most kindly, sat by him at dinner, and through her lively conversation did away with the memory of her father's rudeness. The father was obliged to submit. So much for "Early Lessons."

I was invited out many times to the houses of Englishmen, Americans, and some few Italians. I hoped for an invitation to the marriage of Mademoiselle de Fransoni and the Duc di San Clementi, but none was issued outside

the family. The duc's family name is Velute, as his ancestors invented velvet! I like such things, and always wanted to take tea with the Holzschuhers in Germany.

I went to the Baptistry to see the christening of a boy baby who was born on December 31, but whose birth was kept secret until 1871, because he would be liable to conscription on the first day of 1890 if born in 1870, and with this little ruse he might escape until 1891. This deception is one of the fruits of military despotism.

My girls had looked eagerly forward to the Christmas holidays, and especially to an afternoon party which the Misses Horner gave to their little adopted daughter, Susie. First, Puss in Boots was acted by means of shadows. Susan Horner had cut huge figures out of pasteboard; these were manœuvred behind a sheet with the assistance of my girls. Susan had also written an operetta descriptive of Puss in Boots. Joanna had arranged the words to the music of all the old-fashioned English airs, and the singers were Joanna and myself. The whole performance gave great pleasure to the fifteen little people assembled. The shadows were perfect, and the applause given to the operatic parts was never equalled except perhaps for "Pedrotti" or "Grisi." The audience was composed of English, Scotch, French, Italian, and American children, each showing her nationality in her manners and ways. There was one little French girl of seven who much amused me. She was dressed in the height of the fashion of the day, and wore a pair of white kid gloves which fitted like wax. After the performance the children danced a Swedish dance, taught them by Susan Horner, and the little Frenchy came to me in much distress, saying, "On n'a pas fait comme

ça avec moi." She was only contented when I offered to perform the figure with her, which she did with much grace. She was the niece of the French author Michelet. Her name was then Souvestre, now I suppose she is "mère de famille," bearing another name and the "old-year party" forgotten.

When the supper was announced I asked a little Scotch child what she would take; she said, "Thank you, I will take some of the 'shape,'" meaning jelly from a mould. The most attractive of the party were the four children of Professor Charles Norton, of Harvard College, and this was not alone the opinion of a "native American," who was proud of the verdict for those from across the water.

Thus passed out that old year, and the coming in of the new year brought me many invitations to go into society. One I felt bound to accept at the house of the American consul to meet Generals Sheridan and Forsyth. This ball was given in the Orsini Palace; the decorations were beautiful and the guests came from all over Europe. I heard an American ask an English titled lady whether she did not think our flag "very unique." General Sheridan danced, and I enjoyed myself much.

I was invited to dine at the house of Rev. Dr. Van Nest, a clergyman from New York, and after dinner a proposition was made that we should act charades. There were twelve guests, and three were to act at a time. The lady of the house put three of us into a side room where we had left our wraps and where there was no light, and told us to "choose our word and prepare." The first scene was to represent a lady in her own house engaging a servant. The lady's part was taken by one

of my companions, who felt about the room for a shawl and a fan, which having secured, she went back into the drawing-room and began a soliloquy on the inferiority of domestics. Meanwhile, I too "felt about," and finally found a cloth article on the back of a chair, and supposing it to be a mantilla, put it over my shoulders and entered the drawing-room. While I was laying down the law to the lady (whose servant I was to become) on the subject of my privileges, I looked down and found I had covered my shoulders with a pair of pantaloons. I was aghast, but hoped to conceal them, and backed out of the room until I reached the door, when turning to open it, I was greeted with a shout of laughter from the company, for the suspenders hung down to my feet! I was sorry, but expected the matter to end there. Not so. A short time after a friend of mine, who had been at the charade party, came to see me, and told me that an English lady had asked her who among the Americans she had better call upon, and on hearing my name she drew herself up and said, "I cannot call on that lady; I understand she dressed herself in male attire and walked out at night." My friend told her the history of the charade party, and the English lady called and apologized to me for her false report. Thus are mole-hills often converted into mountains by careless listeners and more careless repeaters of gossip.

CHAPTER XVII

Still the war continued, and though much interest was felt by us, the certainty as to victory for the Germans was ours, and we were consoled, perhaps made forgetful, through the novelty of everything around us. I was urged to join the Cherubini Society, a chorus of mixed voices, and did so. I was much relieved, when I took my seat among the contralti, to find that there were but few women in that branch of the chorus younger than I. Madame Laussot led, and gave her directions in four languages. Von Bulow was the pianist, but we were preparing for a grand concert with large orchestra, with him as leader. I sat between an Englishwoman older than I, but with a perfectly true voice, and an American who was younger than I, but who spoke of the American eagle as "That familiar fowl." Our Cherubini concert was a Mendelssohn evening, consisting of part of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Athalie" (words by Racine). The "Athalie" was fine, but the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was far more like a winter nightmare; cold shivers went down my back as we all sang "Gute Nacht," *not* together, but each on his, or her, own sweet will. I was surprised that the audience did not leave without saying "Goodnight," but there was much applause when all was over, and Von Bulow, with his back towards the audience, was apparently applauding us, while in reality he was making hideous faces at us.

To my great pleasure I met one day, in one of the galleries, Mrs. Kemble. She was very glad to see me, and the next day called upon me. The girls were at their studies and did not see her, and as they greatly desired this privilege, I took them with me when I returned her visit. They were much pleased to go, but though she was charming to me, I thought she did not care for the presence of the girls. When I was leaving I apologized for having brought the girls, but she said, "I am glad to see them, but had no idea that any young Americans cared for the society of women older than themselves." It was a just rebuke to our young people then and now, but I pitied the two on whom the blow fell, for they had longed to see the woman who had so charmed and delighted me from my early youth.

So sped our time. I had been invited to dine or take supper with several Americans, and had much enjoyed their society, the Grahams and Sorchons, of New York, and the Sargents and Kennards, of Philadelphia. I saw John Sargent then as a little boy, not dreaming that I should afterwards hold my breath with delight at the sight of his pictures in the Boston Library. I took tea with an Italian family of high degree on a bitterly cold night. The gentlemen (members of Parliament, in patent-leather boots, thick gold chains, and redolent of musk) all hugged the fire, while the ladies shivered at a distance. Still, I enjoyed seeing the difference between foreign customs and ours; sometimes theirs were an improvement on ours, sometimes the reverse.

We owed much of the pleasure and most of the instruction we had in that winter about the objects of interest around us to our friends the Misses Horner.

They had taught my girls to address them as "aunt," and surely real aunts were never more kind or more painstaking. A visit which we made to "San Miniato," an old church which stands without the walls of Florence, rests in my memory. In the inside of the church are curious old frescos depicting the temptation of the saint by the devil. We saw this, and passing on we finally found the devil pushed out and covered by books by the brotherhood. The faces of the pious old fellows were a study, and the struggles of the devil under the books were so funny that nothing but the presence of the sacristan prevented my laughing aloud. The windows behind the high altar are of marble, half an inch thick, through which the sunlight streams, showing the beautiful colors of the stone.

We were passing the Duomo one day when Joanna Horner called our attention to some almost tiny arches near the top of the church, and asked us to notice that these arches were only completed half-way, and added, "When Michael Angelo saw that part of the ornamentation he said it looked like 'beetle-boxes,' and the work was instantly stopped." The beetle-boxes are, however, still used. On Ascension Day the population turns out, and is employed in catching beetles, whether in memory of the great artist who criticised the boxes, or whether the beetle is to share the fate of the swine in the Old Testament; neither history nor the guide-books throw any light upon the story. The people are so superstitious that nothing is surprising. I visited the Duomo three times a week alone. I have been more moved within its walls than ever before in a church, but I witnessed a ceremony there on the Saturday before Easter

which was most extraordinary. A large altar on wheels and filled with wood was drawn by four oxen to the space between the church and the baptistry, and we were told that a dove would come from the high altar of the Duomo and set fire to the altar. After watching a short time out came the dove; not, as I thought, a real dove, but a wooden one fastened to a wire and all ablaze. It did set the pile on the altar on fire, and it was curious to watch the country people, for the firing of the pile was a success, and through it a plentiful harvest was assured for the coming year, which was also to be a year of idleness for the four oxen who had contributed their part to the programme.

I knew very few Italians, but a few had desired to make my acquaintance, not, alas! on my own account. The Countess Mazetti had called upon me, and I record an amusing incident connected with my first visit to her. My friend Mrs. Kennard gave a luncheon to a very old friend of hers and mine, Mr. Clement B. Barclay, on the occasion of his birthday. There were six ladies present, all Americans. Each one had brought some trifle to him, one of them bringing a head of cabbage surrounded with long red and white radishes, the whole tied in the form of a bouquet, with ribbons of our national colors. The luncheon passed off pleasantly, and when we were about to separate, Mr. Barclay said, "Take my bouquet to the children, it will amuse them." I said I was going to return a visit of the Countess Mazetti and could not carry such a thing, but the remonstrances of my friend overcame my objections, and after covering the "bouquet" with tissue-paper, I set forth, thinking the countess would be out. She was at

home, and I was ushered up to her drawing-room, where I found her talking with an Italian musician of some note, his wife, and one or two other Italian friends. I was received most kindly, and the language in which they were speaking was changed on my account to French. The musician lamented his own weak nerves and his ill health generally. His appearance was not neat, and I ventured to ask him whether he had ever tried cold baths, and told him I was sure they would benefit him. He answered with a shudder that a German physician had once recommended them, and added, "If I had followed that advice, 'J'aurais devenu fou.'" As he said this his restless eyes fell upon my bouquet, and my eye following his, I saw to my horror one long radish protruding from the tissue-paper and in full view of the company. I made no attempt at an explanation, finished my visit, and left the drawing-room full of the scent of uncooked vegetables; my last words to the musician were, "Pray do not forget the cold baths," which advice I am sure was never followed, as he evidently thought me *folle,* or else that Americans were in the habit of "marketing" and "visiting" at the same time.

Our winter in Florence closed, leaving behind it only pleasant memories, except with regard to the weather, which had been damp, raw, and dark. I never saw but once an Italian sky equal to our own true blue, when we feel the joy of living and moving. When the flowers began to bloom we felt sad, because we must soon go from friends new and old. I had heard constantly from my cousins in Berlin, and was glad to know they were more cheerful, though they did not say so, but

one of them wrote that our family name "Bache" was Norman "de la Bêche," and she meant to have it put upon her visiting-cards. It sounded well, and I hoped that after all "spades" might prove trumps for some of us.

The violets which filled our little drawing-room with their perfume as early as March 10 were a delight to us all, but still we longed for a home equinoctial storm. At last the hour of our departure came, but not by the route we had planned. Paris was still sealed to us. We went directly north to Antwerp, stopped there long enough to see the Cathedral, and crossed the Channel from there. Our stay was short in England, but the loving-kindness of the "Aunt Horners" followed us there. We saw their sisters, Lady Lyell and Mrs. Lyell, and their husbands, Sir Charles Lyell and Colonel Lyell, and were most kindly received and hospitably entertained by them all. Colonel Lyell was a firm believer in the teaching of Darwin, and I confess I thought he had good grounds for his belief, especially when, after taking me to the London Zoological Garden and showing me human traits in various animals, we landed in front of the monkey cage, wherein was a monkey with a very long nose and eyes near together which closely resembled me. I did not, however, become a convert. We left London after a very few days, but we enjoyed those days to the full in sight-seeing, and left our friends with regret, but with the hope of seeing them and London once again.

Our passage across the Atlantic was moderately quiet. There were few Americans on board our vessel, and but two of the other passengers interested me much. They were two English ladies, who were crossing for

the pleasure of seeing America and intending to travel as far as California. I saw them again just before they left our shores for home, and they expressed the same views of our country and our people. We landed in May, 1871, and of our welcome I cannot speak. There are some happy times which belong to each one of us when silence is more sacred than words.

After the summer was over my girls entered a school in Philadelphia, the head of which was Agnes Irwin, a name well known throughout our country. She has been since transplanted to Boston, and holds the position of dean in Radcliffe College, the annex for women of Harvard College. There are many who enjoyed her judicious care and teaching in Philadelphia who rise up and call her "blessed" when they are teaching their own little children the patience and perseverance that they learned from their honored and beloved teacher.

Our lives passed pleasantly with music, books, and kind friends. Already plans were forming for holding an International Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures in Philadelphia in 1876, the Centennial Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and Pennsylvania the birthplace of our Union, was held to be the fitting spot. These plans, however, were not then matured.

CHAPTER XVIII

In recounting the good which springs from a well-spent, useful life, we are apt to forget that in all lives which may be taken as examples there have been struggles, temptations, misery, and anxiety. We overlook these sorrows and think only of the good accomplished.

We praise the dead but forget the trials through which they have gained the end. I am reminded of this error into which we all fall by the events which preceded what we are now proud and pleased to call our "Centennial Exhibition." Like a well-spent life it has left behind it countless blessings, but who pauses now to think over its struggles for bare existence, who remembers the burden carried, ay, carried cheerfully, by those men and women on whom rested the responsibility of a happy or disastrous issue of the great undertaking? The days of doubt are past and forgotten, but it seems not unwise to recall the noble part borne by the women of the country during the years between 1872 and 1876. I speak mainly of the women because they received little praise for their stupendous work, though, in the language of the Philadelphia *Ledger* of April 8, 1877, "There was a time when the greater portion of the interest felt in the Centennial Exhibition outside of Philadelphia was the result of their exertions. The women of this country were its zealous friends while the men were indifferent." I thanked the generous owner of the *Ledger* then for this righteous verdict, and am about to give a

history of some of the trials and joys of the women of our country during that period.

On the 16th day of February, 1873, thirteen ladies of the city of Philadelphia were invited by the "Citizens' Centennial Board of Finance" (of the Exhibition of 1876) to meet together at the rooms of the Board, 904 Walnut Street. This invitation was accepted by nine ladies, who assembled on the day and hour appointed and were most cordially received by Mr. John Welsh, the President of the Board of Finance, and Mr. Ziegler; Mr. Meyer Asch, the Secretary of the Board, was also present. The Committee thus called together represented all religious creeds, all political beliefs, and also some of the lines of thought which have since broadened into pathways which woman is now treading with honor, security, and profit to herself and others.

Mr. Welsh addressed us most kindly, told us frankly that the United States Commissioners for the Exhibition and the Board of Finance had thus far failed to arouse all the interest necessary to carry the undertaking to a successful issue, and they therefore had invited thirteen ladies, in memory of the thirteen colonial States, to co-operate with them in the endeavor to create popular enthusiasm and to add to the subscriptions for Centennial stock. He laid down no rules for our government, but was leaving us to our own reflections, when Mr. Ziegler whispered a few words to him, and turning back, he said, "Ladies, you will see that Mrs. Gillespie's name is at the head of each list on your invitations." These last few words almost seemed a command from Mr. Welsh, but the ladies then present submitted quietly and gracefully, and I was made the head of what was then,

and ever after, known as the "Women's Centennial Executive Committee." I confess that my agitation was great. My brother had told me that he was sure I would find the name of each one of the Committee of Thirteen at the head of the list on her own invitation, and added, "That is so like men." I went home depressed and with much of the astrakhan fur trimming on my coat picked off, leaving the skin as bare of fur as was my poor brain of ideas. We adjourned to meet on February 20. The resignations of the four ladies who were not at our first meeting were then received and accepted. Their places were at once filled, and the Committee after organizing consisted of Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, President; Mrs. John Sanders, Vice-President; Mrs. J. Edgar Thomson, Treasurer; Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, Secretary; Mrs. Emily R. Buckman, Mrs. Henry Cohen, Mrs. John W. Forney, Miss Gratz, Mrs. Huldah Justice, Miss McHenry, Mrs. Charles J. Stillé, Mrs. Matthew Simpson, and Mrs. Richard P. White.

The first business in order was a suitable plan for collecting subscriptions for Centennial stock. I disclosed to the Committee a plan I had formed several years before, hoping that some turn in the wheel of fortune might give me the contract for cleaning the streets of Philadelphia. I had even gone so far in this ambitious dream that my arrangements were made for the fulfilment of it. These plans I laid before the Committee, where they found more favor than they would have met if presented to the City Fathers. I proposed that we should find a woman in each ward in the city who would be a capable head to a committee of not more than thirty-six women of her own choosing. (I named thirty-six

because the number of States in the Union at that time was thirty-six.) Each member of these Ward Committees should have intrusted to her a book in which to register the subscriptions she should gather towards the Centennial stock, and each aid was to have her own district for her work within the ward. The Committee agreed to try this plan, and we divided the wards among us to find suitable chairmen. Mrs. Edgar Thomson and I had three wards to look after and were at a loss to know how to begin our work. Finally we went to Mr. George W. Childs, who advised us to correspond with the clergy of all creeds whose places of worship were situated in our wards.

We wrote forty-two, we thought, most interesting letters and received only three answers. One kindly soul gave us the name of a lady who did not live in the ward where his church was, and who told us she had no influence there. Another said his congregation was small and he knew no one in it who could devote her time to the work of preparation for the Centennial Exhibition, but that he was himself building an addition to his church and would be glad of any assistance we could render him in that matter!

Then I turned to Mr. Walborn, our postmaster at the time of the Sanitary Fair, and on his recommendation we found excellent women in all respects to undertake the work in the wards intrusted to the care of Mrs. Thomson and myself. The other members of the Executive Committee had been more successful than we, and by March 10, 1873, more than one-half of the Ward Committees in our city were organized and ready for work. By the 20th of April twenty-nine wards had joined our ranks,

but no organization was ever effected in two of the then thirty-one wards of the city. No time was lost. First came the organization of the Committees, and then followed their prompt and effective action. I must here pay a tribute to the Ward Chairmen and their aids. I do not believe that in any organization of women since the world began there was more harmony and steadfastness of purpose than in these our Centennial Committees. I have seen before, and since, eyes that sparkled and cheeks that blushed over the gift of a flower from a chosen friend, but brighter eyes and more rosy cheeks I have never seen than those which belonged to the young aids who gathered the subscriptions to Centennial stock. In storm and in sunshine they went from house to house on their mission, and before we all separated for the summer subscriptions had been secured through their agency amounting to forty-seven thousand dollars.

The Executive Committee had met eight times between February 16 and March 10, and the different members had assisted the Ward Chairman in organizing committees in seventeen of the wards. The Executive Committee met alone on every Friday morning and with the Ward Chairmen on every Monday afternoon. Some little time elapsed before the wards were organized, but I here record the names of the Chairmen:

First Ward, Mrs. B. H. Chadwick.
Second Ward, Mrs. Charles M. Peterson.
Third Ward, Mrs. B. Morton.
Fourth Ward, Mrs. B. Hubbell.
Fifth Ward, Mrs. J. W. Forney.
Sixth Ward, Miss E. Bomeisler.
Seventh Ward, Mrs. Richard L. Ashhurst.
Eighth Ward, Mrs. Crawford Arnold.

Ninth Ward, Miss Louisa Claghorn.
Tenth Ward, Miss Fannie S. Magee.
Eleventh Ward, Mrs. Alex. H. Newitt.
Twelfth Ward, Mrs. William Conn.
Thirteenth Ward, Mrs. T. W. Bailey.
Fourteenth Ward, Mrs. I. Hyneman.
Fifteenth Ward, Mrs. A. W. Rand.
Sixteenth Ward, Mrs. Dr. Knorr.
Eighteenth Ward, Mrs. Dr. Claridge.
Nineteenth Ward, Mrs. T. W. Swain.
Twentieth Ward, Mrs. G. W. Carr.
Twenty-first Ward, Mrs. W. B. Stephens.
Twenty-second Ward, Miss H. A. Zell.
Twenty-third Ward, Mrs. J. R. Savage.
Twenty-fourth Ward, Mrs. E. T. Hardie.
Twenty-fifth Ward, Mrs. Robert Kennedy.
Twenty-sixth Ward, Miss Lucretia V. Carr.
Twenty-seventh Ward, Mrs. Charles McIlvaine.
Twenty-eighth Ward, Mrs. E. H. Davis.
Twenty-ninth Ward, Mrs. W. Hughes.
Thirty-first Ward, Mrs. E. H. Ryan.

Before the first meeting of the Ward Chairmen the President was requested by her Committee to prepare an address of welcome, which she did as follows:

"LADIES, CHAIRMEN OF THE WARDS:

"I am requested by the Women's Centennial Executive Committee to bid you welcome and to thank you for coming among us. Our Committee has assigned to me the task of telling you of our work up to this moment, and also of pointing out to you the work expected from you.

"Three weeks ago the Citizens' Centennial Finance Committee called together thirteen women (the original States of the Union having numbered thirteen). When we met, we were told by the Committee which called us that in order to secure the entire success of the Centennial work it was thought necessary to fire the enthusiasm of the feminine part of our population, and that the first spark of that fire was to emanate from our Committee of Thirteen, but that any organization which might grow from this proposition must originate with us.

"We need scarcely tell you that we felt our task no easy one, or that each one of us mistrusted her own powers. We parted on that day almost without a 'farewell!' Each one looked to the rest for sympathy, and we agreed to meet again in a few days to see what could be done. We have met many times since, but until recently we scarcely hoped for success. Now we are confident of it. In our own weakness we forgot the patriotism and public spirit of the women of our land, but you, Chairmen of our Ward Committees, are here to convince us of our error.

"It seems almost superfluous to tell you what we are to look for. We all know that we will celebrate in 1876 the One Hundredth Anniversary of our National Independence, and we have been told by the Committee which called us together that our first object is to rouse the interest of women in the work and to obtain subscribers to the stock of the Centennial Board of Finance, incorporated by an Act of Congress for the purpose of raising the funds necessary to conduct the International Exposition. The shares are ten dollars each, payable in easy instalments.

"For this end we have decided that our whole city shall be canvassed. We have appointed a chairman in each ward, whose duty it is to select a committee of not more than thirty-six women (who will, with herself, represent the present number of States in our Union), who will act as her aids, and whose appointment will be confirmed by this Executive Committee.

"It has been further decided, after consultation with the Committee which gave us the power to act, that each member of a ward committee will, through her chairman, be provided with a book in which to register subscriptions, and a book from which she is to give receipts for subscriptions to stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The Ward Committees are expected to enlist the sympathies of all in the work.

"Not one of those who so largely contribute to the prosperity of our city (we mean the working women) is to be overlooked. Factories are to be visited, and the operatives are to be invited to band together and take shares of stock, so that, if possible, each shall have an interest in the success of the undertaking.

"Our organization is nearly effected. We invite you to unite with us in the work, for we are assured that this Exhibition will not only be the means of demonstrating the great advantages that the world reaps from woman's work, but will place her work on a higher level.

"Every subscription that you gather will be but another stone added to the building of the pedestal on which the American woman is destined to stand; and in helping ourselves we shall help the women in other lands, where now it is no uncommon sight to see a woman and a cow harnessed together to a plough and a man driving them.

"Actuated then by our love for our land and our ambition for our sex, we go forth doubly armed to make the Exposition of 1876 a grand success. Some may say that the Exposition will merely affect the interests of Philadelphia, but this is not so. Just as the Declaration of Independence brought freedom to all the States, so will this Exposition bring high consideration for each State in our Union. Each signer of that precious old document did not insist upon trotting to his own State, there to give his signature. It was given here for the welfare of all; and here for the honor of all shall these commemorative ceremonies be held; and here we shall presently ask the women from our sister States to come up to help us; but before we can extend that glad invitation we must show that we are in earnest and that we have borne our share in the labors, a share which we now warn you must be the lion's share. This must be a national work.

"It is true we all have a certain sort of State pride, which is natural and commendable. Massachusetts is deaf to the noise of her shuttles and looms, or finds sweet music from them. Pennsylvania thinks the soot of her mines becoming to the complexion of her people. South Carolina is proud of her many cotton-fields, and Louisiana finds nothing so sweet as her sugar-canes. The West rejoices, first, in her prairies, and then in the iron belts which girdle them. But what citizen of any of these States is insensible to a feeling of pride on beholding the Capitol at Washington? And yet the immediate advantages derived from that Capitol belong only to those who live in the District of Columbia.

"Which of us can see the harbor of New York and not feel glad that it belongs to us, while the proud pleasure of actually possessing it belongs only to the citizens of New York?

"Two years ago I came from England, and among my fellow-passengers was a most intelligent Englishwoman, who asked me many questions of America. At first I was enthusiastic and felt disposed to dwell upon the glories of our land, but suspecting that I was being laughed at when she asked what the approach to New York was like, I said, 'A barren waste.' We reached Sandy

Hook in the night, and the next morning passed in the bright sunlight into that harbor. The trees were fresh and green, the houses and churches peeping between the leaves, and I felt almost as if it were the entrance to Paradise, when the English lady came to me and, with the tears in her eyes, said, 'You call this a barren waste. Oh, you blessed people!'

"And we are a blessed people, full of faults though we be! Let us, then, my sisters, go forth in this work, carrying with us the thought of our blessings. Let us feel as if it is the birthday of our mother that we are about to celebrate,—a mother with whom some of us cannot hope to live long. Our land is yet so young that we may almost imagine that our son will reach his majority in 1876, and that we must help to light the bonfires in his honor.

"Whatever motives may actuate us, let us work together with a will. To you, Chairmen of the Ward Committees, who will fan our spark into a flame, we look for help; and to you will belong the honor of whatever is done. I speak in the name of all the Committee of Thirteen when I tell you we are ready to aid you in this work. When you are organizing your committees, if any word of ours will help or cheer, we stand ready to go to you at your call. We are one with you. It may not fall to the lot of all of us to see that one hundredth birthday of our national independence, but let us pray God not only for a blessing on our work, but that those of us who remain on that day may have the joy of feeling that throughout those years all has gone pleasantly in our intercourse with each other, and that in 1876 we will have earned for our home the title of the 'City of Sisterly Love.'

"E. D. Gillespie, President.

"Issued by order of the Committee."

After this meeting the Ward Committees were promptly, cheerfully, and admirably organized by their Chairmen. The members of the Executive Committee were invited to be present at the ward meetings, to instruct, to encourage, and to thank those who had come to the front, who were the rank and file of that noble army of women.

We accepted these invitations gladly, and left our aids refreshed and strengthened for our part of the work.

On Monday, March 17, the Executive Committee again met with the Ward Chairmen, when arrangements were completed for holding a mass-meeting in the Academy of Music on April 19. Mr. Welsh had gladly consented to introduce Mr. Eli K. Price as Chairman of the meeting, and we had the promise of speeches on this occasion from Mr. James M. Boyd, of Montgomery County, Mr. Henry Armitt Brown, and Mr. Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia.

The joint Committees then accepted the following preambles and resolutions which had been prepared, and which were presented on April 19 and adopted by the women:

"WHEREAS, It seems natural that the spot where the nation drew its first breath should be selected by Congress for the proper celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of its existence, it seems also fitting that Philadelphia should take the initiative in organizing a systematic plan of work. Having this in view, the Citizens' Centennial Finance Committee have appointed an Executive Committee of Thirteen women (to represent the original number of States), whose appointment was confirmed by the United States Centennial Commissioners for Pennsylvania and the Chairman of the Board of Corporators. Therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we, the women of Philadelphia (the sacred and historic spot where, a century ago, the immortal Declaration was promulgated), will take an active, cheerful, and harmonious part with the Centennial Board of Finance in preparing for the great national celebration of 1876.

"*Resolved,* That we pledge the affectionate interest and solicitude of our sons and daughters in the work, teaching them the magnitude of the occasion on which we are to meet the world in fellowship and friendship; rejoicing in the opportunity to testify our gratitude for the happiness that is ours; to keep bright and green in memory the heroic deeds of our fathers, South and North, who shared in the toils and dangers, and whose children are now to share in the glory and the common weal; and,

"WHEREAS, It has been promised to us that there will be a sphere for women's action and space for her work during the Centennial Exhibition that will make the occasion more attractive and impressive, and more productive of kind and social feeling among the inhabitants of our whole country, we desire to render such service as will tend to reunite our sisters and brethren in that cordial union which made our thirteen colonies one people in 1776. Therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we and our associates do proffer to the Centennial Commissioners such further aid and services as they may think will be useful in the light and finer objects of skill and taste which will fittingly come under the supervision and care of women; and whilst aiding therein, we express our further desire and willingness to represent in part the hospitality and courtesies of the city of Philadelphia towards her visitors from all parts of the United States and foreign countries; to give them a hearty welcome; to render their visit entertaining and instructive; and to make the reunion of these States truly one of earnest and enduring friendship, affection, and patriotism. May their peace be established for a thousand years!"

The third and last of these resolutions was written by Mr. Eli K. Price and submitted to the Committee for the approval of its members. This approval they gave most cordially and with many thanks to the writer.

The speakers did ample justice to the occasion, and had proof of their success through several large subscriptions to Centennial stock which were received from individuals present, while the announcement of one subscription from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of two hundred thousand dollars, which was offered with a few words by Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, the president of the railroad company, was received with loud and long applause. Mr. Thomson continued from that time the warm friend of the women's Committees, and often when we were puzzled as to the wisest course for us to pursue, even in minor matters, he lent us his ear, and gave us, after due deliberation, good advice, with kind

words and hopes for success. Personally I owe much to him, and even after he left this world and its cares, the memory of his hope of the benefit which would arise from this Exhibition for the whole country kept me faithful to the work, for I was very often anxious and uncertain. The result justified Mr. Thomson's expectations, and we who gave each day and night of our lives to the work were satisfied.

I must here again pay tribute to the Ward Chairmen and their work. I never left one of those Monday meetings without carrying with me some method of procedure which helped us of the Executive Committee forward in our part of the work.

The accounts of the number of shares taken in the separate wards and of the amounts paid thereon were most beautifully made out, everything clear and exact. The sensible suggestions amazed me often. I had lived in one ward all my life and had been contented, but my eyes were then turned to other parts of the city with delight, and the knowledge I gained then is with me now. Many were the anecdotes told me by some of the heads of the wards of the adventures of their aids. They went to the rich and poor alike, and endeavored to excite lively interest by inducing four or five persons to subscribe for one share of stock. The answer of one woman comes back to me now. She owed her life, as I do, to the Emerald Isle, and when she was told that the funds collected were to go to support the "Centennial," she said, "No, my lady, I can't believe that, for I know all the saints in the calendar, and there ain't no 'Saint Tenniel.'" The head of the Committee for the Twenty-first Ward, Mrs. Stephens, who was full of dry

wit, gave an account of the expedition of one of her aids to collect subscriptions. I will relate it in her own words. "My young lady dressed herself prettily and called at one of the largest houses in our neighborhood; we have not many wealthy people in the country; but after she had knocked at the door, a huge dog flew towards her, barking loudly, and she, to drive him away, took her parasol covered with lace. He seized the parasol, tore off the lace, and she left, with the frame of the parasol in her hand, much dispirited, with no subscription and no shelter from the rays of the sun."

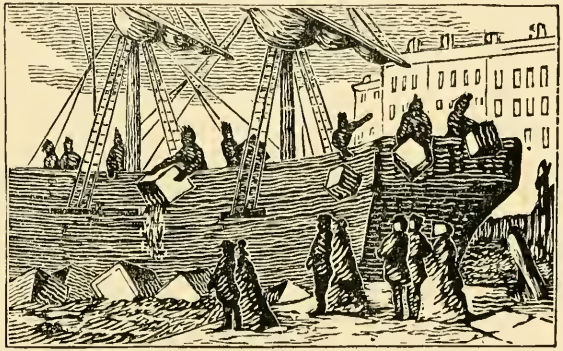
In May, 1873, the United States Centennial Commission held their annual meeting here. They fully endorsed the plan of inviting the co-operation of women in the work of preparation, and visited us in our office during one of our Monday afternoon meetings. Mr. William M. Byrd, of Alabama, made an address to us then, and several of the members of the Commission sent us afterwards the names of women in their States who would be likely to unite with us. On July 4, 1873, amid imposing ceremonies and in the presence of representatives of the city, State, and national governments, the Park Commission made a transfer of four hundred and sixty-five acres to the United States Centennial Commission, and after this dedication of the grounds for the purposes of the Exhibition the formal invitation to foreign governments to take part in the Exhibition was announced by the President of the United States, General Grant. Thus far the outlook was bright. I spent that summer writing to the women who had been named by the Commissioners, and I also wrote to the governors of many States, hoping thus to secure their

sympathy. We were successful in these matters, and I fully believe that but for the commercial crisis in September, 1873, our fond hope that the Exhibition would require no aid from the national government would have been realized. Besides the assistance we were pledged to give to the Board of Finance, one project which lay near our hearts and commended itself to our judgment was an exhibition of women's work separately from other exhibits. We desired to give to the mass of women, who were laboring by the needle and obtaining only a scanty subsistence, the opportunity to see what women were capable of attaining unto in other and higher branches of industry; and to do this effectually, we felt that these exhibits must find place in a special space set apart for them alone. We did not shrink from competition with the works of men, but we sought to show our more timid sisters that some women had outstripped them in the race for useful and remunerative employment, and to encourage them to the perseverance sure to be followed by a larger measure of success. Mr. Welsh had heartily endorsed this plan; having the promise of ample space in the Main Building for our "Women's Exhibit," we began our work hoping for good results.

Phila. Tea Party, Dec. 1873,

in commemoration of

Boston Tea Party, Dec. 1773.



ADMIT BEARER to HORTICULTURAL HALL.

December 18, 1873. DOORS OPEN AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

TICKET FOR "BOSTON TEA-PARTY," PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1873

CHAPTER XIX

After the close of one of our Monday meetings, in October, 1873, a gentleman came to our office and asked me whether I knew that the Centennial anniversary of the overthrow of the tea in Boston harbor would be reached on December 16, 1873. I told him I had not remembered it, and he proposed that each ward in the city should give a tea-party on that day. To this proposition I demurred, and told him that I thought the wards ought to unite and celebrate the day together. My Committee thought favorably of the plan, and we forthwith proceeded to carry it out, and determined to adopt a suggestion inviting all engaged either as heads of Committees or as aids to wear Martha Washington caps and "kerchiefs." Every one had something to propose to make the occasion memorable, and finally we decided to go to Trenton and see whether the potters there could not manufacture some teacups appropriate to the occasion. Mr. John Moses agreed to do this. The facsimile of the autograph of "John Hancock" was painted upon each cup, and around the saucer was "Centennial Anniversary of the Boston Tea-Party." Mr. Moses came to Philadelphia with a sample cup and saucer, and I was so pleased that, without consultation with any one, I ordered one thousand to be made, and Mr. Moses returned to Trenton with the order. Sober second thought told me I had been rash, so I went to Mr. George W. Childs and confided to him that if the tea-

cups would not sell I should be bankrupt, as the order came from me alone. Mr. Childs laughed heartily and told me to send the bill to him, but I was never obliged to do this, for not only were one thousand sold, but ten thousand! The orders were not filled for some months; each cup and saucer cost us twelve cents, and we sold it for twenty-five cents, and I think that some of us thought that eventually the whole Exhibition Buildings would be paid for with the profits on the teacups. I had another pang when the tickets for the Tea-Party came from the printer. We had ordered three thousand. When I saw them I feared they never would be sold and put them away with sad foreboding. The next day, when not a ticket was sold, a gentleman came in and asked for ten tickets. I was much pleased but fearful of showing my pleasure. I told him I did not think I could give him ten, as we only had three thousand to dispose of. He was contented with five, and that afternoon several gentlemen came rushing in, each taking five tickets, asking for them with trembling voices. After that the sale was steady, and I attributed this to the advertising of our first patron. Our first plan was to give the "Tea" only in the Academy of Music, but the demand for tickets was so great that we went to the managers of the Academy of Music and asked them to put a bridge between that building and Horticultural Hall. We knew that plans for a bridge uniting the two buildings were in existence. We were told at first there was not time to build a bridge, and that the engineer would refuse to build it, but we sought the engineer, and he said there was time enough. We then offered to pay one-half of the expense of putting up the bridge. Our offer was

MRS. GILLESPIE IN MARTHA WASHINGTON COSTUME,
TEA-PARTY, DECEMBER, 1873

accepted and the bridge built. The Tea-Party opened at four o'clock at Horticultural Hall; many children were brought at that time and were regaled with cake and ice-cream and lemonade by their fond mothers, who doubtless thought with these good things they would imbibe the seeds of a patriotism which would never die. At eight o'clock a large audience assembled in the Academy, the entire parquet and a part of the parquet circle being reserved for the Committees and their aids. On the stage were seated the members of the Board of Finance, a few of the Commissioners from the neighboring States, many business men who had contributed largely to the Centennial fund, and our own Executive Committee. The Women's Committee assembled in Horticultural Hall, each member wearing her Martha Washington cap and kerchief, and thus were "Martha Washington Tea-Parties" inaugurated. They marched over the bridge to the Academy and took seats in the parquet reserved for them. When they were all seated, Mr. Welsh turned to me with beaming face and said, "I have never seen so lovely a flower-garden." I agreed with him. Again we listened to the stirring words of Henry Armitt Brown and others, and in that short but impressive meeting the scenes in Boston harbor on December 17, 1773, were dwelt upon by the speakers with reverence for those who left to us the privilege of celebrating the Centennial anniversary of that day. The whole company then adjourned over the bridge to Horticultural Hall, where refreshments were served, the young people danced and sold "John Hancock" teacups. We netted through this Tea-Party three thousand dollars, which we gave to the Board of Finance for the

purchase of stock in the name of the "Mount Vernon National Association."

One incident connected with this, our first entertainment, I must record. Our friend, Mr. James Peacock Sims, had some small "charms" made out of wood, in the shape of "tea-boxes," marked on the sides "1773-1873." On the bottom were these Latin words: "Tu Doces," "Thou Tea-chest." When they were ready they were sent to me in a cigar-box, which I carried with me to the office. An amiable newspaper reporter who lived opposite to the office gave this news item in one of the Sunday papers: "The members of the Women's Centennial Committee are smokers, they carry their cigar-boxes into their office without any scruple or concealment."

Subscriptions to Centennial stock received by our organization were always transferred at once to the Treasurer of the Board of Finance. We had reached 1874, however, before allies from the outside States came to help us. I had then been invited to visit several States to assist in organizing Women's Committees, and I gladly accepted these invitations. One of the most beautiful entertainments given in Trenton for the benefit of the Exhibition was the triumphal entrance of Washington into Trenton.

Everything we have read of and seen in prints was there except the general himself, but a gentleman took his place and rode under the triumphal arch, while little girls strewed flowers in his way, and we all forgot for the moment the thorny pathway he had trodden while he was battling for the life of the nation.

In 1874 the District of Columbia, Massachusetts, and Ohio joined our organization. A large Tea-Party was

given in the rotunda of the Capitol, the use of it being granted for this purpose to the Committee in the District of Columbia. Congress was then in session, and I presume thought it had done its full share in the work of preparation for 1876, for then began their unwillingness to appropriate from the national treasury a sum sufficient to enable the managers to make the Exhibition creditable to the occasion and to the United States government. However, those interested were unwearied in their efforts. Of the work of the women I must write.

I had already written to Hon. John Eaton, the Superintendent of the Bureau of Education in the Treasury Department, and he assisted me in many ways. First in preparing charts for the Educational Exhibit of the Women's Department. These charts showed the number of women who were teachers in 1874, and also their excess over the male teachers in all the States of the Union. Then he was good enough to aid us in communicating with foreign countries, so as to secure if possible a full representation of what woman had done for the cause of education. We found that in our own country women teachers far outnumbered the men. But this information had not sufficiently melted the hearts of men, or rather removed the cobwebs from their brains, so that women might find places as members of "boards of education," but in these days, hearts which were once stone are melting, cobwebs which were once thick are being brushed away, and woman is finding her place as a teacher, school director, etc., and who shall say this change is not due to the Centennial?

We found the information we desired difficult to ob-

tain from many of the foreign countries, but we established a "Committee on Charities," which was most successful in our own country and in foreign countries. The following circular shows what our desire was:

"The Women's Centennial Executive Committee has appointed a subcommittee of their number to obtain information concerning the various forms of religious, philanthropic, and patriotic work organized or conducted by women in American and in foreign countries.

"This is done to enable them to give a bird's-eye view of women's work in these directions at the International Exhibition, and to illustrate the fact that a large proportion of the charities of the world are conducted by women.

"It will comprehend within its scope homes and asylums of all sorts; mission work in its broadest sense in our cities, our country, and in foreign lands; industrial schools and sisterhoods, the temperance cause, and every other form of benevolence.

"It is proposed as far as possible to have a printed report of the rise and progress of such good works, accompanied by a lithograph or other representation in the case of an institution or school.

"The Committee earnestly ask the co-operation of persons or associations having charge of any of the forms of benevolence contained in the subjoined list. They invite them to send a short history of their work: a picture, where it can be so illustrated, or, at the least, one or more yearly reports."

The response to this was cordial, not only from the women of our own country but from foreigners. The Empress of Germany sent accounts of the German charitable institutions, and a large album full of the pictures of the hospitals and asylums in Berlin, many of which I knew she was in the habit of visiting frequently.

The Queen of England promised some of the artistic work of herself and her daughters for exhibition in the Women's Department of the Exhibition, and this promise was faithfully kept.

We had also applied to the United States Patent Office for a list of the inventions of women. This we received, and at once communications were sent to the owners of the patents asking for the privilege of exhibiting them. The outlook was most encouraging for a creditable display of woman's work in the portion of the Main Building set apart for the Women's Department. Patents of many useful inventions were on file with our Committee, and the exhibits were afterwards in our Women's Building.

I desire to copy a few passages from the stirring appeals in behalf of the Centennial which were put forth by the women who were at the head of the work in the several States. Space would fail me if I gave them all. My own earliest and most faithful ally outside of Pennsylvania was Mrs. Edward F. Noyes, of Ohio. The women of Ohio were roused to action through her patriotic and womanly appeal, which I here give:

"Nearly every country in the civilized world has signified by the appointment of Commissioners and by official communications with our government its desire to be represented at our Centennial. This alone should incite us to the utmost exertion in representing our own industries and our own resources, and it is through the patient painstaking perseverance of our women that this must, in a great measure, be accomplished."

The history of their work which follows proves that our excellent member from Ohio was a prophetess. The work of the women of that State was not surpassed even by foreign exhibits in the Women's Building. The success of the exhibits in our building did not then, or shall it ever, drive from my memory the joy I felt when

I saw the patriotic feeling which lived in the bosoms of women all over the country, who still held in remembrance the trials and sacrifices of those who planted our government. When I first visited Cincinnati, I found the ladies there busily engaged in wood-carving. They held a meeting for the purpose of organizing in behalf of the Centennial, and after welcoming me, they asked me what work they could do besides. I told them that in Europe many women made profitable support through painting on china. So eager was this Committee that they began at once, and when I returned the following year to be present at a "Carnival of Nations" given in Cincinnati for the benefit of the Exhibition, I found many beautiful specimens of china-painting done by the ladies, and I am told that the famous Rockwood pottery owes its birth from the "Spirit of '76" which inspired its founder, my friend, Mrs. Bellamy Storer. This pottery has now a world-wide reputation, and has received medals from more than one World's Exhibition, and the "Grand Prix," the highest prize ever given in France, has just been awarded to it at the Exhibition of 1900 in Paris.

I am sorry the list of our exhibits cannot be found, but I have the applications for space in our Department, and it does honor to the women of our whole country.

The exhibits in wood-carving from Ohio excelled all others. I see now in memory a dark walnut bedstead with poppies, carved by a woman's hand, on the headboard and morning glories on the footboard. It was beautiful, and seemed to bespeak quiet sleep and joyful awakening for the designers and carvers, two sisters.

The Cincinnati Carnival of Nations was held in an old Exhibition building. I helped to unpack some of the

boxes containing gifts for sale from all parts of the State. While I was doing this under a shed and quite alone I saw some rats running about, evidently thinking they were masters of the situation. Being frightened myself at sight of them, and determined to show them they were not alone, I began to sing an air from "Norma" in a very loud voice. The rats slunk away while I sang "See, oh! Norma, thy infants loving," but one of the Committee, Mrs. Bullock, came to see what was the matter, and then apologized for the old building. In this same old building I had listened to the Second Cincinnati Music Festival of 1875, under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, and in a vague way I said, "You ought to have a new music hall," not knowing that she was the niece of Mr. Reuben Springer, to whom she told the story of the rats and myself. Whether due to Mrs. Bullock, the rats, or myself, Mr. Springer built the beautiful Music Hall which now stands a monument to his generosity.

Early in 1874 the Women's Centennial Committees were at work in eleven counties in the State of Ohio, and in Massachusetts Committees were working with a will in fifty-four towns. This we were especially glad of, for in writing to the Commissioner for Massachusetts asking him to appoint one woman in that State to be head of that State, this answer was returned: "I scarcely think there is any woman in Massachusetts who will be willing to assist in an Exhibition for Philadelphia." Not dispirited, I wrote to my friend, Mrs. James T. Fields, who inaugurated the work willingly and cheerfully with Mrs. S. T. Hooper at the head of the Boston Committee, and the whole work was carried to the end

in Massachusetts most successfully. In the appeal put forth by this Committee are found these words: "The International Exhibition is designed to commemorate the birth of the nation. The women of the Revolution have a proud history in connection with that immense result." "To enable their descendants to show their gratitude by taking a part in this commemoration, the Centennial Commission have authorized the formation of the 'Women's Auxilliary Committee.'" "We earnestly invite your co-operation in promoting this great, just, and patriotic work. Ordinary appeals are surely not needed in homes ever fragrant with the memories of Revolutionary men and measures. There can be no other than a general and a hearty response,—one that will be worthy of the place Boston occupies in the noble history of our country.

"Let the Centennial Commission be cheered in their Herculean labor by a substantial offering from the home of Faneuil Hall and the soil of Bunker Hill."

By the close of the year 1874 organizations were formed in nearly all the States then in the Union, and the women were planning and giving entertainments, half the proceeds of which in the States outside of Pennsylvania were invested in the "stock of the Centennial Exhibition," the other half was retained by the Managers towards the fitting out and care, during the Exhibition, of the portion of the buildings to be set apart for the exhibition of women's work. The fertile brain of woman was taxed to the utmost and with the happiest results. We in Philadelphia planned an entertainment called a "Washington Assembly," when every one was asked to appear in the costume of the eighteenth century. We

received from the Committee in Louisiana for that entertainment a barrel of oranges, with a graceful note from the member of our Committee from that State. In the middle of the evening I was sitting in the background, on a market-basket, tired out, when a lady came to the booth and asked to see me. One of the Committee looked about, and seeing me resting in a corner, said, "There is Mrs. Gillespie." "I would like to speak to her," was the answer. I rose when called, and the lady said, "I wanted to see you to give you this," and handed me a plate on which was a picture of "La Grange," the residence of General Lafayette; she was about leaving, when I said that I could not then receive the plate, as the cases were all locked and I feared to trust it outside. Her answer was, "I did not bring it here as a loan; I brought it as a gift to you." I asked, "Who gave it?" She said, "That you will never know," and disappeared in the crowd. I long still to know her name, and think of my friend every time I look upon the plate, which hangs upon my wall in the room in which I am writing. Then it seemed to me a good omen, and I fancied it would "save the day" of the Exhibition, as the great French general had helped us, in our day of tribulation during the Revolution, to "save our day."

CHAPTER XX

We were anxious then about the Congressional appropriation towards erecting the Exhibition Buildings. Some of the States were unwilling that Pennsylvania should enjoy the privileges her birthright gave her, for here the nation was born, the Declaration signed, and the Constitution formed.

Knowing that our Southern sisters could not contribute largely financially to the Exhibition, and being determined that the world and his wife who would be our guests in 1876 should see and understand that the women were of "one mind in one country," we issued an appeal to all our organizations, which is here given, and which resulted in an admirable "Cookery Book," which is still in use and which finds favor with those of the old time:

"It is proposed by the Women's Centennial Executive Committee to issue for the International Exhibition of 1876 a 'National Cookery Book.' It is designed to make this work purely American, excluding, as far as is possible, the receipts common to all nations. The products of our country are more varied than those of other lands, comprising numerous articles in common use at our tables, partially, if not wholly, unknown to the inhabitants of the Old World, or used by them only as luxuries. The varieties of climate give to each section its own peculiar products, but the facilities for transportation, which bring to our doors even from far-off California its delicious fruits and vegetables, render the resources of the table common to all, and therefore national.

"For this object we ask the aid of the women of America, without which we could scarcely accomplish our work, and this it is our

ambition to receive from the daughters of every State and Territory.

"No receipt will be considered too homely, if characteristic of the country. Dishes peculiar to rich and poor,—to hunting, fishing, or exploring expeditions, or to camp-life, etc., are desired. If comical and at the same time good, so much the better. Our aim is to give the true savor of American life in all its varieties.

"Soups, fish, shell-fish, meats, game of all sorts, cakes, pastries, puddings, sauces, preserves, canned fruits and vegetables in their endless varieties, give us unlimited resources. Of our beverages alone—already world-renowned—we hope to obtain a choice collection.

"The Executive Committee are anxious to begin at once upon this book, contributions are therefore requested without delay.

"Address Mrs. E. D. Gillespie,
"President of Women's Executive Committee,
"903 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna."

Before this appeal was issued I had gone as far west as St. Louis, having visited Pittsburg and Chicago, where I was most cordially received and our plans for women's work were heartily endorsed. Organizations were formed at once in all these cities, and the efforts of these women were even greater than our own. In New England, Ohio, and Illinois the States were canvassed by earnest women, who employed every means to arouse patriotic interest. In one case a swollen stream in Illinois was forded by a delicate woman that she might keep an engagement to lecture in behalf of the great national anniversary. The appeal for the "National Cookery Book" was received with much favor. We were gratified to find receipts for cookery come flocking in from North and South, so that the binding of that book contained not only the best means to prepare our food, but also to restore kindly feeling, which was still alive in the hearts of all of us, though for a time it had slept.

Many letters came to us from the South from our co-workers there, all showing great interest in the proposed celebration of the birth of the nation. A proposition was then made that we should recall the useful lives of the women of the eighteenth century by publishing a book containing sketches of their characters and their deeds, under the title of "Worthy Women of our First Century." We invited Mrs. Owen J. Wister and Miss Agnes Irwin, both of Philadelphia, to take charge of this work, and they did so admirably; the following is the "list of the Worthy Women," and also a list of the writers of the sketches:

Mrs. T. M. Randolph (of Virginia), by Miss S. N. Randolph.
Mrs. Philip Schuyler (of New York), by Miss S. F. Cooper.
Mrs. Samuel Ripley (of Massachusetts), by Miss Elizabeth Hoar.
The Women of New Hampshire, by Mrs. Francis W. Fiske.
Mrs. Rebecca Mott (of South Carolina), by a lady of South Carolina.
Deborah Logan (of Pennsylvania), by Mrs. Owen J. Wister.

This book was published and much sought after, and we hope that many a good work has since been undertaken through the example of our "Worthy Women."

Meanwhile, great anxiety was felt by all interested in the Exhibition with regard to the passage of the bill then before Congress appropriating three million dollars, the amount necessary for carrying the project to a successful issue.

We knew that there was opposition to the bill, and knew also whence that opposition came. Mr. John Welsh and other members of the Board of Finance were in Washington urging the claims of the Exhibition for national support when my Committee proposed that I should go to Washington with Mrs. Frank M. Etting,

hoping that the influence we possessed might be exerted and felt for good. We went, and had the promise of help from several Senators and members of the House, but our firm friend was Senator William B. Allison, and, as I shall hereafter show, he brought to us our final success. Mrs. Etting and I were called away from Washington by a telegram from a member of the Board of Finance, Mr. Clement Biddle, which ran thus: "Can thee be in thy office on Monday morning at ten o'clock?" This was received on Saturday evening. I answered, "Yes, with pleasure," and on Monday morning we met a Committee of the Board, who told us that Congress found there was not enough money in the Exhibition treasury, and were therefore uncertain as to their action. Mr. Biddle added, "It is absolutely necessary that we shall promptly have an additional million dollars secured to us, and the only method is to have City Councils appropriate this sum. They will only do this through petitions, which must be signed by our citizens. We have prepared the petitions, but we have no organization to obtain the signatures, and thee has. Will thee use it?" I gladly said "Yes," for I felt not only that the cause would prosper, but that an hour of triumph was in store for the thousand women who were working with us as aids. Mr. Biddle further said that they hoped the petitions could be signed before Thursday in the same week, as, if they were laid before Councils on that day, the appropriation would probably be made on the Thursday following. The Ward Chairmen were instantly telegraphed for "urgent business," and met that afternoon. They called their aids to their own houses for that evening, and left us armed with their many petitions, and we glad

that there were such women in the world. On Thursday morning at eleven o'clock the Chairman and many of the aids returned, bringing in all eighty-two thousand signatures to the petitions, many of which were tied up with red, white, and blue ribbons. They were laid before Councils on Thursday at noon, and on the following Thursday the million dollars were granted. Then we all drew a long breath, but soon again our breath came quick and short, for Congress was still obdurate. Every one who met me said, "Do you think you will ever get your money?" With my heart in my shoes I always said, "Yes." Mrs. Etting and I returned to Washington, and were present in the House of Representatives when our bill was defeated. We were in a horse-car, going from the Capitol, in which were seated a Senator whom I only knew by sight and Mr. Tremaine, of New York, whom we did not know except by sight. The Senator said, "Tremaine, why did you support that miserable Philadelphia bill?" "Because," answered Mr. Tremaine, "I think it only just and right, and that Philadelphia is entitled to the appropriation." I have no doubt that my face showed my satisfaction at this last remark, but it was of short duration, for the Senator said, "We should not have had as much trouble to defeat the bill if it had not been for two 'praying women' from Philadelphia." I looked at Mrs. Etting, but her face was composed and quiet. I wish I could have been as immovable as she.

I do not remember, nor have I any memorandum of the date, when at last Congress did open its heart and *lend* to the Exhibition one and a half million dollars, and glad am I to state that after the Exhibition ended this sum was returned to the national treasury. Mean-

time, the same friends who had asked me whether I thought I would ever get my money met me again and said, "I am so glad we have our money." I did not quite understand the proposition that it was my money when there was none and theirs when it came.

All these days were dreary enough, cheered only by the added interest of the women all over the country. I had gone to Boston on the invitation of Mrs. James T. Fields, the head of the work in Massachusetts. The organization in Boston was copied exactly from ours in Philadelphia, committees being at work in fifty-four cities or towns in the State. Mrs. Ellen Call Long, the member of the Executive Committee of Florida, had issued a stirring appeal to the women there. About this time our Executive Committee was enlarged by the addition of one woman from each State, and this one woman stood at the head of the work in her State. Ten towns in Connecticut came willingly and ably to help Philadelphia in her work, General Hawley, the President of the Commission, inspiring them through a powerful appeal to do their duty. The work in the District of Columbia was begun through Mrs. Bouligny, but the burden and responsibility rested on Miss Olive Risley Seward. The State Committee of Illinois had for its President the wife of the governor, Mrs. Beveridge, and Committees were organized in seventeen counties and four cities. In Maine, the women were working in seven cities through the influence of Mrs. Bion Bradbury, of Portland. In Missouri, fourteen cities and towns were aroused to a sense of their duty and were working bravely.

Thus far all went well, but early in the year 1875 Sena-

tor Allison wrote me that the cry still went up in Washington that the Exhibition was a Philadelphia affair, and that unless it could be proved that there was lively interest in the undertaking felt in the other States, the international feature of the Exhibition would be taken away. Senator Allison also added that if the women's organization could give proof that other States were taking an active part in the undertaking a different decision might be reached. This was terrible news, for when did women ever contend against the narrow views of men and conquer? I wrote my fears to Senator Allison. He asked me if I were willing to come before the Appropriation Committee of the United States Senate and give proof that there was active interest aroused throughout the country. This I said I would gladly do, and he wrote me he would telegraph me the day and hour. From that moment I gave up all thought of work at home and began to think of the women-workers for the Exhibition, who, through their names and their works already accomplished, would be likely to influence the decision of the Senators. Several of these worthy women of our second century were then in Washington with their husbands who were members of Congress. I sent to New England for one or two to join me here and await the summons. In all I found thirteen besides myself. I proposed Mrs. Frank M. Etting because she was a Maryland woman. Finally at six o'clock one evening the summons came calling us to appear the next morning at ten o'clock before the Committee. I telegraphed the ladies who were in Washington to be ready to be called for at half-past nine, and gathering those who were here, we set off in the midnight train. I had armed myself

with letters from the members of eleven State Committees, hoping most from the letters from our Southern sisters. I never felt so keenly before about a public matter. It seemed to me and to the members of my home Committee that the country would be disgraced if, after the invitation to assist in an International Exhibition had been extended by the President of the United States to foreign countries, it should be withdrawn. We reached Washington early in the morning in a pouring rain, and after breakfast went in carriages to gather our allies. The whole fourteen reached the Capitol. I sent my card to the chairman of the Committee, Mr. Morrill, of Maine, and we awaited his summons. It came, and when I introduced the ladies by their names and the names of their States, the Senators looked astonished, and had to pause a moment to find chairs for us. Then Mr. Morrill said, in a kind voice, "I suppose, Mrs. Gillespie, you have come to ask us for money." I told him we had come, not for money, but to convince the Committee that there existed strong interest in the States outside of Pennsylvania in the International Exhibition. I then asked permission to read extracts from a few letters, which, as well as the presence of the ladies who were with me (none of them from Pennsylvania), would prove the truth of my assertion. The desired permission being given, I read as follows:

"TUCSON, ARIZONA.

"I believe that every American woman shall feel that she is called upon to join heart and hand in making the coming Exhibition the crowning memorial of our national independence; for all, irrespective of sex, have enjoyed the blessings which have been so bountifully bestowed upon us as a people.

"MRS. L. C. HUGHES."

"SILVER CITY, IDAHO TERRITORY.

"I shall certainly be glad to number myself one among you in this national work, and shall endeavor to fulfil the duties the position requires.

"MRS. W. I. HILL."

"WATERVILLE, MAINE.

"I am a true lover of my country, and believe that upon the observance of its national anniversaries we may place our estimate of the patriotism of its people. Any people too poor to celebrate the birth of freedom are ready to bend their necks to the first despot who may command it.

"E. S. CAMERON."

"HAMILTON, MONROE COUNTY, MISS.

"Having seen your name as 'President of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee,' I address you as one of your Southern sisters who are desirous of aiding in the association if there is an opening for us.

"My ancestors were instrumental in gaining the independence of our country, and I never have ceased to look with pride upon all that would add to its further glory and honor. Let me know if there is anything we can do in our humble way.

"MRS. FANNY Q. WILLIS."

"CORINTH, MISS.

"Your appeal has been received. We accept the position as members of the Committee from this county of Mississippi,—Alcorn,—and send you greeting and Godspeed in your noble work. One of this Committee lost a father, and another lost two brothers, all killed in battle in the late war. And we have until recently regarded you, ladies of the North, as our bitter foes. We regard this undertaking, in which you are taking the lead, as calculated to unite us all in a national enterprise, in which we can lay aside all sectional and local prejudices and show to the world that, though we heartily joined our husbands, fathers, and brothers in the late hostilities, we can now unite with you in the manner best calculated to lay a foundation for a permanent peace, and at the same time show to the world what we women of America are capable of.

"We send you greeting and encouragement in your noble work, and promise you any and every aid that may be in our power.

"Respectfully yours,

"Mrs. B. C. Stanley,
Mrs. W. P. Curlee,
Mrs. J. N. Bynum."

"Natchez, Mississippi.

"I am sanguine of success and am earnestly at work, praying fervently that God will bless our undertaking with the joyous sight of peace as our presiding Deity; and witnessing the fruits of toil from the hands of Northern women and Southern women side by side, we may feel that they are united in their hearts in 1876.

"K. S. Minor."

"Houston, Texas.

"The contemplated celebration of our Centennial has claimed my deep interest, not only on account of the patriotic reminiscences of the past, but because of my solicitude and earnest hope for the future, of which this anniversary seems to me a peaceful presage.

"I will endeavor to see that Texas does no discredit to herself or her sister States, and though her past history may seem to place her rather as a Mexican step-daughter in the family, yet I am confident she will prove that, like Naomi, she only went down for a time into the land of the strangers, and when returning brought up a true and lovely Ruth, fully instructed in the ways of Israel (the patriots of '76).

"M. J. Young."

Extract from an appeal to the women of Florida:

"Tallahassee, Florida.

"The invitation of the Auxiliary Committee to the women of the South to aid in glorifying our country's greatness is not a courtesy extended,—it is a recognized right in which we are admitted. At Lexington, Camden, and Yorktown our sires fought side by side, and gave their strength and lives for the whole country. In the city of Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1776, a Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole to consider and to pledge themselves to the maintenance of a treasonable act; and in signing the Declaration of Independence Carroll, Jefferson, Lee, and Rutledge put in jeopardy their lives equally with Hancock, Adams, Livingston, or Franklin.

"We have so long accustomed ourselves to the feeling that we are ostracized from our country's bosom, her affections, and even her protection, that I know it is difficult to revivify the pride of allegiance; but let us gather once more with our sisters of the North, East, and West under the parental wing. And let us raise our voices with the whole nation in praise that 'our lives have fallen in pleasant places,' and let the hills echo with the rejoicing of the spirit of peace.

"ELLEN CALL LONG."

"SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

"We now have a Committee of thirty earnest women, whom I have succeeded in interesting. Though proud of California, still, some other spot they call by the dear name of home; and interests are somewhat divided. Then the present population have had all the weeding and work to do with this mixed mass.

"As the subject is being agitated here for the first time to any extent, it will take a little while before all the differences of opinion will be settled and every one satisfied that it is not a Philadelphia Exposition.

"We held our first meeting since the organization yesterday afternoon, December 8, and one hundred and fifty dollars was paid in for fifteen shares of stock sold,—the first of the women's work.

"MRS. MCCRELLISH."

During the reading of these letters the Senators listened attentively, and three of them asked the addresses of the writers. I gave them the desired information with great pleasure, and then we rose to leave. Mr. Morrill said, "Ladies, pray be seated for a moment." We all fell back in our chairs again. He then whispered something into the ear of each man whom we supposed to be inimical to the undertaking, and each one bowed his head in answer to the whispered communication. He then said, "Ladies, it is due to you to tell you that the international feature of the Exhibition will not be taken away." We all thanked him and everybody warmly, but each one of us felt that the salvation of

our Exhibition was due to the kind and just effort of Senator Allison, and from our hearts we said, "God bless him!" We took our leave, and in the lobby outside we found the agent of the Board of Finance waiting for us. His first question was, "Mrs. Gillespie, did you get any money?" "We asked for no money," I answered. "Well, what did you get?" said he. I answered, "The promise that the international feature of the Exhibition will not be taken away." With not a very pretty preface he said, "I have been here six weeks trying to get that, and a parcel of women succeed in not many minutes." We left him, hoping that the result would be satisfactory. We left for home determined to redouble our efforts, especially in behalf of our own department, and with not a little pride in our hearts that women had thus far borne a large share in the work of preparation for the great anniversary. We planned and plodded on, sometimes much encouraged, but when women as well as men would say to us, "What is the use of raising woman through her work?" we were often depressed. When we now, in the year 1900, look at the many useful positions held by women, we can say of our Women's Department, "Her works do follow her."

By this time we had made arrangements for an exhibition of historic relics of the early days of the history of our country. A large house was loaned to us for a month, on West Rittenhouse Square, and in it the exhibition was held. Every one responded to our call for relics, and though the pecuniary results were not great, the show kept alive the interest in the coming show of 1876, and all those who lent their treasures

came to see that they were conspicuously placed, and all went well. We had some time before obtained permission to have made at the United States Mint some medals of silver with the head of Martha Washington on one side and on the reverse side "In honor of the Women of the Revolution." These medals sold rapidly, and the Board of Finance had larger medals struck bearing different pictures and different inscriptions, which were also sold, and all these devices served to keep the coming Exhibition before our people, not only to arouse their pride, but to strengthen their determination that it should prove a success.

CHAPTER XXI

In 1875, early in April, I was asked to meet the Boston Committee on April 18. An invitation was also sent to me to be present with my daughter at the ceremonies attending the Centennial Anniversary of the battles of Concord and Lexington on the 19th of April. I accepted these invitations gladly, and with my daughter reached Boston on the evening of the 17th, and on the morning of the 18th met the Committee. There were, I presume, twenty or thirty ladies present. They were most cordial and sympathetic, but always referred knotty questions to me. I did what I could to solve these questions, but was not surprised to hear afterwards that the original "Lady from Philadelphia," whom we read of in the story of the Peterkin Family by Miss Lucretia Hale, was myself. Just before the meeting closed, I was told that the business men of Boston knew very little of the Philadelphia men composing the Board of Finance, and before they were willing to enter largely into the project of the Exhibition they desired to be better informed. They then asked me if I would repeat to a larger number of people than those who were present all that I had told them. I said "Yes" gladly, supposing that the meeting would take place in a private house as heretofore. The next morning bright and early we were taking our breakfast at the Parker House, ready to go to Concord first and afterwards to Lexington, when my daughter, taking up a newspaper, said, "Mother, do

look!" There was an advertisement, decorated with flags, announcing that at eleven A.M. on the 20th a great mass-meeting would be held in Horticultural Hall in behalf of the Centennial Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia in 1876. The notice obligingly added that the meeting would be addressed by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, of Philadelphia, and that the governor of the State would preside. I felt ill and thought I must go home at once, but my daughter insisted that I must stay and tell the meeting (which she was sure would be small) just what I had said in the private houses I had visited. We went to Concord and to Lexington. I tried to listen to speeches of which I heard not a word and to music which to my distracted brain was out of tune. I was amused at Concord, for the guests of the gentler sex had been invited to assemble at the town-hall and there await the carriages which were to carry us to the public meeting. Miss Louisa Alcott and several other ladies received us most cordially and we waited! Carriages bearing men left the hall, but we were not summoned to follow. Miss Alcott walked up and down, uttering a few amusing and caustic remarks on the depravity of men, and finally we were called, and reached the meeting to find not a corner left for us.

This did not, however, move me, for, alas! I did not then follow the holy precept, "Take no thought for the morrow," but was living in terrible anticipation of the morrow when I was to appear for the first time as a public speaker, after more than half a century of *comparative* silence.

I returned to the Parker House to pass a sleepless night. The next morning some of the Committee called

and took me to the town-hall, where there was already a goodly company assembled. I reached the stage where the rest of the Boston Committee were seated and was welcomed warmly.

Governor Gaston took the chair, and in a very few and most complimentary words introduced me to the audience (whose faces were twirling before me as in a kaleidoscope) as the granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. This somewhat restored me, and I felt bound to correct his mistake and tell the people that I was only a great-granddaughter, as I was not then ninety years old. This made the audience laugh, and, being more self-possessed, I began the history (as far as it had gone) of the Exhibition of 1876. I told of its success and of the many discouragements we had met, and while I was speaking, having, through my interest in the cause, lost all consciousness that I was in the presence of strangers, and being very warm, I said to my daughter, who was sitting in a corner, "Nelly, come take my coat off." While she was doing this I saw in the audience my friend, Rev. Phillips Brooks. A happy thought came to me then. I said that I had been told the day before that the business men of Boston did not know the men of Philadelphia who composed the Board of Finance, but that I saw one in the audience who could, and I was sure would, bear testimony to their character, and that I was proud to ask the Rev. Phillips Brooks to speak. Mr. Brooks rose and paid a willing tribute to the characters of the members of the Board of Finance, saying that they were the men who had made the business of the city of Philadelphia, who had conducted its educational interests, who in many cases had had charge of

municipal government, who had managed the philanthropic and charitable enterprises for which Philadelphia was so famous. He closed his address by saying that Mr. John Welsh, the President of the Board, was the man of men who would have been selected by popular voice for the position which he then held.*

The applause given to his remarks made me feel as if the Exhibition Buildings were already standing erect. The Honorable Charles Francis Adams was called upon for a speech, and said it seemed to him not proper for him, a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to ask his countrymen to do something to glorify them. This made me feel wretchedly, as my great-grandfather was also a signer, and I had no idea of supposing even that through the Exhibition one mite could be added to his established fame, but when Dr. Loring and Mr. Nathan Appleton spoke, I felt relieved and glad when all was ended. Then Mr. Brooks came to shake hands with me, and assured me laughingly that if I would preach for him the next Sunday there would not be standing room in the church. I thanked him heartily and felt that he had once more been a good friend in the hour of need.

In the afternoon a reception was tendered to me, and I may say bushels of beautiful flowers were sent, and with them came kind words from the donors. The kind words helped me then, and are with me still. The flowers I

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* This tribute to the men of Philadelphia was most gratifying and encouraging to me, and I need scarcely add that I blessed the man who uttered it and was glad that he was equally beloved and respected in Boston as in Philadelphia.

sent to the hospitals, and I left Boston the next morning with the assurance that our cause would prosper, and with a heart full of gratitude that the memory of the poor lad, who left it in poverty, was kept green, not only through a bronze statue, but in the hearts of the people whom he loved to the end and never forgot, and who continued their respect and affection for him to his descendants of the fourth generation.

I made a brief visit to Hartford and New Haven on my way home, and found all going well in Hartford through the influence of General Hawley, the President of the Commission, and in New Haven the Women's Committees were actively at work. At home all was going smoothly, and we hoped for a long rest during the summer.

But this cup of hope was soon dashed from our lips. On the 11th of June, when I arrived at my office, I found two letters, one from Mr. Goshorn, the Director-General of the Exhibition, the other from Mr. Cochran, the Chairman of the Committees on Grounds, Plans, and Buildings, of the Board of Finance. I here insert them as follows:

"UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION,

"PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1875.

"MRS. E. D. GILLESPIE, President of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee:

"DEAR MADAM,—It is now obvious, from the demands that have been made by foreign countries for space in the Main Exhibition Building, that the space heretofore allotted to the United States in this building will be insufficient for the accommodation of all the articles that were originally intended to be displayed in it. We are especially desirous that the Women's Department shall be ample and complete within itself.

"In view of this fact, and recognizing the noble and efficient

work the women of the country have already accomplished in behalf of the Centennial Celebration, we feel encouraged to make the suggestion that it would be a most worthy and attractive feature of the Exhibition if they could secure a sufficient sum for the construction of a separate building in the Park, which, with the articles they might contribute of their handiwork, would most fittingly represent the position, energy, and accomplishments of the women of America. A building of this character could be eligibly located and devoted exclusively to the exhibition of women's work. Action on this suggestion should be had as soon as possible, so that timely arrangements may be made.

"I have the honor to commend this proposition to the earnest consideration of yourself and associates throughout the country, and sincerely trust it will meet with a hearty approval.

"I am yours very respectfully,

"A. T. GOSHORN,
"Director-General."

"CENTENNIAL BOARD OF FINANCE,
"No. 904 WALNUT STREET.
"PHILADELPHIA, June 9, 1875.

"MRS. E. D. GILLESPIE, President of the Women's Centennial Committees:

"DEAR MADAM,—I mentioned to you in the interview of Saturday last that the applications for space in the Main or Industrial Building were multiplying so rapidly, not only from exhibitors from the States but the Commissions representing foreign countries; and that notwithstanding the extensive area of the buildings (twenty-one acres), the space allotted to each must of necessity be less than they desire. This fact leads me to the conclusion that in the struggle for space the portion allotted to women's work, in which you and the noble women assisting you feel such a peculiar interest, will be curtailed to a smaller compass than any of us could desire, and place them at a disadvantage in their exhibits, and to remedy such a probable result I wish to state to the ladies' committees that it would, in my opinion, be in every respect better for them to occupy a building exclusively their own and devoted to women's work alone.

"A building two hundred feet by two hundred feet, covering one acre, to cost, say, thirty thousand dollars, could be erected at a prominent position on the grounds, which would afford the ladies this amount of space without curtailment in any contingency, and

which would give them the opportunity of arranging articles irrespective of the classification to which all exhibits in the Main Building will be subjected, and at the same time make women's work a more distinctive feature in the group of exhibits than could be possible in the vast building which all nations will occupy.

"If the money in the treasury of the Board of Finance warranted this expenditure, such a building would be undertaken by the Board without hesitation; but, as is well known, we already have contracts for main buildings and other necessary appurtenances of the buildings and grounds which will require a much larger amount than we have at command; and under this state of facts I venture to propose that if the ladies of the United States will raise the amount I have stated to erect a Pavilion Building, it will not only stand as an additional monument of their energy and earnest co-operation in the furtherance of the great occasion in 1876, but that it would for display, convenience, and in all other respects be found far more satisfactory to the ladies themselves.

"Towards this all contributions raised by the ladies and paid into our treasury would be appropriated until the full sum was accumulated.

"Hoping this will meet with your approval, I remain

"Very truly yours,

"THOMAS COCHRAN,

"Chairman of Committees on Grounds, Plans, and Buildings of the Centennial Board of Finance."

I was alone when I read those letters, and it was fortunate that I was, for I have lived many years since and have never forgotten the utter misery of those first moments, for the women of the whole country were working not only from patriotic motives, but with the hope that through this Exhibition their own abilities would be recognized and their works carried beyond needles and thread. I felt disposed to rebel, for my co-workers had the promise through our Philadelphia organization that space in the Main Building was to be ours. Sober second thought came to me, and I knew unless we acted wisely the womankind in America would

be filled with righteous indignation and their work be nowhere. When Mrs. Etting came in, I was ready to tell her that the only thing to do was to accede to the propositions contained in the letters. She agreed with me fully, as I had hoped, and I was glad, for her judgment was in all difficulties calmer than mine.

Before we parted we decided that she and I would give up our summer holiday and spend the time in trying to collect the money requisite for our new building.

I called the Executive Committee together and told them all that had happened. Some of them demurred more than a little, but finally all agreed to the plan Mrs. Etting and I had suggested.

We then summoned the Ward Chairmen to meet us, and submitted the letters to their consideration. With the wisdom that had characterized their deliberations from the beginning, they were unanimous in favor of a separate building. They asked that the fund we had in our treasury (which we had gathered to use for the interior decoration of the space which had been allotted to us in the Main Building) should be taken for the first subscription towards our building fund, and also requested that I should write a circular letter to the organizations in the outside States asking for their concurrence in the plan. I give herewith the letter:

"OFFICE OF THE WOMEN'S CENTENNIAL COMMITTEES,
"No. 904 WALNUT STREET.
"PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1875.

"MADAM:

"I submit for the consideration of your Committee the enclosed communications from Hon. A. T. Goshorn, Director-General of the International Exhibition, and Mr. Thomas Cochran, the Chairman of the Building Committee, Centennial Board of Finance.

"The Committees over which I have the honor to preside have directed me to assure you of their willingness to co-operate in the undertaking suggested by the letters which accompany this; but before we make our own pledges we must be assured of assistance from those who will be equally interested with ourselves.

"Contributions for the proposed building can be made either in large or small sums, and the names of the donors kept on record.

"An early answer is respectfully requested by

"E. D. GILLESPIE,

"President Women's Centennial Committee."

Up went my courage like the thermometer on a warm day. The letters were sent to the outside States, and the verdict returned was unanimous in favor of a separate building. My ally and I had battled with the heat and other inconveniences until the middle of August, and only then had we the certain assurance that the sum necessary for our building would be collected.

Then weary and longing for rest, we never thought of employing a woman architect! and thus made our first *great* mistake.

CHAPTER XXII

Our building was to cover one acre, and we gave the contract to Mr. Schwarzman, the architect of the other buildings. We paid over to the Treasurer of the Board of Finance the money we had received. Then Mrs. Etting and I left home, promising to return early in September, when the plans would be ready for inspection. I had not been gone many days before I heard the praises sung of a woman architect in Boston, and I wished I could annul the contract with Mr. Schwarzman. To this hour I feel pained, because I fear we hindered this legitimate branch of women's work instead of helping it.

I returned early in September as I promised, to find the plans, which were approved, and many applications for space pouring in upon us from abroad as well as at home. When the building was turned over to us completed on February 29, 1876, the space was nearly all appropriated, and in March the Chairman of the Committee on Space, Mrs. Henry C. Townsend, and her able assistant, Mrs. Charles H. Caldwell, began to apportion it. Their task was no light one, and admirably was it performed. The foreign Commissioners looked with keen interest on the novel spectacle of a "Department for Women's Work," and gave those in charge so much aid by word and deed that one-quarter of the building was set apart for the work of women of foreign countries. We saw constantly the young men who were the assistants of the English Commission. During the

winter of 1875-1876 they were accustomed to assemble at my own house on every Sunday evening. After tea they and my young people all sang hymns, telling me the while, "It felt like home."

Meantime, others in the Committee were planning many things for the benefit of the whole Exhibition. We thought of the music for the opening day, and went to the Director-General to offer to pay the expenses of a large chorus if the other authorities would pay the best orchestra in the country, which was the "Theodore Thomas Orchestra." The Director-General told us that we would be obliged to secure the consent of the Executive Committee of the Centennial Commission and of the Board of Finance before he could give his consent, but this consent I volunteered to gain. Mr. Welsh agreed gladly to secure the services of Theodore Thomas and his orchestra if the Executive Committee said "Yes," and Mr. Goshorn advised me to see each member of the Committee. This I did. One and all agreed to the proposition, one kindly gentleman assuring me that as I wished it "Theodore *Thomson*" should be the man." When this arrangement was made, we began the organization of the chorus. We sent to every singing society in Philadelphia the following circular in order to secure the best singers to assist on May 10, 1876:

"The Women's Centennial Committees respectfully inform the public that the chorus which is being formed under their auspices is for the opening ceremonies of the International Exhibition.

"The Executive Committee of the United States Centennial Commission having chosen Theodore Thomas for musical director, the Women's Centennial Committee volunteered to assist Mr. Thomas by forming a chorus for the 10th of May and by bearing the expense of the same.

"After consultation with the President of the United States Centennial Commission, Hon. J. R. Hawley, and Mr. Thomas, it was decided to invite the co-operation of *all* the choral societies in the city of Philadelphia. This has been done, and a board of council is being formed, consisting of one member from each board of direction of the various choral societies, who with others will assist in forming a chorus 'creditable alike to the occasion and to the city of Philadelphia.'

"Individuals having a sufficient knowledge of music but not connected with choral societies are invited to unite in the undertaking and to send their names to Mr. F. G. Cauffman (Chorus Inspector), 1102 Chesnut Street, at an early day, as Mr. Thomas is anxious the rehearsals shall begin as soon as possible.

"In making this statement the Women's Centennial Committees appeal not only to the patriotism of the citizens of Philadelphia but to their pride in their home, and they feel sure they will not appeal in vain.

"By order of the Committees.

"E. D. Gillespie,
"President."

Our invitation was cordially accepted. Mr. Dudley Buck was appointed by Mr. Thomas the leader of the chorus, and weekly rehearsals took place in Musical Fund Hall. We felt repaid for everything we had done when we first heard Whittier's Hymn sung, and even now, when I think of the words,—

> "Our fathers' God from out whose hand
> The centuries roll like grains of sand,"

my faith revives with the sense of the littleness of all human plans and operations, whether they be made for municipal or national government, or for our own purposes.

In October our building was begun. Although there was no corner-stone laid our Committees met on the spot to see the first spadeful of earth taken out. We

gave thanks that we were granted this privilege, hopeful that through our work other women would be benefited. Having space enough, we decided to have looms in one corner for ribbons and silks, and women weavers in charge of them. This required the addition of a steam-engine, and we built a little house for it outside, and engaged a woman engineer. The fertile brain of a woman writer, Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell, suggested the propriety of having a newspaper edited and printed within our walls. This plan was adopted, and most successful it proved. It was published weekly; its name was *The New Century for Women.* It was from beginning to end a sheet that could be read by any young person without detriment. It is true it contained no account of a prize-fight, no ghastly tale of the turning on of gas for the destruction of any mortal life or lives, and no impossible picture of the "last Paris hint" in the shape of a tall hat with taller feathers, or worse still, with bunches of flowers supported by wires, only too evident to the beholder, and consequently not ornamental. There were then in our daily press no pictures of "costumes de promenade" as there are now, when the sight of the contracted waist makes one's breath come thick and short, and we are lost in wonder as to the sensations of the wearer whose picture in the public press looks like a note of interrogation. Our paper, written, edited, and printed by women, contained only what was calculated to instruct and amuse the reader. Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell and her able assistant, Miss Stockton, carried this branch of the work to a successful issue and to the delight and satisfaction of all interested. The same engine which moved the machinery for the

looms moved also the printing-press for *The New Century*. A newspaper commenting during the Exhibition upon this "new industry for women" said, "You should have seen the engineer sitting in the little engine-room answering the questions of the bystanders. She said her labor was not as exhausting as taking care of an ordinary cook-stove, that it required about one hour's actual work per day. She had just picked up the necessary knowledge with regard to the construction of her charge while working in a factory. 'But do you do all the work?' asked a visitor. 'Everything, from lighting the fire in the morning to blowing off steam at night,' was the quick reply, and she was then receiving a larger salary than a teacher in one of our country schools."

The Woman's Medical College in 1875 applied to us for space for a pharmaceutical exhibit in our Department; the request was not only readily granted, but means were placed by us at the disposal of the faculty of the College to carry out their desire. It was planned, arranged, and made perfect by the hand of a woman (Dr. Clara Marshall), and we were not surprised at the commendations showered upon it by visitors, especially foreigners, who called Dr. Marshall a "model woman," which she was then, and still is.

The British Commission, I think, awarded the prize for the best pharmaceutical exhibit to this one in our Department.

The portion of the building occupied by the Ohio exhibits attracted the greatest attention, and we were not surprised, for if there had been no exquisite wood-carving and china-painting, the work of Mrs. Wormley would have attracted much notice. Her husband, Pro-

fessor Theodore G. Wormley, the author of "The Micro-Chemistry of Poisons," wanted illustrations for his book, which his wife made. When they were finished they were sent to New York to be engraved, and were sent back to Ohio with this message: "These lines are too fine for us. The person who did the drawing had better do the engraving," and she forthwith learned engraving, and proud we all were to have her work and to hear it praised by our own people and foreigners.

While I can give only a meagre description of the exhibits in our building, I must not overlook the head of Iolanthe modelled in butter by a lady from the far Southwest of our country. It was a wonderful head and showed great talent on the part of the designer. None gave the artist her name, but every one called her the "Butter Woman." Fortunately, the Iolanthe being blind did not see those who called her maker by this name, but the designer could not but be pleased with the praises given to her work. Miss Hosmer had hoped to finish the model of the Golden Gates she was preparing to send to England to Lord Brownlow, but she sent instead the model of a beautiful animal covered with gold-leaf, and with it came some extra sheets of gold-leaf, which she wrote to me were to replace any spots that might be left bare during the transit from Rome to Philadelphia. There were bare spots which I determined to cover, and accordingly left home one morning early to do this work. While I was thus engaged a little boy watched me, and finally called out, "Mother, come; here is another Butter Woman!"

Towards the close of the year 1875, we were asked if there would be space in our building for the exhibit of

the kindergarten system; we knew our space was already pledged, and that we must contrive to contract instead of enlarging our boundaries, but being very anxious that this method of early education should obtain the same hold on the judgment of Americans that it had upon the common sense of the practical Germans, we offered to build a building for it outside and next to our building. Having secured the permission necessary for this we began, the organization in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, contributing largely to the expense. The support of the school itself was borne and the work carried to a successful issue by the following-named ladies, who collected funds for the purpose: Miss Peabody, of Boston, Miss McDaniel, of New York, Mrs. Charles Willing and Mrs. Robert H. Hare, of Philadelphia. Many months prior to the opening of the Exhibition a teacher was placed by them in charge of a class of inmates of the "nursery" in the Northern Home for Friendless Children. This privilege was granted through the influence of Miss Louisa Claghorn, one of the managers of the institution and the Chairman of one of the Ward Committees. The pupils did ample justice to their excellent training. The constant crowd in the school-house during the exercises of the children gave evidence of the public interest in this system of early education, a system which now bears abundant fruits of its excellence throughout our whole land.

In January, 1876, several ladies in New York became interested in the work of the Women's Department and came to Philadelphia only to have their interest increased. Mrs. General Cullum formed at once a committee in its behalf, and through that Committee great additions were

made to the funds for the Women's Pavilion, and two large banners were exhibited on which were beautifully embroidered the coat of arms of the State and city of New York. These were hung on the walls of our Building, where they attracted much attention. They now, on state occasions, adorn the rooms in "Congress Hall," Philadelphia, where the second Congress in the history of our country was held. It is a sacred spot, for here General Washington made his Farewell Address, the words of which now ring in the ears of all loyal citizens in our land.

The rooms in the early part of this century were turned into court-rooms, but in 1895 they were put under the care of the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America.

This Society has restored the large room on the second floor to the condition it presented in the time of Washington, and the number of visitors whose names are recorded there from all parts of the world give proof that our government is held in profound respect outside our land and within it.

Never shall I forget the night which ushered in the year 1876. The streets were full of people for many squares outside of the State House. Men, women, and babies laughed, talked, and cried while waiting for the clock to announce the birth of the new year. We had accepted an invitation from Mr. Childs to come to the *Ledger* building, and there we saw the moving mass of human beings and heard their jubilant cries for many minutes. The bell which told us that our first century was dead and which heralded the birth of the new century, big with hope for us all, was not the old bell which

"proclaimed liberty throughout the land" in 1776, but a new bell, the gift to the city from Mr. Henry Seybert.

On December 17, 1873, I received the following letter, which I need scarcely say gave me much pleasure:

"PHILADELPHIA, December 17, 1873.

"MRS. E. D. GILLESPIE:

"MY DEAR MADAM,—The accompanying *gavel* is made of the original timber of the supports of 'Liberty Bell' in 1776, when it first proclaimed 'liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.' In restoring this historical relic to its framework and placing it in its present appropriate position the carpenter found it essential to remove a small slice of the beams, and it is the desire of the Committee on the Restoration of Independence Hall to preserve even these cuttings.

"At a meeting of the Committee your name and that of the President of the Board of Managers of the National Museum were presented as of those who essentially *Philadelphians* were lending your aid to the illustration of the municipal motto, 'Let brotherly love continue,'—the true mission of the Centennial celebration inscribed upon this symbol of authority which I have the pleasure of sending you. It will be in your hands the augury of that union for all good which knows neither sex nor section throughout our whole country and which you and your coadjutors are zealously efficiently promoting.

"This gavel is the handiwork of an amateur workman, John L. Shoemaker, an active member of the Committee and the real pioneer of the Centennial Exposition, a fact which cannot but enhance your interest in this testimonial.

"With assurances of high regard, I am on behalf of the Committee which I represent, and personally,

"Your friend,

"FRANK M. ETTING,

"Chairman, etc."

The maker of the gavel passed from this life before the Exhibition opened, and the writer of the letter has since then followed him.

The new birth of the nation brought freedom from

anxiety to the women who were working for our Exhibition, for already had the members of our organization from the outside States begun to assemble, each and all bringing news of added interest in the celebration, thus easing the burden from our Philadelphia shoulders and helping us to lift our heads and see the bright prospect before us.

We then rejoiced that we had our own Department in a separate building. The wives and daughters of several of the foreign Commissioners were already in Philadelphia, and from them we found hearty sympathy in our work. The daughter of Mr. Dannfelt, the Commissioner from Sweden, especially interested us. She spoke our language, but not perfectly. There had been some difficulty about the space assigned to Norway and Sweden in the Main Building. The Commissioner from Norway, Mr. Christopherson, wanted more space, and so did Mr. Dannfelt, but these same difficulties existed between other countries and were adjusted. Bertha Dannfelt told my daughter and niece that she was unhappy about this matter, but finally each country gave way a little, though the relations between the two Commissioners continued somewhat strained. Bertha came to us one day early in June to tell us that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Christopherson. Our surprise was great, and my first question was, "What does your father say?" "My father sat down and not know where to find himself," answered Bertha. I thought this a perfect description of her father's sensations when he had this startling intelligence announced to him.

However, by the end of June Mr. Dannfelt had "found

himself" and had given his hearty consent to the marriage being celebrated in America. The Managers of the Exhibition gave their consent to the ceremony being performed in "Judges' Hall" inside the Exhibition grounds. After the gates were closed to visitors one afternoon the preparations for the wedding began. The Hall was hung with the flags of all nations. There was then in our harbor a Swedish man-of-war. Mr. Christopherson chose one of the officers of this vessel and others for his groomsmen, and the bride invited Miss Nina Lea, Miss Sellers, and my niece and daughter for her bridesmaids. The guests assembled. Among them were the heads of the foreign Commissions and all our own dignitaries. The marriage ceremony was performed by a clergyman from Sweden. It was a solemn occasion and a novel sight to us all. After the ceremony the young people danced. We all had supper, and the difficulties between Norway and Sweden were as quietly settled through "plum cake" as was the dispute between the "lion and the unicorn" of aforetime.

Three entertainments were given by us during the winter of 1875-1876, the profits of which were twenty-two thousand dollars, one-half of which sum went to the Board of Finance (according to mutual agreement) as a free gift for the purposes of the general Exhibition. The other half of the sum was retained by us towards the expenses of our own Department, which consisted of wages of our guards and other attendants, glass cases, and all things necessary for the proper display of our exhibits.

In October, 1876, I saw a notice in the *Ledger* which disturbed me, but the knowledge that if justice was to

be found anywhere it would be granted in full measure in the columns of the *Ledger,* I sent the following notice to the editor, and was gratified by seeing it shortly after in print:

"WOMEN'S CENTENNIAL WORK.

"MR. EDITOR:

"In the name of the Committees over which I have the honor to preside I desire to thank you for your just appreciation of their work, as shown in an editorial notice in the *Public Ledger* of Tuesday, October 5.

"In the same article, however, you give the women of the country credit for subscriptions for Centennial stock for only twelve hundred shares, whereas eight thousand one hundred and five shares have been subscribed for through their organization, and the sum of eighty-one thousand and fifty dollars thus secured. Besides this amount, eight thousand six hundred and sixty dollars and eighty-seven cents have been contributed as a free gift to the general purposes of the Exhibition.

"Three thousand six hundred and twenty dollars have been paid by the women's organization to the Treasurer of the Board of Finance on account of the sale of medals.

"This brings the contributions from the women of the country to the general Exhibition to ninety-three thousand three hundred and thirty dollars and eighty-seven cents.

"Besides these sums, forty-five thousand four hundred and nineteen dollars have been contributed by the women of the whole country towards the building of the Women's Pavilion, the Kindergarten, and the expense of the chorus. In short, all the expenses of the Women's Building were met by the Women's Committees, who planned and carried out this work which has contributed so largely to the advancement of women through their occupations."

I must give a few incidents of the opening day. The sun shone brightly on May 10, 1876, and we were early astir. The last touches had been given to the inside of our building, and the blue ribbon which was to be pulled to start our steam-engine to set our machinery at work had been carefully attached. As the only persons of

royal descent who had taken the trouble to visit America on this occasion were the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, it was proposed that after we had seen our President, General Grant, start the Corliss engine in Machinery Hall, we would be glad to have the Empress of Brazil perform a like service for us in our building. This proposition was made a few days before the 10th of May, and the invitation to the empress was conveyed through one of the attachés of the Brazilian Commission and accepted by the empress on the 9th. My Committee was anxious to have Mrs. Grant and the ladies of the Cabinet present at this little ceremony, but the consent of the empress came too late for us to do more than give these ladies a verbal invitation on the morning of the 10th. Before Mrs. Grant arrived on the grand stand the same young Brazilian attaché came to tell me that the empress feared that she would be too fatigued to go to the Women's Building. I then sat still and gave up all idea of a formal opening of our building. The music began while the high dignitaries were entering, and I was absorbed as was every one else. Never on this continent was there anything finer before or since. For those who heard it nothing more need be said. Those who heard it not can look forward to the future. The national airs of sixteen of the foreign countries represented among us were played, having been preceded by the Washington March, ending with "Hail Columbia." Then followed the "Centennial Inauguration March" by Richard Wagner, which was one of the gifts of the women, then a prayer by Bishop Simpson, then Whittier's Hymn, then the presentation of the Buildings to the Centennial Commission by the President of the Board

of Finance, then the Cantata, by Dudley Buck, then the presentation of the Exhibition to the President of the United States, then an address to the President of the United States, after which the flag was unfurled. The Hallelujah Chorus was sung, chimes were rung, and amid peals of artillery the Exhibition was open.

Then there was a march through the Main Building into the Machinery Hall. Scarcely had the ceremonies there begun when the same young Brazilian came to me to tell me that the empress had a great desire to open our building. From that moment I heard not one word, especially as he added, "Can you give an order for a carriage to come to take the empress?" I said that I would do what I could, and wrote a line on my card to Mr. Welsh to tell him our dilemma, as carriages were not that day allowed inside the grounds. A guard made his way to Mr. Welsh, and the order was given. I then went to the door, but the policeman told me the pressure of the crowd was so great my life would be sacrificed if I attempted to go out. When the doors were finally opened, the policeman took me out, and I found one of the guards, who took the order for the carriage. It was then impossible for me to see Mrs. Grant, who with the President and officials was inspecting Machinery Hall. I then made my way to the Women's Building, fearing that my Committee would have left, thinking it would not be opened that day. It seemed very long since the order for the carriage had been given, and at last the guard came to tell us that the carriage had come into the grounds, and Mrs. Grant, thinking it was for her, had gone out accompanied by Mrs. Fish, and that the empress was walking to us! This was frightful intelli-

gence to us, for the lady was lame and the roads deep in mud from the heavy wagons which had passed over them.

When the good lady, the empress, arrived, although her skirts were deeply fringed with American soil, she seemed not the least disconcerted. She was pleased with all she saw, started our machinery, took a glass of wine, wishing us all good for our undertaking and ourselves, and after resting, took a carriage which we sent for and went away, leaving me sorry for the *contretemps,* but glad I had seen a woman with so much enthusiasm and so much quiet composure.

Thus the Exhibition opened.

We were so much disturbed that the wife of the President and the wives of the other high officials had not been with us when our building was opened that, in spite of the great fatigue I had undergone for the days and weeks previous to the 10th of May, I determined to go to the reception Mr. and Mrs. Childs gave on the evening of that day that I might explain to Mrs. Grant the whole matter. This I did to Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Fish as they stood together.

Time went on, and in every detail of our work we were prosperous, and even at this late hour we are told that through the efforts made by women in 1876 the women of 1899 are prospering through avenues of labor unknown then to them.

We ourselves during these few years had prospered, for in many things we had learned our own ignorance, which an ancient wise man tells us is " great knowledge," but we folded our hands in November, 1876, glad that we had helped to open for women roads for usefulness

hitherto untrodden, and that the thousands of women who had worked for the cause had gained for themselves the respect of mankind for their untiring zeal and their perseverance to the end.

Before the close of the Exhibition of 1876 I had decided to return to Germany in 1877 in order to give my daughter a more thorough knowledge of the art of music, so that she might, at her earnest desire, become a teacher.

Our friend, Dr. Hans von Bulow, had advised me to take her to Stuttgart, and there we proposed to establish ourselves for a long period.

The Women's Centennial Executive Committee held its last meeting early in April, and one of the Committee (Mrs. Richard P. White) asked me if I knew that Archbishop Wood was to sail in the same vessel on which our passages were taken. I told her I knew it, when she assured me I would be a "convert" before I reached the other side. I told her that, on the contrary, she would see in the American papers this announcement, "Married, in Chester Cathedral (England), Mrs. E. D. Gillespie and the late Archbishop Wood."

My daughter, my niece, Anne D. Duane, and I sailed from Philadelphia on April 26. The archbishop was on board, accompanied by six priests, all bound for Rome to celebrate the Jubilee of Pope Pius IX. Before we left Newcastle the archbishop greeted me and said, "I hear you and I have laid plans each against the other." I said "Yes," knowing my jest had been repeated to him. He assured me he should use every opportunity to accomplish his purpose. I answered, "I shall let matters take care of themselves," and with this compact our voyage began. The sea was calm when we lost sight

of land, and I dined below. After dinner I went on deck, and finding my daughter asleep in my chair, I took a camp-stool, and had not sat in it many moments before its legs parted and I was landed on the deck. The archbishop was talking to one of his priests a short distance from me, and after I rose, he sent to ask me whether he might have the camp-stool. He took it and put it together apparently in good condition. The priest was sent below, and presently returned with another priest, to whom, as he spoke to him, the archbishop pointed out the camp-stool. The priest obediently sat down, but in a few moments shared my fate; and after laughing heartily the archbishop sent him below to bring up another priest, who sat down composedly in the same stool and fell as those who had gone before. Each fallen man went with alacrity to find another, and we all laughed together when the last fell. The weather was stormy for several days and I saw no one, but I sent daily by the stewardess a sprig of lemon verbena to the archbishop and received his thanks.

When I was able to lie on the sofa in my state-room, the archbishop sent word he would like to read to me. I assented gladly. He came with the sprig of verbena in his button-hole, and after reading a little, talked to me earnestly of his faith. I told him, in the several conversations we had, the objections I had to the Roman Catholic faith, and those objections he did not remove by argument. We had a strange set of passengers. One or two of the Church of England, a few Presbyterians, one Methodist, and three Quakers, one a preacher. On Sunday the captain asked the archbishop to preach. The cabin was full of listeners. The service began with an

anthem sung by the priests, the sermon followed, and that sermon taught each and all their duty. The different beliefs were only touched upon, not one word that could offend was spoken, and we were told that none of us could enter into happiness in the next world without fervent and constant prayer in this life. So passed our Sunday. No adverse criticisms on the sermon were heard, but I was much amused when, on Monday evening, the Quaker preacher came to ask me whether I did not think it improper for the priests to sing "Three Blind Mice," and I fear I fell in his esteem when I failed to agree with him. The archbishop and his priests landed at Queenstown. He laughed heartily when he said "Good-by" to me, because neither of us had met with success in our wide-apart plans each for the other, but I hold his memory in high respect.

We landed in Liverpool and went at once to London. There I met many of the officials who had spent that hot Centennial summer, 1876, in Philadelphia. They all gave me a hearty welcome and entertained us in various ways. We were invited to see the "trooping of the colors" on the queen's birthday, and had tickets for the Caxton Celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing held in Westminster Abbey. We also attended the then annual service in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul on Thursday, June 7, 1877, when the charity children (five thousand in number) sang psalms and anthems. It was a novel sight and to me a novel sound, which gave me much delight, for the English children sang from their throats, and not as our American school-children sing (even at this day), through their noses.

After we left London we visited many of the cathedral towns in England, and heard the great choirs with delight. The country looked beautiful, but I do not describe it. I cannot if I would. We made a visit in Derbyshire to the family of Mrs. Wister, of Philadelphia, who crossed the Atlantic with us; and sorry were we to leave those kind friends.

We then went to the Continent, and after a short stay in Paris went to Switzerland, where we spent a month at St. Gervais in a good pension in the company of our friends, the Misses Horner. This we enjoyed thoroughly, but at last we left them and began our journey towards Stuttgart, stopping on our way at various spots of interest. We were two days in Interlaken. One was a rainy day, and as we could not drive, we contented ourselves walking through the village. We met there a large white Angora cat, which ran into a shop. I followed her, but a tailor who sat at his work seemed surprised when I asked for the cat, and said her home was a few doors away. We entered this little shop, and were told by the woman that the cat belonged to her, and that she had gone to her five kittens. I asked to see the kittens. A large round basket was brought to us holding nine white kittens, five belonging to the cat we had seen and four were her grandchildren. None of them had their eyes opened. Presently the grandmother came in, leaped into the basket, and took her four grandchildren by their necks one by one and deposited them on the floor, while she took care of her own offspring. She then left. The daughter came in, and turning her step-sisters and brothers out of the basket, restored her own to the basket and took care of

them. We had never seen such an exhibition of natural history and were most anxious to have one of the kittens. The woman was quite willing to sell one for five francs, but I was afraid it might die, as it could not lap milk. When we returned to the hotel to dine, an English lady asked the girls what they had seen during the day, and they gave her so graphic a description of the cats of two generations that she told my daughter that in England, when there were too many lambs born for the mother to take care of, they brought up the rest by feeding them from a teapot with a piece of kid tied over the spout. My daughter was so delighted with this plan that I agreed to buy a kitten if we could find in Interlaken a doll's set of china. To my surprise I found it. We bought the kitten and named him "Hans von Bulow." The little daughter of the owner of the cats wept at the thought of parting with a kitten, but her sorrow was allayed by the gift of the remainder of the tea set.

Hans was from that hour an important member of our family. In crossing the Brunig Pass he opened one eye partially, and the little teapot fed him comfortably. When he grew a few days older and wanted more food, I frequently had to rise in the night and heat it over a candle.

At last we reached Stuttgart. It was a beautiful town, and the hotel was comfortable. My first great pleasure was seeing some regiments returning from their manœuvres, one of the bands played "Johnny comes marching Home," and each man had a sprig of green leaves in his hat. It was an unexpected sound to hear an American tune played by a German band. I wept

and was glad. I presented my letters to the American consul, Mr. Potter, who turned us quietly over to the vice-consul, Mr. Richard M. Jackson, who not only took infinite pains to find us a satisfactory apartment, but who proved himself in many ways a kind friend ever after. I presented my letter to Professor Lebert, the head of the Conservatory of Music, and the girls began their lessons and their hard work. We had few friends and I was very homesick. We lived on a high hill, the windows of our house commanding a view of the city and of the railway station, through the open passage of which I hoped one day to pass to my home. The girls brought pitiful tales of the poverty of some of the American pupils in the Conservatory. Many of them were teaching younger pupils to eke out the scanty sum necessary for their own living and for their tuition. The first great satisfaction that we had was in the invitations which my girls gave to these sufferers to come to us occasionally for a hearty American dinner, and their enjoyment added to ours.

The concerts which we heard and the theatres gave us pleasure, and gradually the number of our friends increased. Our servants were excellent and soon learned to give us our food cooked in American fashion.

Early in the winter of 1878 I was obliged to go to Italy on business. I went quickly and returned after a rest in Florence, having left my girls under the care of an old American friend. In returning over the Brenner Pass I met a lady, the wife of Professor Omboni, who lived in Padua. She spoke to me in French, and we carried on a lively conversation, she asking many questions after she knew I was an American. She spoke

of the Exhibition of 1876 and of the work done there by the women of the country, and asked me if I had helped. I told her I had, and I confess I was amazed to find how much she knew about our country.

The only other passenger in our car was a German, who struggled with French for a little, and then was silent until after the professor's wife left the train. Then he spoke to me in English, and we were friends. Just as our journey together was about to end he took from his pocket-book the photograph of a lady, which he asked me to look at. This I did, suspecting it was his wife. I admired the face and told him so, but did not ask him who was the original of the picture, when he burst out in these words: "Once I was mor-ri-ed. I am no longer it." He had my sympathy, though I never had had a bereaved widower communicate his sorrows to me in so few words which spoke volumes.

I reached Stuttgart without adventure and found all well with my girls. Two American ladies from Providence, Rhode Island, joined the American colony about this time (Mrs. Dunnell and Mrs. Hoppin) with their children, and our intercourse with them was delightful. We had for our near neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Trevelyan. I was a little surprised one day to receive a visit from Mr. Trevelyan, who asked me to call upon his wife, then an invalid. This I did with pleasure, and I never saw or knew a more charming family. The elder girls were handsome, well educated, musical, and with delightful manners, more cordial than the English girls generally, and much less intrusive than the usual American girl. We were all fast friends ever after. I grieve to say that Hans, our cat, was not a favorite

with our visitors, dearly as we loved him. He lapped his milk from one saucer, but he still clung to the taste of the kid which had covered the spout of the teapot in his early life, and consequently, if he found a glove lying about, he carried it to his saucer and enjoyed it and his milk together, leaving the saucer empty of milk and the glove often without thumb or finger. This habit we could not cure, nor could we reproach him, for had we not torn him from his mother's paws under the influence of a kid glove? He had one seat in the drawing-room, a most comfortable arm-chair. If he found that chair occupied by a visitor and we were in the room, he made no effort to possess himself of it, but sat at the feet of the intruder, gazing at him or her until the chair was free. If we were not present, he assaulted the occupant of the chair, and generally was successful. Once he inserted both of his fore claws into the legs of Mr. Trevelyan, who, when he called afterwards, always asked whether "Von Bulow was alone in the drawing-room," and if so, he waited until Hans was removed. This was natural, but until Hans was in his dotage his dislike to strangers remained. His love for me was strong. He weighed twenty-five pounds before he died, and if he saw me sitting down, he would leap from the floor to my shoulder, take the lobe of my ear into his mouth and go fast asleep.

He looked longingly after us when we all went out, and after, I suppose, some deliberation, he decided he would also go out. Not being able to leave by the door, he jumped from the window of the third floor on which we lived and lighted on his feet. A friend of ours passing at the time told us that he thought it was a pillow

falling from the window, and crossed the street to rescue it for us, when to his surprise he found the pillow had legs, and used those legs to go to the front door and effect an entrance. He climbed the three flights of stairs, and waited at the door of our apartment until one of the servants opened it. His walk was short, and could not have been pleasant, yet like many a sensible person he was not taught by experience, but repeated his adventure at four different times and never injured himself.

I had become acquainted with Professor Lebert, but he had not asked me to call upon his wife, fearing, I presume, that it might interfere with her household duties, for I understood that immediately after his marriage he set off alone on his wedding journey, leaving his wife to learn cooking during his ten days' absence.

Professor Pruckner and Professor Morstadt both asked me to call upon their wives, and we were most hospitably entertained by both families to our great pleasure, and after some time Herr Morstadt came to me twice a week to speak English for an hour. To his great credit I must add, that after I had corrected him for any little fault he never repeated it, but showed me often by his words that he did not forget, but it belongs to the German race to improve and to endeavor to excel in all things. I had been suffering from sciatica and had called in a physician, Dr. Dealma, who in his treatment of my case was most skilful. He spoke our language well and was a charming companion. His wife only knew our language through *books,* and amused me often. When they were about to remove to another apartment she told me thus: "We shall no longer dwell in this abode,"

and some time after she wanted to explain to me the cause of her dismissing her cook, and said, "She does not work, she weeps much; I think she is enamoured!"

My days sometimes hung heavily on my hands with little to do, so, finding women much occupied with painting on china, I had a teacher, and enjoyed my lessons much. We had two pianos in our apartment, upon which my daughter and niece practised daily for four hours each. I sat at my painting in a room between the two performers, and grew so accustomed to the situation that I could listen first to one and then to the other, and knew how each was mastering the difficulties of her task. I went often to market, and conversed in German with the market-woman, who had three little children playing about her while she sold her fruit and vegetables. She was shabby and the children were ragged, but she told me she must work to support the family. I was sorry for her, thinking her a widow. I was more sorry when I found her one day giving money to a very jauntily dressed man with a light-blue silk cravat, whom she presented to me as "Mein mann." After he left I remonstrated with her about using her own life to support him in idleness, and in a most pathetic voice she said, "But he is so beautiful." I made one other effort to place the German male sex on their proper level, and was singularly unsuccessful.

I was passing one day through the "Markt Platz" when, to my horror, I saw a man with a whip in his hand chasing a woman and beating her across her shoulders as they both ran. I ran after them, and when they turned into a house I followed, finding them mounting a narrow stairway while the beating still went on. I

called out, "How can you do so?" in my best German. Both turned upon me, and I continued my reproaches to the man. He was silent and I hoped ashamed, when the woman called out, "Mind your own business; he is *my* husband,—he can whip me if he pleases." I need scarcely add that I took no part in the conjugal relations of any after that. I had seen such devotion between husband and wife in Berlin that this tyranny astounded me.

Time, which never stands still, went on finding us all more contented with out lot; friends were added to us, and one family interested us particularly. The Vicomte de Proença Vieira, with his wife and son, from Portugal, we saw often. The son, André, came almost daily to see us. He was a pupil of the Polytechnic School and very clever. To our near neighbors under the same roof I fear we were often a nuisance. Indeed, we were once notified to leave one apartment because we had a dancing class of half a dozen children once a week between five and six in the afternoon. The landlord told me most kindly that the occupants of the floor below us objected to so much noise so late; as they were permanent and we only transient tenants, we must give way. The rules for the closing of houses were most strict; the lower door must be locked by nine P.M. Each tenant had a key to the house street door, but if a friend stayed beyond nine o'clock, the unfortunate tenant was obliged to descend with the guest, open and close the door, and unless by special permit of the police, no piano could be used aften ten P.M. I invented a plan to obviate the necessity of going myself down and up three flights of stairs. I crocheted a bag of pink twine,

into the bottom of which I put a large bullet, and fastened to the top a very long cord. We looked at the clock when any guest left us, and if nine o'clock had passed, we gave the guest the house key, with the request that he would place it in the bag which we would lower to receive it. Down went the bag weighted by the bullet, and when the key was deposited it was drawn up in safety. One night André de Vieira was at the house and stayed until ten-fifteen. When he left the key was as usual given to him, and the bag lowered from the window to receive it. André waited to see the window closed, when down dropped the bag and key at his feet. The lodger in the room below our drawing-room had stretched a long arm out of his window, and with a pair of shears had cut the cord, which was being wound up; hence the result. "Early to bed" was then the motto of the southern Germans, but there were few pleasures which belonged to late hours at that time.

The English and Americans formed a society for giving "private theatricals" in a hall in Stuttgart. I was invited to become a member and entered with vigor on the arrangements. We gave one or two very successful plays, when, at one of the meetings, an English lady said to me, "I think you could act if you tried." I told her that I had tried, and that the play "Woodcock's Little Game" had been the play I had liked best, but that I could not personate "Mrs. Carver" without my dear American friend, Mr. Samuel Spackman, as "Woodcock," and I must decline with thanks, as he was then our consul at Bruges and could not leave his post. The very next morning I received a letter from Mr. Spackman telling me he had been transferred to

Munich and was almost our neighbor. I instantly proposed that he should come to Stuttgart as "Woodcock," and his answer was, "In the language of my adopted country I say, yah, yah, yah." I made this report to the committee, selected the *dramatis personæ,* and the play was rehearsed and given. Our audiences had previously consisted of our friends, English, Americans, and a few Germans. The entrance fee was small and was used for the necessary expenses of the performances. When there was a surplus it was given to charity. Mr. Spackman, his wife, and a friend came from Munich a day or two before, so that we might all have a full rehearsal and the play go smoothly. I was surprised to receive a request from some members of the Royal Family of Würtemberg that they might be allowed to be present. The committee said "yes." The arm-chairs usual on public occasions for royalty were placed in front and the play began. The hall was full of guests. The young people acted well and thought, naturally, that the applause was meant for the actors and actresses, but I imagine that a little of the excitement was due to the presence of the members of the Royal Family, and I felt compassion towards them, because instead of the fun we were having, their only compensation was chairs with gilded arms.

Meantime, the music lessons went on, and the improvement with my young people astonished me. During the winter of 1879 I had a severe attack of bronchitis. One Friday night my daughter was awakened by my crying out in my sleep. Coming to my room, she quickly aroused me and asked what I had been dreaming. I told her I thought the house was on fire, and that I had

siezed my money and my letter of credit, and had tied Hans up in his basket. She commended me for my prudence and advised my going to sleep. I was sitting, on the following Monday afternoon, painting by the window looking into the court-yard, when I saw a cloud of smoke passing. I arose frightened, and without finding out where the smoke came from, I carried out the plan suggested by my dream, and had barely put Hans into his basket when my daughter came in from her lesson and almost breathless told me the house next door was on fire, and that seeing the smoke and flame coming from the roof while she was in the street, she had entered the house and given the alarm to the inmates up to the top floor, because those who lived on the lower floors, where she went first, preferred to pack their own possessions to informing their neighbors of the danger they were in. I felt guilty, for had I not sinned in the same way? A fire in Stuttgart at that time was most strange. It was long before any engines came, and when they did come, the fire was attacked by small pumps carried up the stairs to our roof, and the water was then sent across the narrow passage between the houses. The roof of the burning house was gone then, but the volume of water sent soon extinguished the fire, and the house was put into the hands of watchmen. The next day the insurance agents came and deliberated a long time before the amount of damages could be decided.

CHAPTER XXIII

In 1878 we were invited to spend our Easter holidays with our cousins, Baron and Baroness von der Heydt, in Berlin, and accepted the invitation gladly. These dear cousins and friends, with one not less dear (Alice Patterson), had come to Philadelphia at the time of the Exhibition of 1876, when my cousin, Edward von der Heydt, told me that he, being the treasurer of many of the charitable institutions in Berlin of which the Empress Augusta was the head, it was therefore his duty, as well as pleasure, to take leave of Her Majesty before going to America. During this interview the Empress told him that her interest was strongly aroused in the part which American women were taking in the Exhibition, and in the results which were hoped for, in advancing the interests of woman through her work. The Empress then added, "I wish you to say to the lady at the head of the Women's Department that my sympathy is with her and her co-workers. I have written her name but cannot pronounce it." She handed to my cousin a slip of paper on which my name was written. He told Her Majesty that he would give the message with all the more pleasure, as Mrs. Gillespie was a cousin of his wife, and had spent two years in Berlin. The Empress expressed regret that she had never seen the head of the Women's Department, and requested that if Mrs. Gillespie ever returned to Berlin she should be informed.

We reached Berlin during Holy Week, and after heart-

ily greeting us, Baron von der Heydt said, "You know, my cousin, that I must obey the wishes of our Empress and inform her that you are here."

Accordingly a note was sent to the secretary of the Empress, Count von Mohl, telling him I was in Berlin. An answer was soon returned requesting Baroness Alice von der Heydt to accompany Mrs. Gillespie to the palace on the following Monday at noon. We obeyed the summons, and found one of the ladies-in-waiting ready to receive us. She took us through some of the royal apartments, and then we returned and found the Empress ready to receive us. She knew my cousin well, and her greeting of me was most kind. She took both of my hands in hers, and said in clear tone and beautiful English, "This is the lady I have wished so much to see." I thanked her, and she spoke of the benefit which our Exhibition had already brought to women, and alluded to the work of the women of America in such flattering terms that I forgot she was an Empress and said, "I really think you are mistaken." She smiled, my cousin and the lady-in-waiting smiled, and I, knowing I had blundered, felt embarrassed, but the Empress soon turned and said, "Would Mrs. Gillespie like to see the room where I live?" I was truly glad, and we entered a most cosey room, where books and work were lying, showing that an empress takes pleasure in matters womanly, and where also the portraits of her family hung on the walls. Pointing to the portraits, the Empress said, "I suppose you know some of these." I told her I knew the Emperor and the Crown Prince Frederick, and she called my attention to the portrait of the Grand Duchess of Baden, saying, "That is my daughter. If you knew her, I

am sure, Mrs. Gillespie, you would love her." Thus ended an interview which gratified and charmed me. A few days after I received a note from the private secretary of the Empress, Baron von Mohl, and a package containing a brooch, which I was asked to accept from the Empress " in memory of a most delightful interview." The note further added that the Empress asked that I would never fail to inform her if I should be in any part of Germany where she might be. The pin in front has the eagle in gold, with some small precious stones, and on the back is engraved the crown of the Empress and the letter " A." When I wear it I am reminded not only of the royal giver, a much respected and most charitable woman, but it recalls two of the happiest years of my life which were spent in Berlin, and brings before me the faces of relatives who contributed so largely to the happiness of us all. Some have passed from this life since to their own rest. God bless them all!

We spent the summer of 1878 in Homburg, where I was advised to go by Dr. Deahna for the cure of sciatica. We established ourselves in " lodgings" and I began the " cure." We knew nothing of our fellow-lodgers. I only knew that the room next to our sitting-room was occupied by a man and his wife. I had seen her once or twice and thought her one of the saddest-looking women I had ever seen, but I ceased to wonder at her sadness after I heard her husband speak. Mr. John Lambert, of Philadelphia, and his son John were passing the evening with us in our parlor. We had been talking over our adventures and laughing heartily over some of them, when two blows came against the door which separated us from our neighbors; it was evident

that two heavy boots were thrown, and the boots were the forerunners of these words: "Stop your laughing and noise, you are nothing but a party of American loafers, or I will make you." We made no answer. Our guests withdrew, and we also, but the next morning I told our landlady that we should find other lodgings and for what cause. The landlady assured me that such an offence would never again be committed and urged me to remain. Then came the wife of the man who had insulted us. She was in tears and most unhappy. I knew that the sadness of her face, which I had noticed when I first saw her, had a cause. I pitied her and overlooked the crime of her husband for the sake of the wife. We stayed in our lodgings and were never again disturbed.

I took my baths faithfully, but was not relieved from pain, and was accosted one day on leaving my bath-room by an English lady thus: "Have you not sciatica?" I answered, "Yes." "I thought so," said my friend, "I heard you giving such careful directions about the temperature of your bath; but," she added, "you will find no relief; take a tablespoonful of whiskey, pour it upon a little boiling water, and swallow the mixture when it is very hot." I did this five times, after I left Homburg, when an attack of pain was coming on, and found my unknown English friend was right. I have scarcely suffered since.

I had much amusement in Homburg from the conversations of the English ladies. When the band was playing, one young woman, who had evidently not been married long, said, in speaking of pets, "I like parrots better than anything, but *he* is such a brute, he will not

have a parrot in the house. I think parrots cleverer than many human beings, at least they see a joke more quickly." I heard an English lady talking of the beauty of Niagara Falls, when one of my own countrymen said, "Yes, there is right smart water-power there, but money could be made if it were used to move machinery instead of keeping the Falls only to look at."

I little thought then that I should live to see one of God's greatest earthly works put to such unholy uses.

I went to the library one day and asked for a novel called "Jenny of the Prince's." An Englishman looked up from his newspaper as I spoke, and when I was leaving, rose up and said, "I beg your pardon, madam, but will you tell me what 'journey of our princes' you asked for?" I explained to him it was "Jenny of the Prince's Theatre" that the novelist wrote. When I left him, I admired his loyalty to those holding positions in his country, and wondered what American would ask for an account of the journey of any of our men in high places; but I forgot that our royalty are politicians, and that their journeys are undertaken mainly to secure votes!

I was taking refuge one day from the rain in the "Kur Haus" when it was much crowded. Shortly after I entered a woman rose and left her chair; after waiting a few moments, supposing she would not return, I took the chair she had occupied. She returned without my observing her, and seating herself in my lap, she said, "Erlauben Sie mir." (Allow me.)

I left Homburg without regret, and returned gladly to our home-life in Stuttgart.

I had heard once or twice from Dr. von Bulow, and

had told him that our dear Hans bore his name; but I had not seen him for two years, when one day came a letter telling me he was to give two recitals in Carlsruhe, and proposing that my daughter and I should meet him there; and he added, "If not asking too much, I beg you will bring my godson with you." We accepted this proposition gladly. Hans stepped quietly into his basket, as was his wont when he saw it, for his summers were spent at Merklingen, where our maids went for their holiday. We reached our destination, and were comfortably established in a sitting-room with Hans asleep on a sofa, when Dr. von Bulow came. After greeting us warmly he went to the sofa, and I trembled lest Hans should resent the intrusion, but instead he received the caresses offered him most amiably, and both in five minutes were fast friends.

When the evening recital was ended Dr. von Bulow came to bid his namesake "Good-night," and with a collar limp from the effort he had made to give delight to us all through his music, he knelt before the cat, laid his head on the white fur, and was rewarded for his kind "Good-night" with a loud friendly purr, which convinced me that animals know well who loves them.

We continued our journey with Dr. von Bulow as far as Freiburg in Baden, and we all parted with regret, after hearing two more recitals and seeing further proofs of affection between Hans first and Hans second.

We saw constantly throughout our stay in Stuttgart our first friend, Mr. Jackson, the young American vice-consul, and my respect for him increased as time went on. One day he came to see me looking pale and agitated. Presently he said, "I want to confide something

to you. A strange thing has happened to me." I told him I was ready to hear it, and he began thus: "I was walking in the Anlagen when I met the King. I raised my hat and passed on. Presently I heard my name called, and turning saw the King advancing towards me. He accosted me, to my surprise, most kindly, told me he had heard good accounts of me and would like to know me personally. I thanked him and he left me." I congratulated my young friend on the good character he had established, and remembering that "Haroun al Raschid" disguised himself and talked with the common folk in his kingdom when he was tired of courtiers and flatterers, I felt glad that the King had had a respite also, for I had frequently seen him in his open barouche with two generals (their bosoms covered with orders) facing him with their eyes fixed on him, reminding me of our own police in our own Black Maria. Shortly after Mr. Jackson told me that he had a letter from the King, telling him he wanted to know more of him and of his views in life, his pursuits, etc. The King added that he was going to the south of France for the winter and would like to correspond with Mr. Jackson on all these points. The King went. I heard through Mr. Jackson often of his welfare, for their correspondence would have filled volumes, and felt glad for both men that they had a bright spot in their lonely lives. One day Mr. Jackson told me that the King had asked him whether he knew a lady in Stuttgart who was a descendant of Franklin; grateful once more for the many favors which had been shown me in foreign lands on account of my great-grandfather, I was glad that the King was interested in his granddaughter, but the end

of the story must be told. When the King returned he had a beautiful apartment in his palace fitted up for Mr. Jackson, and gave him the position of private secretary. This created great excitement in Stuttgart and much gossip. Many were the tales told of the first meeting of the King and Mr. Jackson, most of them wonderful, none of them true, but I never contradicted one of them. I knew that the King and Mr. Jackson knew and understood each other and that both loved music, that there were two grand pianos in Mr. Jackson's drawing-room, and that there they played, read, smoked, and talked together.

We spent our summers usually in Switzerland, and once made a visit to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Platt Pepper, at San Moritz. We enjoyed there not only the society of friends and the scenery, but I was especially entertained with the English guests at the hotel. They asked all sorts of questions about our own country, our manner of life, our churches, our schools. Our answers seemed to surprise them much, and I sometimes thought they imagined me a direct descendant of Baron Munchausen. One rainy morning I sat alone with my work, and was accosted by an English lady with a title. After asking me how, when, and where I was educated, what food we ate, all which questions I answered quietly but with rising choler, she turned to her daughters, who were amusing themselves in a corner near by with some young men, and said, " My dears, do not giggle so much. People will take you for American girls." My anger got the better of me, and I said, " I think no such mistake will be made if people look at their feet." The lady was amiable enough to laugh, but I think neither she nor I dreamed then that after a

few short years "American girls" would be eagerly sought in marriage by impecunious young Englishmen with titles.

After much deliberation we decided to spend a part of the summer of 1880 by returning to Oberammergau and seeing once more the Miracle Play, which had so deeply impressed us in 1870. We found there the same religious feeling among the villagers. Some of them met us as old friends, and we were entertained as hospitably and as economically as before by the natives, but, alas! English agents had meanwhile come to the village and had arranged quarters for strangers for which exorbitant prices were charged. The villagers were so indignant at this that they refused to allow the occupants of such places to secure tickets for the Miracle Play. The public press, however, held the villagers responsible for the change, but we knew the truth, and after seeing the solemn ceremony once more, and seeing Josef Meyer again impersonate the Christ, we left the place grateful for our privileges, and again deeply impressed with the solemn spectacle.

From Oberammergau we went into Switzerland, and from Loêche les Bains we proposed to cross the Gemmi to Kandersteeg. We found that crossing this pass on horseback was forbidden because of terrible accidents which had there happened. So we engaged good guides, and with our young friend, Amy Dunnell, began our march. We left Loêche at one P.M., reaching the summit about six in the evening. There was a small house there where we had food, but there were no accommodations for the night. No one at Loêche had told us that we might have ordered saddle-horses from Kandersteeg to

meet us at the summit and carry us the rest of the way, so there was nothing before us but a long walk. We were tired then, but tramped on, our guides encouraging us, but I could take no comfort. The words of the psalmist rang in my ears, "With weary steps in mire I tread, my bones are out of joint." In that lamentable plight I felt myself to be when I sat down to rest, but the darkness was coming on and we must proceed. Mine uprising was greater agony than my downsitting, and my daughter consulted the guides, who proposed hurrying on and sending a carriage to meet us at the farthest point possible for a carriage to come. This seemed a good plan, and we followed it, walking as fast as we could ourselves. After some time a guide overtook us carrying the property of some sensible travellers who had sent for horses for the next day. My daughter engaged him to accompany us and to give his arm to me. This he did with alacrity, and after a few flattering words on my having done so much, he said, "Mais, madame, qui vous à conseillé de faire ce petit voyage, car, madame, vous êtes vielle, senlement un peu, mais vielle." I knew he spoke truly, for was I not then nearly threescore years old, and had I not walked on that day twenty-three miles and a half? At last we reached the carriage, and in a short time drove to the hotel. Our guides must have represented my case as pitiable, for quite a crowd stood on the portico of the hotel to meet us, including not only the landlord but all the guests and servants of the establishment.

I asked for my room and a hot bath, into which I poured a quantity of alcohol. I then ate half a chicken and drank half a bottle of champagne. My two girls ate their suppers down-stairs, and came up to amuse me with

the questions that had been asked them, all tending to prove that Americans are or were a peculiar people.

I slept for fourteen hours after my walk, rose up and continued our journey towards Chateau d'Oex, where we again enjoyed the society of our dear friends, the Misses Horner, and of their sister, Madame Pertz. We also found there to our great delight my sister-in-law, Mrs. Anderson, of Scotland, her daughter and granddaughters, and several American home friends. Time flew there for all of us, but after a rest of some weeks we were obliged to turn our thoughts "homeward," as we then said of Stuttgart.

Some time before we had left for our holiday the professors of the Music School had proposed that my daughter should begin her life as a teacher by taking one of the younger pupils in the Conservatory under her care. This trust she had accepted with pleasure to herself and also with profit to her scholar, for when the examinations took place her pupil distinguished herself. I thought that in this result something doubtless was due to the ability of the pupil, but I (as would all mothers) attributed a large part of her success to her capable teacher.

We reached Stuttgart to find all things as usual, and began to work. About this time we learned that our neighbor and friend, Mr. Alfred Trevelyan, had succeeded, by right of inheritance, to the Trevelyan estate and to the title of Sir Alfred. We were glad that this distinction should come to friends so dear to us and to one so worthy of it, for he was a noble man and a gentleman. No higher meed of praise can be given to any.

Our last winter in Stuttgart passed pleasantly. We had plenty of work, plenty of friends, and much music. One entertainment stands out clearly in my memory. Sir Alfred and Lady Trevelyan invited their friends to pass an evening with them to see some tableaux vivants. The pictures were all admirably represented, but the one which pleased and interested me most was a perfect copy of the picture by Cabanel of "The Italian Poet," which is familiar to all. Sir Alfred with his eldest daughter Pauline represented the two listening lovers who face the poet, who was personated by André de Proença Vieira, the youth of whom I have already spoken. A young Hollander and a young German completed the group. I looked at the picture with delight and yet with pain. A large part of our happiness for nearly four years had been greatly due to three of those speaking figures, and we were all about to separate, perhaps forever, Sir Alfred and his family to go to his home in England, André to plod on in his career, and my daughter to begin hers in her own land. Sir Alfred was good enough to send me a photograph of that tableau. I often look at it and wonder what have been the paths in life which have been trodden by the German and the Hollander. I know in part the joys and sorrows which have come to the other silent figures in that tableau. God bless them!

CHAPTER XXIV

THE whole world was shocked in the spring of 1881 by the assassination of the Czar of Russia. To us Americans it brought the memory of the pain we suffered when our President Lincoln was assassinated. The people of Würtemberg felt the shock the more because their then Queen Olga was the sister of the Czar.

I had previously attended some of the services of the Greek Church held in one of the palaces, and I received with gratification a card of admission to the funeral service in memory of the late Czar. The service was most impressive and to me most peculiar.

The Court and all the military dignitaries were there, as well as those who held positions of honor from other countries. The congregation was not large, for the chapel was small. A lighted candle was given to each one, and all knelt. The stillness was profound, and as I knelt, candle in hand, death itself seemed present.

Public places of amusement were closed for a few days and then all seemed forgotten. Such is life and such is death in this life, for shortly after America and the world were again shocked at a second cowardly attack at one holding the highest office in the gift of the American people, which ended in the death of President Garfield.

One day I was summoned to our hall to "some one" who wanted to speak to me. I found there a man dressed in the deepest black holding a long list in his hand. He

wore a long coat reaching nearly to his heels, and had a black band on his hat with long ends, which I believe is called a "weeper." He told me he had come to invite me to the funeral of "Herr Schmidt." I asked if it were the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Schmidt to which I was invited. He answered, "No; it is an Englishman." I then, in much confusion with the German tongue and in dire distress, said, "Where does he live?" "He does not live at all; he is dead," was the solemn and yet crabbed answer. Then I remembered that I had met an English lady at the house of a friend whose husband was an invalid, and upon inquiry I found that it was to his funeral I was invited and to his late residence. Fearful of disturbing the annoyed beadle still further, I accepted the invitation to the funeral service. I knew nothing of the custom for strangers, on such an occasion, to wear mourning as well as relatives, and went in my ordinary black dress and bonnet, taking with me a small market-basket, for I was going after the services to market. I left the basket at the grocer's. My costume was completed with a pair of gloves of the brightest yellow, which a friend had sent me from Paris, and which she described as "very cheap." I thought so too when they came, but on this occasion they cost me much. When I entered the room, I found it lined with people in the deepest black. For a few moments I could see nothing. Then I groped my way to a seat. Then I saw my yellow gloves shining as the rays of the sun, and I felt that they were disrespectful. I did not know what to do, and finally I sat upon my hands. The service began, and in the midst of it I wanted to sneeze. I could not release my hands to prevent it, and in the

vain effort to suppress it, through painful contortions of my lips, a sound like the roar of an animal burst from my unfortunate nose. All those present turned towards me. I nearly wept, and determined then never again to indulge in cheap gloves.

We saw Mr. Jackson quite often. He seemed very happy in his position and surroundings. He called to ask me to go to see how beautifully he was established in his new home. This I did, and found all as my young countryman had described. He drove one day to our house, bringing with him a large basket filled with roses and an autograph letter from the King for me, which ran thus:

"MADAME:

"I beg you to accept these roses. A friendly hand offers them to you on my part. These roses, madame, go to you, and say more to you than I can say myself. There exists in the soul of man a kindly interest for others, which is understood sometimes by those who have never had the pleasure to meet.

"CHARLES,
King of Würtemberg."

The bearer of the note and roses was much gratified and so was I. The King's note was promptly answered and thanks given for the lovely flowers. A day or two after one of the pupils of the Music School came to our house ostensibly to ask some trivial question about the classes, but seeing the roses, she began to admire them. My daughter agreed with her in thinking them beautiful, but did not mention who was the donor. After a few minutes the young lady (an American) said, "Are these the flowers which we hear the King sent to your mother?" My daughter said, "Yes," when the young American said,

"We also hear that your mother had not been permitted to go to Court, and the King, being sorry for her, sent her the flowers as a sop to Eusebius." My daughter suppressed her mirth until after the young lady left, when we enjoyed the joke together.

Before Sir Alfred and Lady Trevelyan left Stuttgart they asked us to make them a visit at Nettlecombe Court, Somersetshire, that we might see them in their new home-life, and that we all might feel we were not then saying "Good-by." This I promised we would do before we sailed for home.

Our own hour of departure was drawing nigh, and our thoughts turned homeward with pleasure, though when I looked at the clean streets (swept by women), and remembered the far from clean streets I had left in my native city, I wondered whether the women of Philadelphia might not raise their voices against the then contractors, street-cleaners, and their methods. In Stuttgart the women used the brooms. When the dirt was all carefully swept in piles, the men at once shovelled the piles into a wagon.

There this is the inflexible rule of the city government, and woe comes to either man or woman who departs from it. The dirt is all removed; nothing is left festering in gutters to breed disease as with us, and comfort, solid comfort, is thus given to tax-payers and others in a city not governed "by the people," as is ours, but "for the people" of all conditions in life. No scattered sheets of paper were seen there, and no flower-pots were allowed at open windows, lest they should fall out and the life of the passer be risked. Would that my sisters in the city of Brotherly Love would turn their thoughts

from the ballot to the broom! Then would our paths be clean and our way made clear where now all is dark and uncertain.

Before we left Stuttgart I received from Dr. von Bulow a cat made of china, kissing its forepaw by way of farewell. As we drove to the station to the train which was to carry us from the place where we had spent four happy years, I remembered how eager I had been to leave that station after I first arrived, and when I found there many friends to wish us "God-speed," some with little gifts for us, I felt grieved to go, and left in tears.

Our first stopping-place was Dresden, where I desired to have some lessons in the art of china-painting. In Stuttgart I had painted flowers of all sorts, and I now aspired to paint figures. The master in Dresden, after he had looked at my work, set before me a copy of the Santa Barbara, and I worked at a plaque for many hours each day. When I had finished it I was dissatisfied, but he and the whole class approved of it, and it now lies in a drawer at home in the dark.

Before we left Dresden I had a reproachful letter from Sir Alfred Trevelyan asking where we were, and calling me a "naughty woman" for not going at once to Nettlecombe. He jested a little about my want of affection for the mother-country. I replied in the same vein, telling him that my only ideas of English country life among the gentry had been taken solely from English novels, and that I was waiting to hear from my host and hostess the date when I should be welcomed, and also the day and hour when my visit at Nettlecombe should end. I added that I fully expected as I entered their

avenue to meet Lady Augustus Dalrymple driving away, biting her lips with disappointment, because she and her daughter had been three days in the house with Sir Giles Ponsonby and he had not proposed to her daughter, etc.

We left Dresden with regret, and after a week passed in London, taking a last look at its wonderful sights, we went to Nettlecombe. Our welcome was most hearty. I wish I could describe the beauty of the place, but I cannot. I saw it in 1881. I am writing in 1899. The great hall with its wide chimney-place, with seats on each side of it, the family portraits several hundred years old on its walls, the very high ceiling and the organ raised in a gallery half-way between the floor and the ceiling, are before me now.

The lovely children of our hosts peopling with their parents this, to me, wonderful hall, will never be forgotten. Then the outside beauty of the place. The old English church containing the tombs of the family ancestors lies close to the house, the beautiful trees, the high hills down which we used to watch the deer running in the early morning,—all seemed like Paradise. Sir Alfred and his wife were Roman Catholics but holding in respect the creeds of others. They had a chapel fitted up in the house for themselves and some of their servants, but the Communion service of silver belonging to the church was kept in the house, and given each Sunday morning to the sexton of the church from Sir Alfred's own hands. I was much moved when I saw this, and longed then, as now, for the time when we shall all have "one" mother church as we now have one hope. We attended service in the church and were

shown to the family pew by the housekeeper, who sat behind us. I must not forget the flower-garden. It was the first I had ever seen where flowers were grouped together, as it were, in families. Many rose-bushes together, many heliotropes, many flowers of all kinds, so grouped that each flower had its own huge bed, with many roots. That method of planting I have followed ever since. Sir Alfred and Lady Trevelyan little thought when they were showing me their garden that "Sir Alfred's flower-beds" would flourish in our garden in this far-off land, and even now make happy the American friends whom they loved.

We found several guests in the house when we arrived, but I was given the place of honor at Sir Alfred's right hand at dinner, which pleased me much. Flowers for each guest were sent every afternoon to our rooms, and were worn with our evening toilet. We drove daily through the beautiful country, and in the house had music, books. visitors, and much happiness.

One day Sir Alfred asked me if I would like to see the strong-room where all the valuable papers were kept. I said "Yes," and he took me to a room about eight feet square lined entirely with what seemed iron. The door was of iron, and the whole entirely fire-proof. I saw there certificates and deeds so old that I should be afraid to mention their dates, and many other curious papers. Just as I was about leaving the room I saw a very old "Receipt-Book" lying on the shelf (the only book in the room), and asked Sir Alfred if I might look at it. Finding the print belonged to the sixteenth century, I asked to take it to my own room. A few hours later, the first thing I opened it upon was "A certain

cure for ague." It was the very same recipe upon which was founded my reputation in America as a physician, except that "plantain tea" was one ingredient instead of water. The recipe ended with these words: "And, by the grace of God, you will never have another ague." I felt as if I were in a dream when I read this most unexpected remedy in that very old mansion.

I was very greatly surprised at the number of visitors who called upon me one day when I was summoned to the drawing-room. I said to Lady Trevelyan, "Why do these kind people want to see me?" She laughed heartily and said, "Because Alfred took your letter to many of our neighbors, and they were so much amused with your description of the life of our gentry that they all want to see you." So I was glad to be welcomed by the visitors, and we laughed together about the habits and customs of the two countries (mother and child).

After two happy weeks spent at Nettlecombe we were obliged to leave, as our passages were taken for August 29 from Liverpool. The parting from the friends who had been so kind to us was a trial. We stopped one day in Chester, and reached Liverpool and our steamer, to find on board a "Good-by" letter from Nettlecombe, signed by all the family, and a tin box filled with flowers. The letter told us of the regret of the whole household at our departure, and that the ladies (strangers as well as the family) wore no flowers at dinner on the day we left.

We sailed on the 29th at the appointed hour; we had found our cats, Hans and Ophelia, in Liverpool awaiting us. They were glad to see us, and sorry when they were torn from our arms and placed in the butcher's

quarters on the vessel; but I think their sorrow was turned to joy when they were regaled by the butcher with large pieces of meat, for they were lusty and healthy when they landed. Our voyage I shall not dwell upon.

We landed in Philadelphia on the 7th day of September, 1881, one of the hottest days I ever experienced. One of our fellow-passengers arrayed herself for the landing in a crimson silk walking dress, a velvet bonnet of the same color piled up with feathers, and a sealskin coat. No custom-house official could have, on that day, reproached her, for the tax of wearing such a costume on such a day must have been heavier than any tax ever imposed upon us by the government. We reached home safely, having been stowed into a carriage with our cats, Hans and Ophelia. The driver told me I owed him two dollars, and I produced a three-mark piece, which he declined to receive. My good friend and opposite neighbor, Mr. James Thompson, came to my rescue and satisfied the coachman with the money, but not, I fear, as to my sanity. We were soon installed. Hans took possession of the yard, and woe betided the presuming cat which crossed the fence to inspect the newcomers.

We had lived for four years in Stuttgart, and during that time had collected a good supply of household furniture. Some of these articles we desired to bring to America on account of their age (two presses having been made before, and hidden during, the Thirty Years' War), their beauty, and the associations they had for us during our happy years in Stuttgart. We sent these by a freight vessel for Philadelphia, and shortly after our arrival I inquired when the vessel would arrive.

Finding it was then due, I went to the custom-house, and was most kindly and courteously received by the then collector of our port, Hon. John F. Hartranft. I took my oath with regard to my expected freight, and Mr. Hartranft told me he would write to the Secretary of the Treasury and ask that my goods might be sent directly to my home and examined there. The consent of the Secretary was given at once, and late the next afternoon the freight arrived. Some of the cases were too large to come into the doorway of our house, and as I had promised not to touch anything until the arrival of the custom-house officer, I left them perforce on the pavement outside. Rain coming on in the evening, we had them covered with carpets, and in the morning found that the carpets had been carried away!

The examiner came the next day, opened all the cases, and found everything as described in my lists and bills. Then came the work of unpacking, in which our opposite neighbor, Mr. William W. Curtin, most kindly took part and helped us as only a man can. We were soon settled, warmly welcomed by home friends, and began our lives anew. My daughter entered upon her career as music-teacher, for which I was assured she was amply prepared, though she was told by her former master and friend, Dr. von Bulow, and also by the professors in Stuttgart, that to be a good music teacher she must hear good music. I am now inclined to think that those gentlemen then knew the musical status of Philadelphia better than I did myself, and were giving me a note of friendly warning. Be that as it may, we found firmly established in the "Academy of Music" a "Star Course," consisting of lectures and various so-called "musical

entertainments," but real music there was none. The "Musical Fund Concerts" which had given so much delight in former years were ended some time before. I spoke to my friend, Theodore Thomas, on the subject. He at once proposed to bring his orchestra to Philadelphia and give there six concerts during the winter, giving his own services as director without salary, on condition that his orchestra should be paid; to these conditions I agreed, and we further decided that any profit should be equally divided. These concerts were continued for several years, from 1882 to 1891, constantly attracting larger audiences. In 1886 I had a visit from a gentleman who came introduced by the generous founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Higginson. He told me that they proposed to bring the Boston Orchestra to Philadelphia to give some concerts, and asked the favor of the use of my list of subscribers to send out their circulars. I consulted Mr. Thomas as to this proposal, and his answer was, "Yes, let the people of Philadelphia hear all the good music possible."

I was afterwards told by business men that in granting this favor to the Boston Orchestra Mr. Thomas and I had, to use a business term, parted with our "good will and fixtures without compensation," but neither the director nor manager regretted for one moment this step. It gave the people of Philadelphia another opportunity to hear the best music, and their profit was our compensation. It was not long before Mr. Thomas remarked on the quiet which reigned in the house while the orchestra was playing, and he added, "That is the applause which is most grateful to me."

The work which Mr. Thomas and I both undertook was arduous and precarious, but I have been cheered in many a sleepless night, then and now, by the memory of the faces of the pupils of the Blind Asylum as they listened to those concerts. Thirty seats were given to them for each concert, greatly to their delight and to the satisfaction of both director and manager. I bore cheerfully the expense and loss of four seasons; at the end of that time the profit to be divided between the director and manager was twenty-eight dollars. Once was a generous helping hand held out to me. The owner of that hand was one of our best and noblest citizens, George W. Childs.

After each concert we came to our house for a quiet hour and a supper. Sometimes we brought a friend, sometimes one of the soloists came with us. Mr. Thomas told us many things about music which I had not known, and interested us more than ever in the lives of some of the great composers. One night stands out in my memory beyond the rest, though all were full of enjoyment. Mr. Joseffy came home with us, and after we had talked of many things, we spoke of Chopin's Funeral March. I said I thought the first part grand, but I did not like the trio, which seemed feeble after the opening. Mr. Thomas said, "You do not consider the time or circumstances under which this was written." He then asked Mr. Joseffy to go to the parlor adjoining and play the Funeral March. This he did so well that our neighbors arose from their beds, raised their windows, and told me afterwards they had listened with delight. I then asked Mr. Thomas to orchestrate the March, which he did during the following summer. He has since

played it in many of our cities, where it has created so profound an impression that he has frequently been asked to repeat it, and has done so.

The history of this, one of the most impressive of Chopin's works, I give here for the benefit of my reader. Few people are aware of the extraordinary circumstances under which Chopin composed his famous "Dead March." The story is told by the Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. It seems that the inspiration came to Chopin in the studio of M. Ziem in the Rue Lepic, and was suggested by a story told him by the artist. M. Ziem had been one evening to the studio of Prince Edmond de Polignac with Compte de Ludre and M. de Valdrome. There was a skeleton in the studio, and among other Bohemian whimsicalities Prince Edmond placed the skeleton on a chair in front of the piano and guided its fingers over the keys. "Some time later on," says M. Ziem, "Chopin came into my studio, his imagination haunted by the legends of the land of frogs and besieged by nameless shapes. After frightful nightmares, during which he had struggled against spectres who threatened to carry him off to hell, he came to me for rest. His nightmares reminded me of the skeleton scene, and I told him of it. His eyes never left my piano, and he asked, 'Have you a skeleton?' I had none, but I promised to have one that night, and so invited Polignac to dinner and asked him to bring his skeleton. What had previously been a farce," continued M. Ziem, "became, owing to Chopin's inspiration, something grand, terrible, and painful. Pale, with staring eyes, and draped in a winding-sheet, Chopin held the skeleton close to him, and suddenly the silence

of the studio was broken by the broad, slow, deep, gloomy notes. The 'Dead March' was composed then and there from beginning to end."

Mr. Thomas left the East in 1891 at the earnest solicitation of his many friends in Chicago, where he had been listened to with delight for many seasons during a few weeks of the summer months. His friends in the East deplored his going, but felt that in Chicago he would be without business cares, and that he would be able to organize and train an orchestra of the highest standard of excellence. This he has done, and according to one of the first living musicians (Paderewski), he now leads the "Chicago Orchestra, which has no superior in the world." This is a good and just reward for one who loved his art first and worldly goods last. After his last visit to the East I was glad to see in one of our papers, which had given always just criticism to his work, these words: "Have we not been ungrateful to Theodore Thomas?" I felt that we had. He it was who taught us what pure, good music is. He taught the people, and there are those who still give thanks for his teaching, which has at least lifted from many a soul thirsting for music the burden of life's cares, for who that has God's greatest gift, a soul for music, will not find comfort and relief in the midst of toil through the memory of a passage from one of the works of the great masters? His farewell concert in Philadelphia was given on April 14, 1891. The subscribers had asked for a "request programme," which was given. Mlle. Clementina de Vere and Max Bendix were the soloists. The programme was as follows:

Symphony, No. 7. A major. Op. 92.....Beethoven.
Aria, "Oh, grant me in the dust to fall".....Dvorak.
Violin Concerto. (First movement).....Beethoven.
Lohengrin: Elsa's Dream.....Wagner.
Götterdämmerung.....Wagner.
"Song of the Rhine Daughters".....Wagner.
Siegfried's Death and Funeral March.....Wagner.

Thus ended, to the great regret of many citizens of Philadelphia, one of the highest privileges and greatest pleasures of their lives.

The development of true appreciation for the highest class of music in our country has been slow, though there are many cities now claiming to hold the first place in such appreciation. This, I trust, shows the dawn of love for what is best in this world.

The "Music Festivals" in Cincinnati and in Worcester have done their part in this matter. Of those in Cincinnati I may speak from experience. The orchestra and chorus, led by the master-hand of Mr. Thomas, leave with the audience a memory which nothing can efface. Would that our people would lay up for themselves this treasure which belongs to heaven, and think less of amassing the goods of this world, which they cannot carry with them!

During the height of the success of the Exhibition of 1876 a project was formed to create in Philadelphia a permanent memorial of that great work. After mature deliberation it was determined to establish a Museum and School of Industrial Art modelled after the great English institution in South Kensington, London. Its name, even before its incorporation, was the "Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art." When its charter and by-laws were ready, the gentleman who

framed them, Dr. William Pepper, had the kindness to submit them to me for my approval. On reading them, I found there was not the slightest allusion to the work the women of the whole country had done for the Exhibition. The compilers had even decreed that the Trustees of the proposed institution should be males. To this I sent an earnest remonstrance, claiming that our women had gladly given time, money, and energy to the cause, and that they should not be quietly put aside. The remonstrance had the desired effect. The position of Trustee is open to any woman nominated and elected by the corporators at their annual meeting, the corporators consisting of both men and women who are subscribers.

After my return home in 1881 a request was made of me by the President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. William Platt Pepper, that I should call together members of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee, and that under the name of the "Associate Committee of Women" we should again interest ourselves in work for the benefit of the "Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art." I did this gladly, and urged upon those present the necessity for keeping the people in mind of the work done by the women of the whole country for the success of the Exhibition of 1876; and as the institution for which our interest and assistance were asked was not only the outgrowth, but the solitary memorial, of that Exhibition, I impressed upon them the necessity of securing for both branches of it their hearty support, with the hope that both Museum and School might bear fruit equal in strength and usefulness to the tree which called them forth in 1876.

My hopes were warmly seconded by each woman present, and after a short time the Associate Committee of Women began its active work. We were granted the power to choose our own co-workers, and also to make our sub-committees as large or as small as we pleased. We had in the hands of a Trustee, Mrs. John Sanders, Vice-President of our Committee, a large sum left from the women's treasury of the Exhibition, and this sum we gave at once to the Trustees for the uses of the institution. Thus began our work, and thus it continues. Some of our best and most earnest co-workers have fallen by our side, only to stimulate us to more earnest effort, and to cover, as far as possible, the dreary gap made through their ever-felt absence.

The Museum was already established in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, and contained not only many beautiful articles purchased by generous citizens at the Exhibition, but also valuable gifts for the Exhibition from the exhibitors themselves. Extensive additions have been made to these collections since then. I cannot mention the names of the donors who are living, but I may speak of one woman, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, who was deeply interested in the outcome of the work from its beginning, and who has left a monument to her own generosity and public spirit in the "Bloomfield Moore collection." One exhibit alone should make our hearts beat with honest pride in recognition of the energy and perseverance of another woman. It is a copy of the pulpit of the cathedral in Siena. Crowds visit Siena to look upon this beautiful object. There is one copy of it in London and another in the Museum at Berlin; but to Philadelphia alone belongs the privi-

lege of having the column and stairway to the pulpit copied, and this favor was granted by the authorities of the church to Miss Brewster, of Philadelphia, who was one of the foreign members of the Women's Centennial Committee. She wrote me that when she first asked the consent of those in authority they shook their heads doubtfully, but she persevered, and finally the matter was left in the hands of one dignitary. He had been determined against granting her request, saying, "Why should I show this favor to a small place like Philadelphia, when it is not given either to London or Berlin?" But the worthy gentleman consented at last, the stairs are in Memorial Hall, and while her co-workers live it will stand there in memory of the love she bore for her native city, which was carried to her grave by Anne Hampton Brewster.

The pulpit is most beautiful and admirably placed in Memorial Hall, but we find lately that some of our citizens do not know where Memorial Hall is, and have never been there.

They leave to those who toil for six days in the week the privilege of seeing and enjoying what they, if they would, could see on all days. But we are thankful for the opening of the Hall on the afternoon of the day of rest, and glad that men seek their rest with their wives and children there on Sunday afternoons.

The other branch of the institution, the School of Industrial Art, had not made so favorable a beginning. The work of the trustees had been arduous. There was no suitable building ready for the School, and it was opened in rooms which were unsanitary and contained in 1883 only seventeen pupils. The Associate

Committee suggested that a larger building was necessary to the success of the School, and finally agreed to give two entertainments to assist the Trustees in purchasing a new home for its accommodation. The profits of these two entertainments amounted to fourteen thousand dollars, and the larger part of this sum was given to the Trustees towards the purchase of the house 1336 Spring Garden Street. The Trustees completed the purchase, and then the usefulness of the School was fully demonstrated. The textile branch of the institution was opened, and has proved a most important addition.

After the opening of the School at 1336 Spring Garden Street the number of pupils increased greatly, and although other buildings for its accommodation had been added, still there was a demand for more room. In 1893 the building formerly occupied by the deaf and dumb was for sale. One generous citizen, Mr. William Weightman, promised to give us one hundred thousand dollars towards its purchase if the Trustees and the Associate Committee of Women would secure a like sum. This they did, and the purchase of the property was concluded, leaving, it is true, a mortgage for some generous citizen in this or future generations to wipe out.

The efforts of those having the interests of the institution at heart have continued unabated, their object being twofold, first the desire that the School should be the equal if not the superior of any like institution in the country, and next that the whole State of Pennsylvania should feel an honest pride in having such a school within its borders. We may safely say that the first of these objects has been accomplished, in proof

of which we give the following endorsement from foreign educators of the highest standing:

Mr. Jules Steeg, Inspector-General of Education in France and Director of the Pedagogical Museum, said on visiting the School in 1893, that he would be glad to transfer the entire exhibit of this School, in the Chicago Exhibition, to the Pedagogical Museum in Paris. And another Inspector, Mr. Edward Martin, said, "We have no school in France doing work of such variety and excellence as we find here." Professor Langowoj, of the Technological Institute in St. Petersburg and Director of the new Textile School being built by the Russian government, gave this testimony: "Nothing which I have seen in America has interested me as the work in this School; I should have felt well repaid if I had made the journey from Russia to America for the sole purpose of visiting it." Its graduates are scattered all over our country, spreading, through their work, the knowledge of a school which in 1883 held seventeen scholars, and which in 1900 gives instruction to eight hundred and thirty-two pupils of both sexes. Every graduate of June, 1900, now fills a profitable position.

While there are many citizens in Pennsylvania who are glad to show their appreciation of the School, there are others who are entirely indifferent to its advantages. One free scholarship is given to each county in the State, and these scholarships are filled through the legislators.

The Mayor and Councils of the city of Philadelphia have been generous. Several free scholarships are granted yearly to the city authorities, which they gladly fill, and generous appropriations are made by them to the institution.

We passed the summer of 1882 in Newport that my daughter might continue the lessons of several of her pupils whose summer homes were there. Late in August I had a visit from Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. He asked us to come to Boston to attend the opening ceremonies of an International Exhibition which was about to be held there. He told me that addresses would be made on the occasion by descendants of both John Jay and John Adams, but that the Committee in charge had not been able to secure the services of a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, but would be glad if I would be present and so represent my family. This I agreed to do with pleasure. The occasion to be celebrated was the conclusion of the framing of the treaty of peace between England and America. The treaty was not signed by the three commissioners until September 3, 1783, but now, as then, great events are anticipated. Our Peace Jubilee in Philadelphia was given in 1898 in anticipation of the close of the war with Spain!

My daughter and I reached Boston early in the morning and went at once to the Exhibition Building. We found the larger part of the seats filled with visitors, but four rows of benches in front were not occupied. I walked to them, there being no ushers in sight, and we sat down. I then discovered that there were placards on the seats bearing the words, "For Distinguished Strangers." Almost immediately a gentleman approached with a large rosette on the left side of his coat and called my attention to the words of the placard with many apologies. I answered him by saying, "The notice caused me to sit here. We are the great-grandchildren of Benjamin Franklin and specially invited to

be present on this occasion." The gentleman left, and soon returned with Mr. Appleton, who gave us a cordial welcome. After some time the Managers of the Exhibition entered in procession, followed by the speakers, one a Chinese dignitary dressed in a robe of sky-blue silk. He afterwards made an address in his own tongue.

The address of Mr. Jay was much applauded. He described the difficulties which had attended the conclusion of the treaty, and obligingly added that but little assistance could be given by Benjamin Franklin on account of his extreme age. Mr. Adams in his address went still further, and left in the minds of his hearers the impression that Dr. Franklin's intellect was impaired, and that the treaty had been concluded by the efforts of the two other commissioners. I could scarcely sit silent, for I knew that no history of the conclusion of this great treaty had ever given an impression of the failing intellectual power of Benjamin Franklin, and that even after his return to America he had held the office of "President of Pennsylvania," and was chosen one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, both which positions he filled to the great satisfaction of his constituents. We left Boston after the "Opening Day" of the Exhibition. I saw a friend of mine in New York, who told me he had seen in the New York *Herald* that I had spoken at the opening of the Exhibition. I assured him that I had not done so, but was proud to think that the gentleman from the Celestial Empire in the beautiful sky-blue dress had been taken for me!

We spent the summer of 1883 in Marion, Massachusetts, on Buzzard's Bay, where my cousin, Admiral Harwood,

had already established a home. He and his daughter were the loadstones that drew us there, as they had also drawn Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder. My daughter bought a lot, and there we built our cottage. A very few years brought to us as our near neighbors Hon. Grover Cleveland and his wife. The respect and affection which grew up for them then has never left us. Mrs. Gilder arranged for her "studio" an old stone store-house, in which she opened a huge fireplace, where the logs burned brightly when she gathered around her her friends on Saturday evenings most informally. Those evenings still live in grateful memory.

There we first met our own much-respected fellow-townsman, Joseph Jefferson. The same charm which attracts all to him in his public life binds to him those who are privileged to call him "friend." He carries with him the power to convince little children that the character he portrays on the stage is living and before them.

A friend of ours took several children belonging to her friends to see "Rip van Winkle." When the long sleep of Rip was over, one of the little boys turned to her and said, "Was he asleep twenty years?" "Yes," was the answer, and the boy cried out, "Where, then, is my mother?"

Shortly after Mr. Cleveland removed to "Buzzard's Bay" the people of Sandwich invited him to hold a reception, in order that his new neighbors might become acquainted with him. The reception was followed by a dinner, and some of the people in Marion were invited to join in the festivities. Miss Harwood and I went with other friends by train from Marion, stopping at

"Buzzard's Bay" for the governor of Massachusetts and Mr. Cleveland. When we reached Sandwich, we found an open carriage awaiting Mr. Cleveland, but he and the governor preferred to walk to the hall, and we were invited to take the carriage. I saw that the driver of the carriage was dissatisfied, and we were barely seated when he turned and said, "Well, as often as Grover Cleveland has been to this town I have driven him about, and I don't like this." I was determined to soothe his spirit, and after a moment said, "A good grandson has Grover been to me. I never mislaid a knitting-needle that he did not seek until he found it." The driver gazed benignly on me; I was pleased, and certain we would not be upset on our way, and proud to be considered even for ten minutes the grandmother of the man who has my profound respect and esteem.

In 1883 we had the pleasure to see for the first time Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Their art was a revelation to me. I had heard from many English friends of the added charm the plays of Shakespeare have through the rendering of these two great artists, but seeing them in "Much Ado About Nothing" opened my eyes to the fact that the English are not always boastful of their belongings and that their pride in them was just. That pride has since then been gratified through the honors heaped upon them by Her Majesty the Queen of England. Even we Americans rejoice in the title conferred upon Mr. Irving, which changed him to "Sir Henry Irving," for though we long ago put away titles as "vain and empty things," we have come out of this humble mood, and are hunting up our ancestors with as much eagerness as gold and precious

stones are sought for by both English and Americans. We number among our friends Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, and during each visit they have made to America we have had the pleasure to entertain them in our own home. Once Miss Terry spent a week with us to our great pleasure, and we believe to her satisfaction and comfort.

We have had several suppers "after the play" which have given delight to others than ourselves, the friends invited to meet them. I have always believed that our minds are clearest and best at midnight, and these little revels have convinced me I am right. Sir Henry has often spoken to us of the early days of his life as an actor, and once when we were speaking of Miss Charlotte Cushman he told us of a kind lesson she gave him when she bore the part of "Meg Merrilies" and he the part of "Ravenswood." She told him that she noticed when the beggar approached him asking for alms he had put his hand into his pocket and given the first coin he had reached. Miss Cushman said such a course was not natural. He should have taken out a handful of coins, and with his other hand searched for the smallest coin he had and bestowed that one on the suppliant. Many were the charming things he told us of his professional life. It was not only like getting behind the scenes at a good play, but like looking into the souls of those who can interpret Shakespeare as only Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry have been given the power to do.

The death of Mr. George W. Childs took place during the visit of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry to Philadelphia in 1894. They took supper with us on that evening; Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the great Shakespeare

scholar, was also our guest, and our thoughts naturally drifted to the death of the man who had been a steadfast friend to many and also a public benefactor, and who had won, through the honesty and purity of his own life, the respect and affection of all classes in the community. Miss Terry and Dr. Furness left us after supper, but Mr. Irving stayed with us, and asked for a volume of Shakespeare that he might read some passages from "Troilus and Cressida" of which the death of Mr. Childs reminded him.

He read to us until very early in the morning, and when he left us we were glad that the dawn of day was colored with so rich a memory.

In 1886 my daughter was married to Dr. Edward Parker Davis, of Chicago, now (1901) filling the chair of Professor of Obstetrics in Jefferson College. The wedding took place at Christ Church. There were only two bridesmaids, my niece, Anne Duane, and Eleanor de Graff Cuyler, who were late in arriving at the church in consequence of the hind wheel of the carriage they were in leaving them on the road. In their dire need they took refuge in a candy-shop. The bridesmaids remained there, my niece endeavoring to persuade the proprietor of the shop that his path of duty lay in procuring another carriage at once, using as an argument that the marriage could not go on without the bridesmaids. The proprietor, feeling that his duty lay in standing by his candy, declined the proposition, but my nephew, James May Duane, who was with the bridesmaids in their downfall, comforted them with the assurance that the coachman would soon bring another carriage. This he did. They reached the church agi-

tated and out of breath, and the marriage proceeded. The solemn service was performed by the Rev. Alexander Vinton, our former much-beloved pastor in Philadelphia. My daughter had been an orphan for many years, and I being her nearest of kin, preferred to "give her away" myself, which I did. The ceremony was naturally a most solemn one to me. The Church consecrates the holy ordinance, rendering it too sacred a tie to be broken in life.

Our relatives and intimate friends returned home with us after the wedding, and when they were leaving many of them said, "How well everything has gone off!" Having recovered then my composure and my interest in joking, I said, "Yes, everything, even the wheel of the bridesmaids' carriage!" Thus ended that eventful day, but the happiness it brought to us all remains.

In 1890 active preparations were being made for the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus, through the World's Fair, to be held in Chicago in 1893. The assistance of the women of Pennsylvania was asked by the governor of the State and also by Mrs. Potter Palmer, the head of the Women's Department in Chicago. All the assistance in our power was cheerfully rendered, and when we were told that five million dollars were appropriated for this Exhibition by the United States government, our pride knew no bounds, for this proved that our work in 1876 had been useful to the country at large, and that taught by experience, the government found it profitable to make the appropriation as a gift, instead of a loan of one million five hundred thousand dollars, which were accorded Philadelphia in 1876, every cent of which was returned to the national treasury after

the close of the Exhibition. Nothing was omitted on the part of the women, East, North, and South, to make the World's Fair in Chicago perfect. The women artists who were just beginning to creep in 1876 were now walking heads erect, with the proud consciousness that through their efforts women had made progress.

Early in 1892 a proposition came from New York to Pennsylvania, through Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, that relics of colonial times should be gathered and put on exhibition in Chicago. This idea was grasped eagerly, especially by the Societies of Colonial Dames. The governor of Pennsylvania appointed me to be the manager of the work in Pennsylvania. I began by writing to the larger towns to those persons who were old settlers. The success I met with was great and most inspiring. Before the matter had gone far the women in the several States began to wonder what we should do with regard to the insurance of these precious possessions, and then we found that the building in which they were to be placed was not fire-proof. We then determined to ask permission to place the cases prepared for them in the United States Government Building, which was fire-proof. The consent of the President, Hon. Grover Cleveland, was given to this plan, our cases were already built for the exhibits and all went well. But when the articles which trusting souls had sent to me were gathered together under my own roof, I felt the heavy responsibility I had incurred, and determined to watch the packing and unpacking of everything intrusted to me both in Philadelphia and Chicago.

This plan I carried out. I sent seven large cases full

of "Breeches Bibles," swords, rifles, silver and pewter teapots, etc.; one epaulette which had once graced the shoulder of General Washington, and the shoe-buckles worn by Benjamin Franklin, were there side by side, as were once the wearers in their arduous work for our sakes. I watched the Pennsylvania case for some time after it was locked, and was repaid by hearing a man say to his wife, "I would have taken the thousand-mile journey from my home to see the contents of these cases alone." I felt then that my labor and anxiety had not been in vain.

In the autumn of 1892 the buildings for the great Exhibition were dedicated. The Managers invited one woman from each of the colonial States to be present on the occasion. This invitation was accepted. I was chosen to represent Pennsylvania. We reached Chicago on the evening before the dedication was to occur, and were most courteously received by a special committee. After we reached our hotel we were asked to be ready the next morning at an early hour, as the procession to the Exhibition grounds, of which our carriages were to form a part, would move shortly after eight o'clock. We were ready, and entered the open carriages prepared for us in the order in which the States we represented had entered the American Union. We moved slowly, often pausing to let the military enter the procession ahead of our carriages. During one of these pauses a little boy ran out from the crowd which lined the road, came to the side of the carriage in which I sat, and pointing his finger at me, said, "Say, was you here when it was discovered?" He took me evidently for a near relative of Christopher Columbus,

which certainly was a compliment; but while I smiled at the youth and said, "Yes, is it not pleasant?" my companions in the carriage were convulsed with laughter. We reached the Buildings about one o'clock. The dedication of them was most impressive and the music was fine. The beauty of that scene that has often been described by abler pens than mine, the buildings, their situation and surroundings, will never be forgotten.

When the Exhibition was about to close I returned to Chicago to repack the precious relics, and found all in good order, but the place almost deserted except by exhibitors. I lost time because my packing-boxes could not easily be found, enjoying meanwhile the beautiful scene before me outside the buildings and thinking of the shortness of all things human; a few belated visitors passed me, among them two whom I was sure were bride and groom. They stopped close to me on a bridge, and looking down, the bride said, "Here is where we stood and fed the lagoons."

I left Chicago with regret, for I had been most hospitably and kindly entertained there, but I was grateful to find all the precious articles intrusted to me. They were sent to my own home, and returned from there to their owners.

In March, 1891, a committee of American women in the city of New York informed one of the officers of the Pennsylvania Historical Society in Philadelphia that they had organized in New York a society consisting of descendants of colonial ancestors, under the title of "The Colonial Dames of America," and that they would be glad to have the co-operation of some of the women in Philadelphia who had the same right of descent.

Quite a large number of Philadelphia Dames, who had the right to organize through services rendered to the government in colonial times by their ancestors, met as a "Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames," and after several meetings added the word "National" as a prefix to their title. They communicated with the New York society, and (I think) invited a conference with the Dames in New York. The result was that two members of the New York society came to Philadelphia and submitted to Pennsylvania their plan for the future. This was, that their organization was to bear the name of the New York society, the Pennsylvania branch being invited as a "Chapter" to the first-named society. This did not at all agree with the plan already adopted by the Pennsylvania organizers, which was to establish a society based as far as possible on the plan of our national government. Other propositions were submitted by the New York society, which were not accepted by the Pennsylvania society, and the meeting ended without the union which both societies had desired.

After this the Pennsylvania society met several times, a large majority deciding to adhere to the plan which they had originally adopted, which was to create a "national society," and to invite the co-operation of those having the birthright to call themselves Colonial Dames of America in all the States then in the Union. A small minority of the Pennsylvania Dames preferred to hold their allegiance to the New York society under the title of "Pennsylvania Chapter," and to this preference no objection could be urged.

A written statement of the plans of the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America was sent at once

to New York, with a cordial invitation to the members in New York to co-operate with them on terms of perfect equality for all, in the endeavor to rouse the spirit of patriotism in our people which for a time apparently had slept.

To this communication no answer was returned. Meantime, the first initiation fees and annual dues of the Pennsylvania society had been deposited in bank under the title of "National Society of Colonial Dames." In other States some Dames had accepted the invitation to unite with Pennsylvania, but the incorporation of the Pennsylvania society was delayed, hoping each day for a reply from New York. At last it came in the shape of an announcement that the New York society was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York. We then proceeded, and were incorporated in 1891, Mrs. Alexander Biddle accepting the office of President for one year. Delaware and Maryland followed us closely, those States securing their incorporation also in 1891. Other societies were formed (in perfect accord with the motives which actuated the Dames in Pennsylvania), and in 1892 New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, and the District of Columbia entered the ranks of the "national society" and were incorporated. In 1893 we had the happiness to welcome to our national organization a society formed in New York under the wise and prudent guidance of Mrs. Howard Townsend. Its members consisted in part of "Dames" who had been originally members of the society incorporated in the State of New York in 1891, but who had retired from that society because the national society seemed more likely to be helpful, especially in fostering patriotism,

by various means, in all classes. Societies were also formed in 1893 in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and South Carolina, and in 1894 North Carolina, New Hampshire, and Georgia also became part of the national organization, which then happily included all the colonial States and the District of Columbia.

In the year 1892 Mrs. George Dawson Coleman, the President of the Pennsylvania society, was elected President of the national society, and was succeeded in 1894 by Mrs. Howard Townsend, of New York. Meantime, patriotic work was going on in each and all the States. Women in many of them were roused to work that the youth of our country should be more wise in their day and generation than we had been in ours. We were teaching them the value of the old landmarks and buildings made sacred through the presence of those who established the government of the country. In Philadelphia we instituted the marking of the 14th of June as "Flag Day," because on that day the design for the United States flag was chosen and the first flag made by Betsy Ross in 1776. We have since celebrated yearly this anniversary by teaching the children of the public schools what the day means. Our next work was to question the propriety of placing in Independence Square the large equestrian statue of General Washington, presented by the Society of the Cincinnati to the city, and now in Fairmount Park. Mrs. Coleman, our President, called us together and recommended us to secure signatures to petitions to the Mayor asking him to refuse to approve the bill (which had already passed Councils) authorizing the act.

We willingly obeyed the wishes of our President, and

when a large number of signatures had been obtained, Mrs. Coleman asked an audience with the Mayor for the Board of the Philadelphia society.

This was granted. We presented ourselves at the Mayor's office at the appointed time. When we entered we found several members of the Society of the Cincinnati present, accompanied by two well-known lawyers. This was more than we had expected, as we had no counsel with us; but unabashed and feeling that we had right on our side, Mrs. Coleman presented our petitions and urged the propriety of leaving the old "State House Yard" as it stood in 1776.

We had been told that fourteen of the old trees must be removed to make room for the monument, and we urged that as a reason for the monument not being placed there. Our society called attention to the fact that many of our most prominent and useful citizens had signed our petition, and entreated the Mayor to heed their request. Meantime, one of the lawyers had secured a volume of Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," and from it read, "In 1777 trees were planted in Independence Square." He argued from this fact that the trees were not old, and therefore there was no sentiment attached to them; but a member of the society asked whether there were not trees in the Square when the trees were planted in 1777 to which sentiment did belong? This question the learned gentleman could not answer. In a few days we were informed that the Mayor had signed the bill from Councils, and the monument would be placed in Independence Square. We were sorry; but the next session of Councils changed the whole matter and decided that the monument should go to the

Park, where it now stands to the delight of all who see it.

This was our first great work in Philadelphia. Although apparently unsuccessful, the result was all we had desired, and we still think that had we not moved in the matter and secured the support of many respectable citizens, the monument might now have held a place in Independence Square.

Since then the Daughters of the American Revolution have restored the interior of Independence Hall and given back to us its original appearance before the Revolutionary War. I have the honor to be a Life-Member of this Society.

The Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America have rendered a like service in the building called Congress Hall, which adjoins the Hall of Independence.

In this building the Second Congress of our country held its sessions, and in the Senate chamber our first President made his Farewell Address.

The public authorities of Philadelphia granted to the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames the use of the Senate chamber, and also gave the society permission to restore it, so that it should remain open for all time to our own people and to others. Crowds of visitors come there constantly from all quarters of the earth, and are justly proud to leave their names in the register prepared for them. Human nature calls out for freedom, and here mankind may come and taste the fruits of civil and religious liberty.

The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in New York have made greater strides in the work

of restoring old historic landmarks than have we in Pennsylvania, for they have been accorded substantial aid from their State government. The honored head of their society, Mrs. Howard Townsend, went herself to Albany and secured the consent of the government to a proposition for the restoration of the old Van Cortland mansion. This was done. I was present when this work was completed, and the keys of the mansion were handed to Mrs. Townsend by the Secretary of the government, with a lease of the property for twenty-five years. Since then the Legislature has appropriated a handsome sum for the restoration of the old Dutch gardens which are near the mansion.

But this is not the only work which has come under the careful guidance and foresight of the head of our National Society. She it is who aroused in the non-colonial States the desire of women of colonial ancestry to unite with us in our plans for usefulness. These women have assembled in their various States and with hearty good will and energy are employed as we are. They trace their ancestry in their parent States, and when their own respectability and their eligibility are entirely proven, they are one with us, and we are in entire sympathy with their work.

The National Society of Colonial Dames of America held its Biennial Council in Washington in April, 1900. It consisted of delegates from all the colonial States and from the District of Columbia and eighteen of the non-colonial States. Harmony prevailed among the members, though the "many women had many minds." Our national President was unanimously re-elected, and when we all separated we gave thanks that we had for

our leader a gentlewoman who was "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove."

The old historic house near Philadelphia called "Stenton," the property of the Logan family, has been leased by its owners to the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames. The tenants have entirely repaired the building. It stands now as it did when General Washington and Benjamin Franklin were guests under its roof, graciously and kindly entertained by their hostess, "Deborah Logan." In fine weather it is open to visitors. There the patriotic citizen, the uneasy, or unscrupulous politician, and the loyal American may find rest from the world, and perhaps also inspiration as to the best, safest, and most honest method for being true to their country, and through their fellow-men true to their God.

And now the hour has come which binds together the old year and the new. It is a solemn moment for me. It tells of the beginning of a new century and of the ending of another through four-fifths of which I have lived.

To the new-comer I bid "Good-morrow, God be with you!" while to you, my friends, I say "God bless you, and farewell!"

JANUARY 1, 1901.

THE END

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